TRUE WEST

December, 1963
35¢

MEDIO DIA MASSACRE

Lost Golden Fleece Mine

A Trip to Hell and Heaven

No Christmas

Cap Guleke River Rat Pioneer

The Sheriff Who Cleaned Up Los Angeles

Horses Were Legal Tender

Plus

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FRED GIPSON
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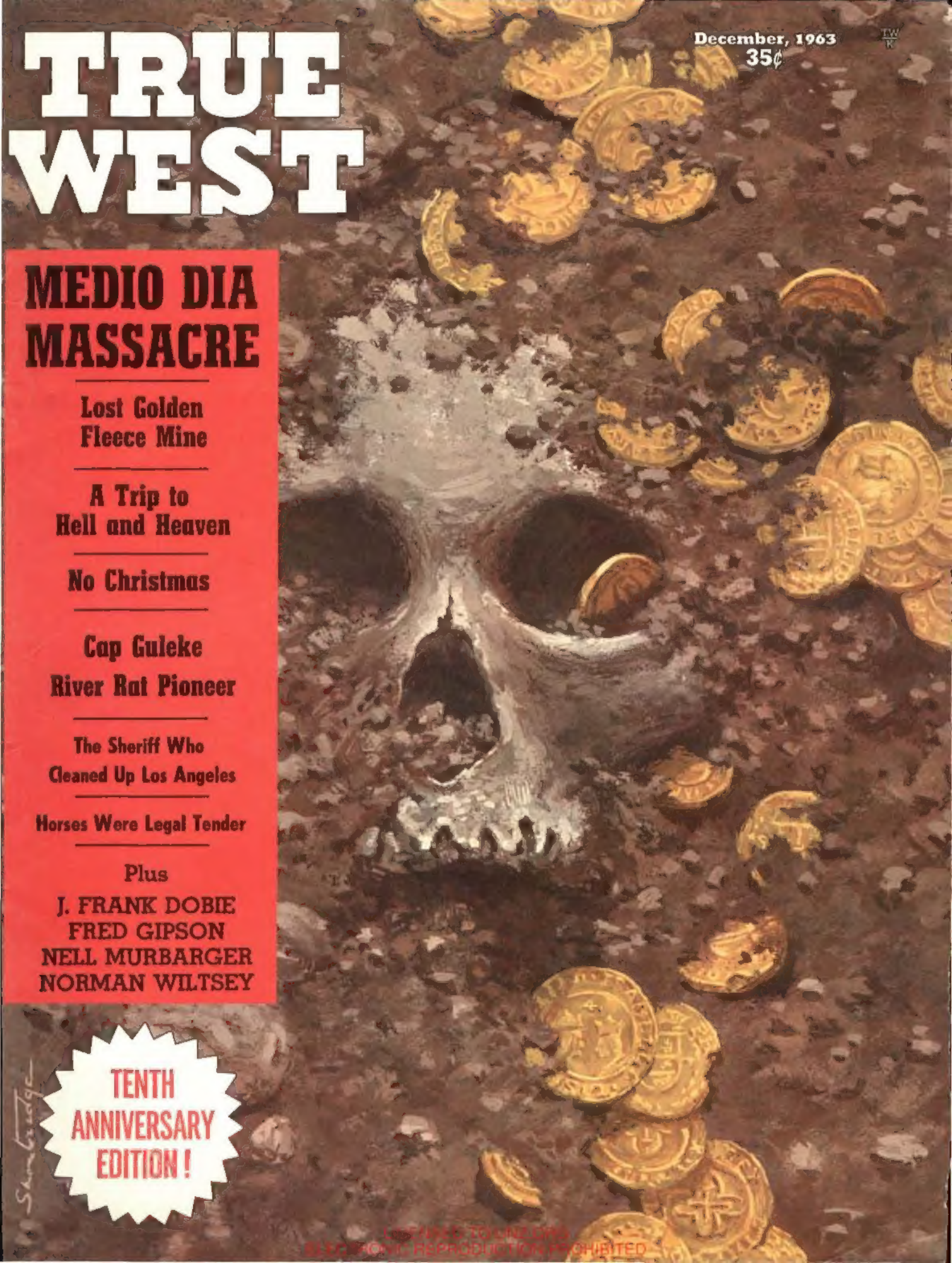

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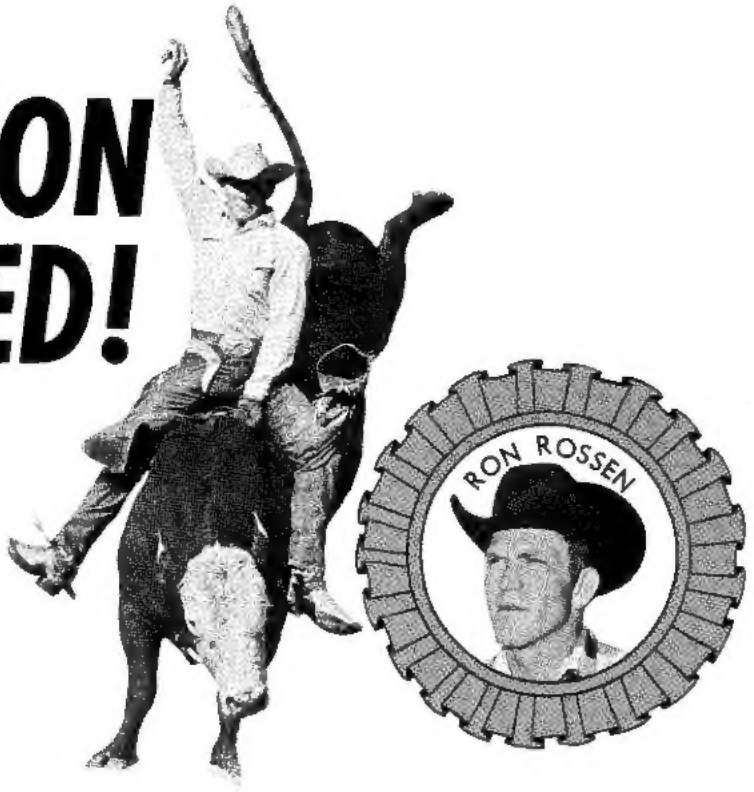

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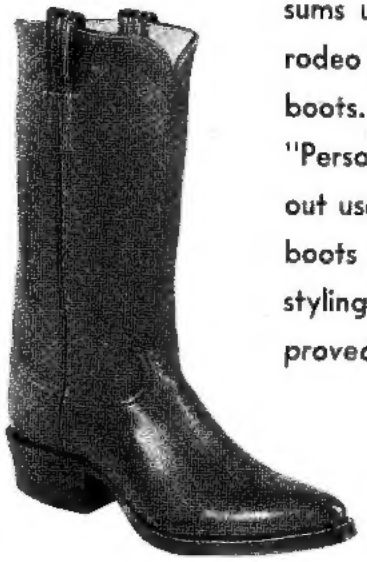

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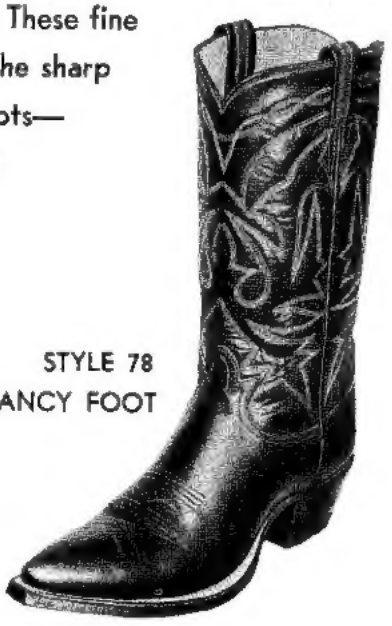

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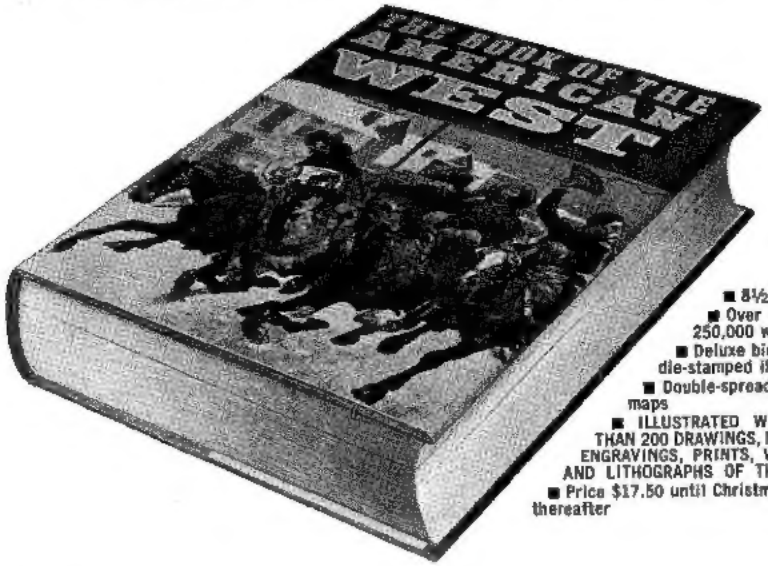

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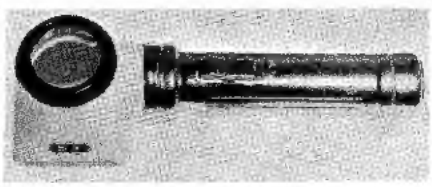

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November-December, 1963
Volume 11, No. 2
Whole No. 60

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Gene Shortridge

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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TEN YEARS—IT COULDN'T BE!

THE first issue of TRUE WEST came out in 1953. That's *ten* years ago! Actually, it seems like last year. Things are going too dad-blamed fast! It makes you want to grab Father Time by the tail, wrap it around a tree, and watch the bark pop off as he strains to keep up the maddening rush!

To try and get down on paper even the highlights of what has happened during these past ten years would run into long book form—so I'm going to reprint part of that first editorial and hope that you'll get a kick out of the dreams, aspirations, and the dead-center formula we had at the time. Actually, I thought we had changed a great deal until I went over the first three issues. We haven't changed much at all from the embryo dream. Maybe we have improved and there is still plenty of room for more—but you can't do everything overnight. I even knew ten years ago that it was going to be a long haul with hardly *any* money to begin with, but I was young then (well, *younger* at least!) and was filled to the brim with sassafras and vinegar, and although I knew there would be blood, sweat, and tears ahead, I also knew there would be a tremendous amount of satisfaction as a reward if we made the grade. We almost didn't make it so many times that it would take a full story to merely outline them!

Now the trail looks pretty smooth ahead. There is good grass, water, and the herd seems content. However, once in awhile, there is a distinctive "Quack!" among the sounds that come from the cow-critters and someday I'm going to do a full editorial on them! The most persistent, of course, is when we make any kind of mistake. One man wrote in recently, "I have read *your* magazine ten years and I have just found your first mistake. I'll allow you one—don't make another!" We wrote him back that we wouldn't if he wouldn't. I suppose we should have a standing announcement that we are not perfect, that we are human and human beings are going to make mistakes as long as they live, but that we are trying to publish the most nearly perfect magazines on the Old West that is humanly possible.

Then there was the man who wrote in saying that if TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES were the same magazines he didn't want to subscribe to both since what use was there in reading an issue of FRONTIER TIMES and then reading the same stories in the forthcoming issue of TRUE WEST! After getting about three letters like that, we had to use the expression "same type" magazines. Constantly, we get letters from readers who blast us for not sending their magazines when they have forgotten to include their addresses on the initial orders. Then there was the author who received ten copies of an issue with his story in it and wrote a leading writers' magazine immediately that we were bandits of the first water and paid in magazines instead of money! He felt pretty funny several days later when he received his check and realized that we send ten or more copies complimentary to each author—we had just been a little late with the check. He didn't bother to write to us first and ask why—just wanted us blasted to damnation in the columns of a national writers' magazine!

Even in the past ten years I have noticed an increasing willingness to shoot first and ask questions later. If I can dig up a cartoon that we ran in one of the early issues, I'm going to re-run it in this one. If I remember right, it shows a soldier dying on the ground with the sentry, smoking gun in hand, shouting, "Halt! Who *went* there?"

By now you know I'm long-winded so I'll cut off and run most of the first editorial which appeared way back there in 1953. The part I am leaving out is about how it wouldn't hurt our feelings at all for people to subscribe, etc.—and you are well acquainted with that by now!

IS THIS IT?

IF it isn't—by golly, we'll get it before we're done!

It won't be easy, see. We're setting out to do something new. We are attempting to put out a high class, top-notch *authentic* magazine on the Old and Modern West.

Hard row to hoe? Chum, trying to explain three blonde hairs on your shoulder, with the plushious gal who lost them still sitting on your lap, would be a snap compared to the job we face!

Old-timers write us: "If you print the truth about those rip-roaring days of the past, modern folks won't believe it—they'll think it's pure fiction!"

And from the modern folks: "You'll never please the old-timers. They will look for every little flaw and tear it to pieces!"

Then there are the folklorists: "You'll need their help, but they won't stay with you because they are too dreamy and hard to please," one man wrote.

Historical boys: "They all should subscribe to TRUE WEST," one lady told me, "but if you get one date wrong, they'll cancel their subscriptions! Too, your stories must be dry fact to appeal to them."

The young folks? "Your stories must drip blood, boom with the roar of gunfire, and smell of powder smoke to hold them—and hold them you must if you go over big."

Now tell me, gentlemen—just how in the dickens are you going to please a cross-section of the American public like that with one magazine?

What to do? You take two more aspirins and wonder if that small roll of blood-sweated greenbacks you've been saving all these years for this "project of a lifetime" wouldn't be more wisely spent on a whirling wheel in Las Vegas!

Then your pig-headed training comes to the rescue. One dadburned look at the situation as she lies would convince a three-eyed wart hog that a "let's-run-one-story-for-each-g r o u p-and-try-to-please-them-all" book might prove to be just another magazine. So with evil determination in my sick little mind, I swept the desk clean, looked through a window into the clear, blue sky and made my pledge to whatever Guiding Force it was that carried the old western frontiersman to safety through arrows, plagues and wilderness (odds almost as heavy as those we face). It ran something like this: "Range Boss: To the best of our ability, we are going to publish an *honest* magazine on the West as it *really was*. It will be for people who want the facts along with their entertainment. We'll do the best we can to publish a true, original, interesting magazine, and we'll let the chips fall where they may—so help us God!"

AND you know something, after making that little pledge, I got to thinking. Why wouldn't a magazine that takes interesting material and presents it just the way it happened please the folklorists, the old-timers, the modern-timers, historians, and even the kids? Maybe that's the answer. Whether you're a kid or a professor, if you're interested in the West, then you ought to like it dished out in the rough, unvarnished way the pioneers found it back in the old days. If you want a dreamland West—go read a fiction book!

So that's our pledge to you: If it happened, we're going to print it just the way it happened—to the best of our knowledge. Some of it may be a little raw; there may be some language that's a bit heavy; there will be many things you won't believe. If you think we do a bad job of it, then turn us out to graze. We're just going to do the best we can—and they tell me that's all a mule can do!

Sure we're going to slip up. Some dadburned slicker may sell us a pure fiction piece which we think is true. That's where you come in. Tell us about it. Instead of sticking a knife in our ribs and walking around us, *help* us edit this magazine!

The point I am so lamely trying to make is this: It was, of course a physical impossibility for the editors of TRUE WEST to have been present every time a good story was born in the past. And unless you were there—you can't be dead-sure just *what* happened! However, with you on the job, with our constantly increasing staff of authorities and experts

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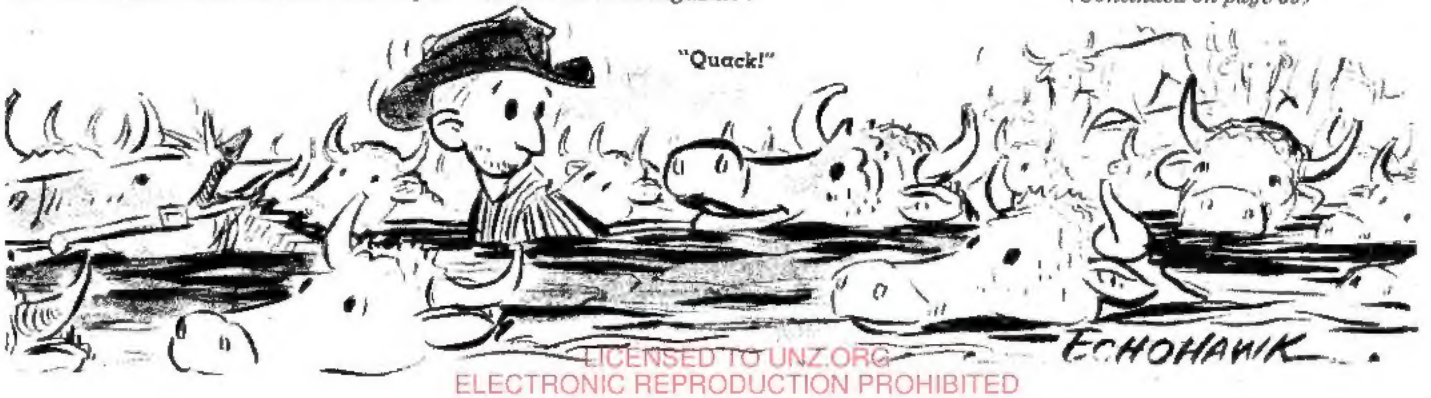

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True Western

Custer's Last Stand

Howdy, Folks!

I received the shipment of the October TRUE WEST issue and frankly, I was greatly surprised. I am more than pleased with the magnificent cover. Please accept my sincere and grateful congratulations! I have already received phone calls, letters and inquiries from persons who have received their advance copies. One, incidentally, was from the Huntington Library here in Pasadena. They expressed the sentiment that this issue is one of the best.

The story by Bill Judge interested me very much for it was a different approach to the oft-told subject and, in my judgment, it was well treated. As is inevitable with all true Custer "experts," I can't buy all of his implied conclusions, but he wrote a fine piece and I am not at all unhappy with sharing Edgar S. Paxson with him. If the truth were known, I was holding my breath, not a little apprehensive, for so much has been written which has no merit whatsoever. Your readers, I'm confident, will enjoy and be intensely interested in his provocative implications.

Perhaps I didn't tell you, but your cover and your magazine came out with a dramatic "first." Your cover was and is the first color reproduction of E. S. Paxson's documentary painting of "Custer's Last Stand" ever to be reproduced in any magazine anywhere. And this after sixty-three years, which seems incredible considering the subject, the historical significance and the artistic and dramatic achievement. Dr. Harold McCracken, acknowledged by most experts to be the foremost authority on Western Art, stated recently, "In my opinion, the Paxson painting is the best pictorial representation of all the pictures that have been created to immortalize that dramatic event."

Again, let me thank you for allowing my grandfather, E. S. Paxson, and me to be a part of your outstanding October issue achievement.—William E. Paxson, Paxson Gallery of Western Art, 7257 North Rosemead Boulevard, San Gabriel, California.

Editor's Note: If you failed to find this issue on your newsstand—and many people have written in that they were unable to locate a copy—send 35¢ in coin or stamps to WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703 and ask for the Custer issue. We'll fill the orders promptly while our spare copies last.

Buff Vernon

Dear Sirs:

The story of Buffalo Vernon (October, 1963 TW) revives precious memories of the early days of the Pendleton Round Up. My brother, Mark Moorhouse, was one of the young men who founded the Round Up.

In the summer of 1914, Mark was bedfast following a stroke and heart attack. Buff tried to be a cheery bedside visitor. "You've just got to get well before Round Up—we can't have it without you!" But he was weeping as he went down the stairs.

After Mark's death, Buffalo Vernon sent the widow some money that Mark had "lent" him but there was nothing in Mark's accounts to show for the loan. Buffalo Vernon was about the most attractive cowboy we had to lend glamor to the events.—Lessie L. Cornelison, 308 S. E. Byers Avenue, Pendleton, Oregon.

Live Alone and Like It!

Gentlemen:

I read with interest the story by Margaret Kuehlthau about James McEvoy, the "hermit of the Santa Catalinas." (June, 1963 TW). He is the last of several desert rats who used to live within a few miles of one another. Up-canyon from him was old Albert Coplen, now in the Pioneers' Home, who was a familiar sight leading his two jackasses down to Canyon del Oro for water every afternoon. Albert had a long white beard, pith helmet and a Smith and Wesson .44.

Over the hill a mile or so to the east was "Roe" Coplen, Albert's brother, now a year and more gone to that land of no return. Down-canyon from Roe, on the banks of Canyon del Oro, lived Adelaide Apholdt, the only lady desert rat I have yet encountered. She was the last member of a once numerous and prosperous Arizona pioneer mining family. There are still a few of the old-timers in the Catalinas, but their ranks grow thinner each year.

TRUE WEST is always an interesting publication. Keep up the good work.—Miles B. Vaughn, El Rancho Escondido, P. O. Box 1129, Tucson, Arizona.

Lost Dutchman Mine

Dear Joe:

Reader interest in my recent story, "Has the Lost Dutchman Been Found?" (April, 1963 TRUE WEST) has been gratifying, and some of the letters you have forwarded to me have raised points that are both logical and worthy of explanation. In fact, I almost feel that my hide is being measured for ultimate

(Continued on page 40)

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IS IT REALLY TRUE?

Check This Partial List of Contents in the November Frontier Times on Sale Now!

TRAIL TROUBLE in which Harry Sinclair Drago describes the hardships and troubles of the old cattle drives. Sometimes there wasn't much to sing about on the "Old Chisholm Trail!"

BEN THOMPSON: YORKSHIRE-BORN GUNFIGHTER, by Ray Wergan—the story of an Englishman who ended up as a Texas gunfighter—he cleaned up Austin so fast, life got downright boring.

EXPRESSMAN JONES by Homer Wilkes. John Jones dodged the Apaches from one deserted stage stop to another to deliver his message. He beat his way from Tucson to El Paso.

SAND IN HIS CRAW by Wayne T. Walker. The story of John X. Biedler—people called him "X"—he had steel nerves, a sense of humor, and a fast, fair gun.

THE PAUL REVERE OF HEPPNER, by Scott McArthur. Les Matlock raced a twenty-foot wall of water on an old plug horse to save the whole valley!

THE DAY I DIED, by Paul D. Smith. Three identical dreams of warning should be enough to turn a man away—but it took a steel pick driving into an unexploded stick of dynamite to be convincing!

I FIND THE LITTLE TREASURES (Part II), by William Mahan. In the old days people often did their banking in a hole in the back yard—and a lot of them never got around to closing out their accounts. The author tells how common sense and imagination can find these "little" treasures.

Also, **NARROW GAUGE TO WHIZ BANG** by Pearl Anoe, **THROUGH THE BLACK RANGE** by Patricia and R. P. Meleski, **FIRE AT UNION WELLS** by Macklyn Zuber, **BRONCS, BULLS AND BAGGY PANTS** by Jake Herman, and a host of others! **21 GREAT FEATURES IN ALL!**

THE JANUARY FRONTIER TIMES WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 20 FEATURING:

FORTY TIMES A KILLER, by Norman Wiltsey—the bloody career of John Wesley Hardin, who probably used more bullets per victim than any other gunman—and not because he missed the first time!

A COWBOY AND HIS POLECATS, by J. Frank Dobie. You'd be surprised at how attached you can get to the little critters!

IN THE SIERRA MADRE WITH THE PUNCHERS by Frederic Remington. This famous artist takes you South of the Border back when the Apache Kid might be waiting around the next bend in the trail.

CHILD OF THE OPEN RANGE by Helen Clark. Exciting interview with Granville Stuart's daughter who became the wife of Teddy Blue Abbott. She talks of the two great men in her life.

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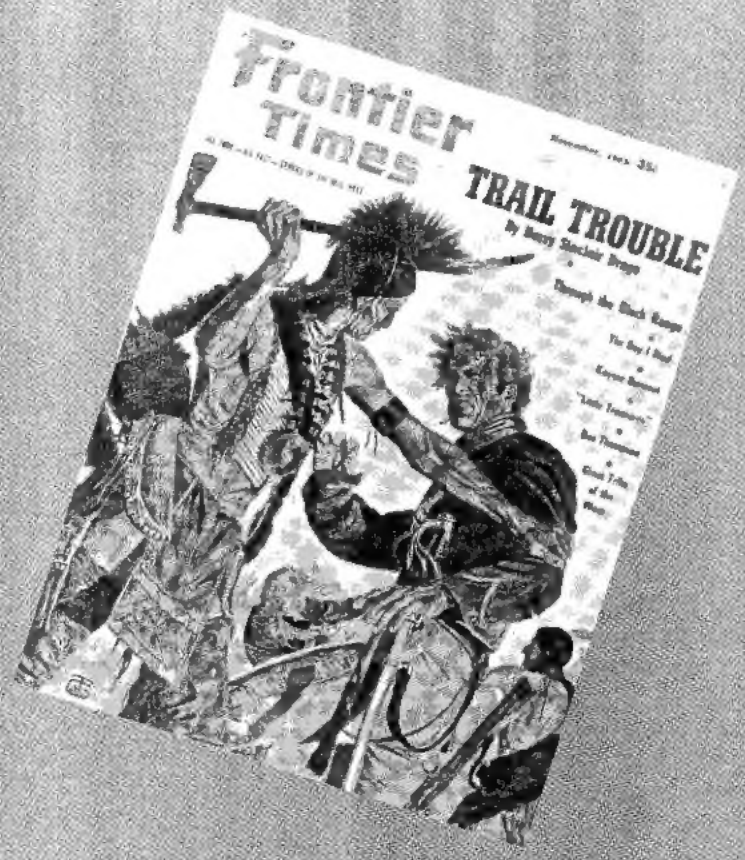

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Medio Dia Massacre

One white escaped—a proud and mysterious girl who lived to meet her old foe face to face again on the streets of Santa Fe . . .

About the author: A professor of anthropology, Frank C. Hibben has published numerous articles on the history and prehistory of the West, especially in the field of archaeology. His books include *The Lost Americans, Treasure in the Dust, Prehistoric Man in Europe* and *Digging Up America.*

THE LIFE of Juan de Dios is a story of many people and many places. I first met Juan in 1933 when he was leader of a group of Indians and cowboys eking out a living in the Depression period by hunting wild horses along the Chama River of New Mexico. I also traveled with Juan over the Indian trails of the region, and camped with him at places where the Apaches and Utes had camped not so long ago.

Juan de Dios was a Navajo by birth. He was captured as a child in a slave raid and brought back to Abiquiu, New Mexico. At Abiquiu, the original territorial capital of the New Mexican region, Juan became the property of the Gonzales family who treated him kindly and taught him to handle horses and punch cattle. From his masters he learned to speak Castilian Spanish. More important, perhaps, for his later life, Juan became acquainted with several groups of Jicarilla Apaches and some Utes who came into Abiquiu after the United States Government had established a ration point there to issue food and supplies to the Indians.

Juan believed he was twenty-one years old when Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation freed all the slaves, Indian as well as Negro. At the time I knew him, he certainly was over ninety, and yet he rode a horse like a young vaquero and his eyes were as keen as they must have been in the days after the Civil War.

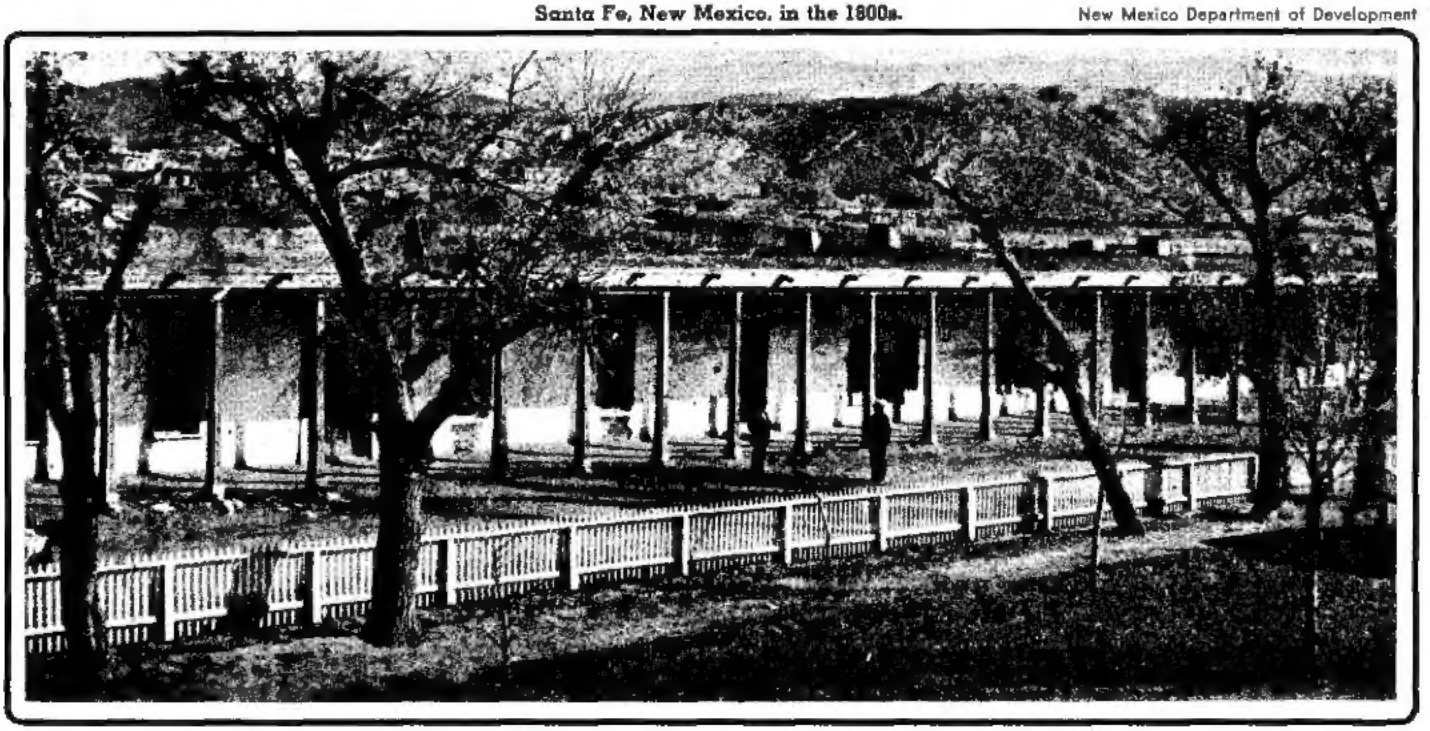
As Juan never knew his real name, he called himself Juan de Dios (Juan of God). Because he had been associated with a famous New Mexican family, he enjoyed a certain status in the troubled times following the Civil War. He was allowed to carry a gun and to come into Abiquiu and Santa Fe, privileges which were denied to most other Indians.

By choice, Juan lived and camped with the Jicarilla Apaches. He was a part of the exciting times when the great wagontrains came down over the Santa Fe Trail. Juan hunted buffalo and antelope and sold the dried meat to the incoming Americans. When the occasion seemed to demand, he joined in attacks on these same wagontrains. The massacre which took place at Medio Dia must have occurred about 1870. Juan told me the story when we were camping one night in the same area.

AT THE FIRST scattered volley of shots, the near horse of the lead team dropped in its traces. Two bearded men on the wagon seat crumpled forward and fell beneath the wheels, and the wagon bounced over them. The remaining horse circled wildly, dragging its dead team-mate in the harness. The wagon tongue caught on a projecting piece of sod and bent upward in the middle like a folding knife. As it fell over sideways, a horse screamed. Spurts of flour rose like white smoke from the burst barrels in the wagon bed.

While the powder cloud from the first shooting was drifting away, the other wagons galloped frantically past the first one. Cotton puffs of smoke came from the tailgates as teamsters returned the fire. All the Indians jumped on their horses, which two of the Utes were holding behind a ridge. The nondescript band mounted in confusion and rode down on the fleeing wagontrain in scattered groups. A single Indian in buckskin and with a round Spanish sombrero on his head seemed to be the leader, although he did not ride in the forefront of the attackers.

Fifty-five days out from Independence, Missouri, the wagontrain had come down the grade from Raton Pass. The horses were thin and the men long-bearded. It was a dry fall; dust was thick on the trail. The yellowed leaves of the mountain cottonwoods at the foot of Raton Mountain were heavy with white dust,



Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the 1800s. New Mexico Department of Development

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By FRANK C. HIBBEN

(Reprinted from the Southwest Review, Autumn, 1960.)

and the ashen-faced men driving the wagons stared ahead through eyes ringed with red.

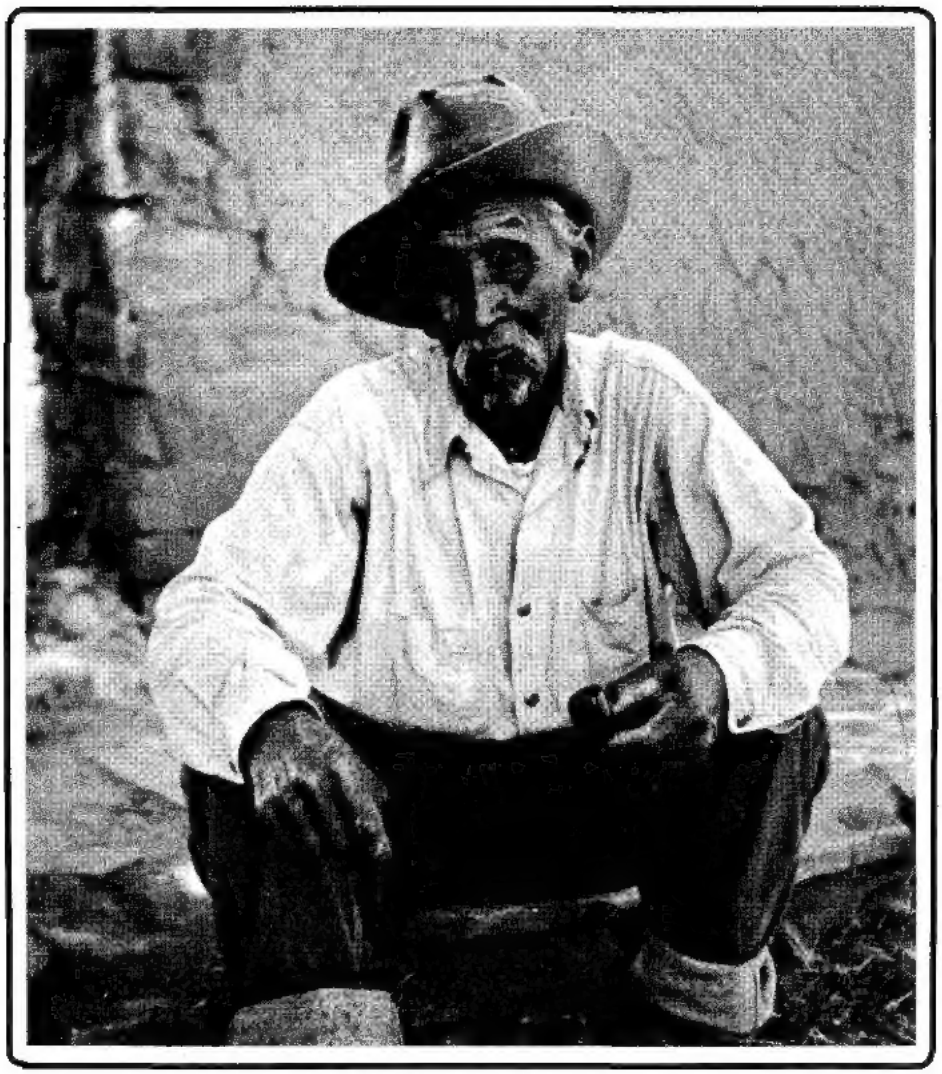
These men were in a black mood because they had paid a toll of gold pieces at Raton Pass. Every wagon paid Uncle Dick Wootten $1.50 to cross the tollgate at the crest of the road. The loss of these gold pieces, counted out into Wootten's calloused hand, would cut their profits from the journey still further.

A day's travel below Raton Pass the wagons passed through the bottoms of Vermejo Creek. Between the head of Vermejo and the Canadian was a Jicarilla Apache and Ute camp. The Indians' houses were teepees of buffalo hide and wickiups made of pinon logs and dirt. The Indians themselves were a mixed lot, underfed and poorly clothed in such fragments of cast-off buckskins and trade goods as they could beg or steal from wagontrains that passed that way. A few of the Apaches halfheartedly tried to sell dried buffalo meat to those among the wagoners who needed supplies, but most of the Indians just stared dull-eyed at the lines of wagons that came down the trail from the pass. Dogs barked and put their tails between their thin hindquarters when the oxhide whips of the teamsters cracked over the backs of the horses and wagon brakes screamed as the heavily loaded vehicles lumbered down the grade into the creek bottom.

This particular group of wagons was made up of only nine vehicles, with twelve men riding on the wagon seats or sitting their tired horses that followed behind. The whole train apparently belonged to a tall redheaded fellow who sat carelessly on a roan gelding in front of the lead team. His narrow face was mottled white and brown like the skin of a piebald horse and his front teeth stuck out like a beaver's.

This man laughed as though he were glad to be across Raton Pass and onto the last stretch of road to Old Santa Fe with no dangers before him. The rest of the wagoners glumly thought of the Indians they had seen before and eyed the dirty Apaches with hatred and suspicion. They had been attacked by South Cheyennes at Timpas Creek, south of Bent's Fort and, in the running fight that followed, they had lost one wagon and three horses.

IN THE lead wagon was a blue-eyed woman who sat apart on her end of the wagon box and clung tightly with one hand to the iron rail there as the vehicle jolted and lurched over the last of the rough trail. Although she must have come some 650 miles already, she was dressed more appropriately for a city street in Chicago and showed no interest in either the lurching wagon or the teamster who drove it. The woman was young, perhaps about twenty-five, and she wore a red dress with a kind of little apron in front. Framed with honey-colored hair, the whiteness of her skin contrasted curiously with that of the sunburned and bearded men.



Juan de Dios, a few years before his death. Courtesy the Author

As the wagons bunched and stopped before the Indian encampment, the men eased the brakes from the wagon tires and rested the horses. The woman in the red dress continued to look straight ahead as the silent Apaches and Utes crowded around. She acted like royalty in a hostile country, nor did she answer when one of the teamsters asked her with rough humor if she wanted him to lift her down. The woman shrank away visibly when two of the Apache squaws, with dark red strings of fly-covered buffalo meat in their grimy fingers, pressed the repulsive stuff toward her. It was as though she thought the Indian women were reaching to drag her down with their filthy hands.

Fortunately a dogfight diverted the Apaches at that moment when one of their bone-thin curs, with a rare show of audacity, snatched a piece of the buffalo jerky and ran under a wagon with the prize. The rest of the dogs pursued in an angry snapping melee. The noise started even the tired team horses to pitching in the harness. Driving the Indians back with curses, the wagoners climbed again on the wagon seats. Whips snaked out and the wagons once again creaked into motion.

Late that afternoon the men, with the strange woman as aloof as ever, camped on the bank of Vermejo Creek, an hour's ride from the Apache camp. Here there was no danger from Cheyennes or Kiowas. They were safely through the usual hazards of the Santa Fe Trail. In another five days, even with slow going, their wagons with their cargoes of trade goods would be safe in the Santa Fe Plaza.

It was for this reason, perhaps, that the red-haired man in charge rolled out a wooden keg of whiskey and knocked in the head with the butt of his hatchet. The other men dipped cups into the broken barrelhead and ladled out the pale red stuff to pour down their dust-caked throats. Before dusk most of the men of the wagontrain were laughing hilariously and some of them, very drunk, lay breathing heavily beside the wagons where they had fallen.

As darkness came someone lighted a fire, and the men finished the keg of whiskey by the dancing flames. The redheaded man and two or three others looked toward the woman, their eyes bright from the whiskey they had drunk. They plainly thought it only right that she, also, should celebrate the safe passage of the Santa Fe Trail.

But as on many a night before when they had attempted familiarities, she held the rough men at bay by her coldness. They suspected that she carried a small pistol in the folds of the skirt, for she always held one hand concealed there. Whether she would turn the

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weapon upon any man who approached her or upon herself, they could only surmise.

SO IT was that four of the teamsters, with the mottled-faced one at their head, started back on foot toward the Apache encampment. The whiskey within them made the Indian women seem less dirty and repulsive than they had appeared that same afternoon. And then there was a certain Apache girl of perhaps sixteen years who had seemed cleaner than the rest and might be friendly.

The dogs barked as the men came among the teepees and wickiups. A few Indians looked out through the openings and then shrank back. The teamsters pounced with howls of laughter upon one woman and then threw her aside and kicked her when they saw she was old; they caught another girl who was fleeing from one wickiup to another. Perhaps this was the one they remembered. It was then that one of the Utes, an old man with bent shoulders, came before the intruders. He held up his hands for them to stop. Perhaps they did not notice in the darkness that he held no weapon.

The redheaded man shot the old Indian with a .44 pistol that he jerked out of his belt; he pushed the limp body to one side with his foot with as little compunction as he would have shown to a rattlesnake he had just killed.

Other Apaches and Utes came out of their lodges at the sound of the shot. An ineffectual arrow or two whistled through the darkness and thudded to the hard-trampled ground beyond. Another gun banged. Shouts arose and the dogs barked louder. Quickly the teamsters began to retreat, firing as they went. One Apache who appeared dimly before them, threw up his hands and fell backward as a heavy bullet spun him halfway round. In the noise and confusion, the white men gained the edge of the encampment and the bushes along the creek, and walked single-file back to their wagons. They still laughed a bit among themselves as they looked backward for signs of pursuit, but the effects of the whiskey had died within them.

In the Apache camp behind them there was an angry stir and the murmur of guttural voices. The bodies of the three dead had been brought to the center of the firelight and laid out there for the women to mourn over. A single figure was in the midst of the men gathered to one side. He seemed taller than the others and heavier in build although he, too, was an Indian. Even as they spoke to the man in Apache, they addressed him by the Spanish name of Juan de Dios.

Juan of God was not unknown on the Santa Fe Trail. Every Indian and white teamster had heard of this Navajo plainsman. There was perhaps no man in the whole Territory of New Mexico who could hunt better, shoot straighter, or follow the obscure mountain trails more unerringly than Juan de Dios. It was natural that the Apaches should want him to lead them.

It was decided there in the darkness, with the wails of the Apache women in the background, that the wagontrain would be destroyed. The red-haired white man with the beaver teeth would be killed and all his people with him. Every warrior in the group claimed the wagonmaster as his own special victim.

This was not the first time that this particular band of Apaches had planned to attack a wagontrain, nor was it the first such escapade for Juan de Dios, for that matter. But none of these renegades would have planned such a raid between Raton and Santa Fe. Fort Union lay only two days' ride to the south. In the fall of the year the wagontrains were scarcely out of sight of each other on that stretch of trail, and there was U.S. cavalry at Fort Marcy, near Santa Fe itself. But in the excitement of revenge and with their weapons brandished, no one thought of caution. Curiously, there was little talk of the rich plunder they might get from the wagons.

A FEW HOURS later some thirty Apaches mounted an assortment of horses and rode away into the darkness. A New Mexico-born wastrel named Rubio, "The Blond One," rode with them, although his motives must have been different from their own. There were also two or three Utes and a Taos outcast called Beaver Itch. Juan de Dios, on a white mare, led the motley column due south in the darkness. Most of the Apaches wanted to attack the redheaded one's wagontrain at dawn while the teamsters were still sleeping off the liquor, but Juan de Dios knew that this was impossible so close to the other wagon encampments. So the Indians followed him blindly across the creek bottom and onto the rolling flats on the far side. The night was moonless, and thunder muttered from scattered clouds around the horizon.

Some of the Apaches carried muskets —old-fashioned guns and no match for the new Sharps and repeating rifles which some of the wagoners brought from St. Louis and Independence. Most of the Indians were armed only with bows which shot metal-tipped arrows. These iron arrowheads they had found along the Santa Fe Trail. At close range a man could shoot such an arrow clear through the body of a buffalo so that the shaft would drop out the far side. For close fighting the weapon was better than a gun.

A half day's ride south of the Vermejo bottoms lies a gentle swale with a marshy spring at its center. This place is called Medio Dia because the teamsters often stopped there at mid-day to water their horses. It was the custom among freighters on the Santa Fe Trail to start their wagons early in the morning without feeding either horses or men. Then, when they had traveled some ten or twelve miles, they stopped for a meal. It was at this time that the horses were most tired and the men least vigilant.

Juan de Dios knew these things well, for he had traveled with the trains both as guide and hunter. Some of the Apaches who knew Juan only slightly complained bitterly at riding so far. They wanted to turn and attack the wagons of the redheaded one as soon as he drew away from his camping place. But the Navajo restrained them. If the point riders of other wagontrains heard the firing, they could catch the war party from behind. Medio Dia was far enough from the camping places along the Vermejo and the Canadian, and yet not too close to Fort Union where a cavalry patrol might interfere with their plans.

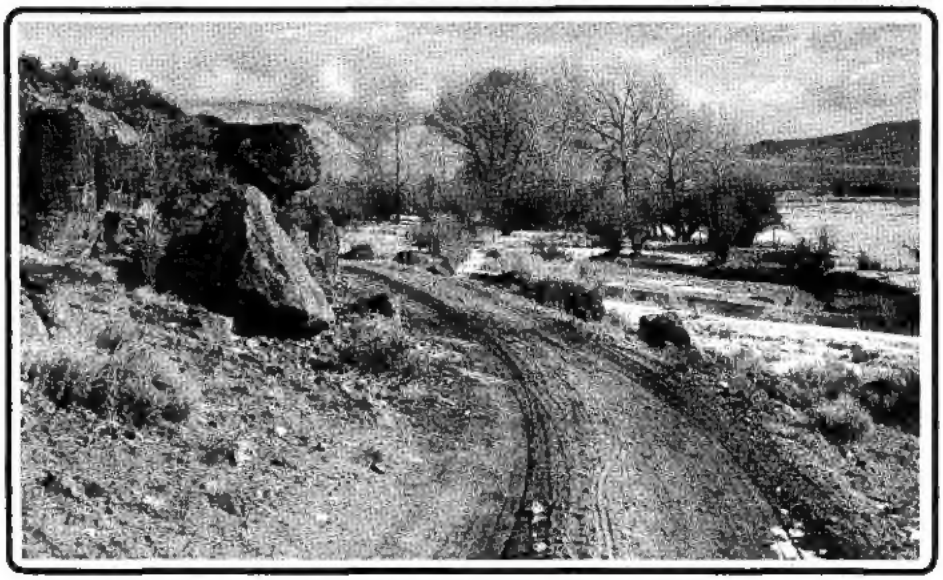
By the time the avengers reached Medio Dia, it was late in the morning. The wagon tires of the last group that had passed through the day before had bitten deeply into the soggy ground which spread out below the spring. There was the litter of people who had passed that way—fragments of clothes, shattered bottles, and a broken bedstead that somehow had gotten that far on the trail but had not stayed together to reach Santa Fe. But nowhere in the expanse of that gentle sloping valley was there any human being or sign that human beings had been there within the last few hours.

Alongside the Medio Dia Spring, perhaps a hundred yards away, was a low ridge with an outcrop of dirty brown sandstone. Cautioning against leaving fresh tracks in the marshy ground, although it was unlikely that the teamsters would notice them among so many other imprints, Juan led his horsemen along the hard ground below the low ridge and behind it. It would make an ideal ambush.

The courage of most of the Jicarillas had ebbed during the long ride. They muttered among themselves. Some wanted to ride back to their camp. Others complained that they should have attacked under cover of darkness. Picking out the one man whom he knew best, Apache Charlie, a clan leader and a chief, Juan sent him back up the trail to watch for the approach of any wagons and especially to find out if the wagon-

(Continued on page 69)

A portion of the Santa Fe Trail along Pueblo Creek near Taos, New Mexico. New Mexico State Tourist Bureau



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One Dull Day

By FRED GIPSON

No good can come of two little boys with a whole day to kill—especially when they find a cart and an unwilling calf!

Illustration by Robert Blewitt

IT WAS a sort of dull day around the McKay cabin. As usual, Papa McKay had left early that morning for work at the combination store, post office and way station that he'd established at Old Yampa (Colorado) on the banks of the Yampa River. Then, a little later, Mama McKay had driven off in a buggy to visit with some neighbor womenfolks.

That left the McKay boys—Roy, ten, and Charley, twelve—with a whole long day on their hands and not one frazzling thing to do. This was back around the turn of the century, a good while before it became fashionable for parents and schoolteachers to stifle all initiative in the young with the current practice of "supervised child play."

In those days, folks leaned to the opinion that a youngster who got enough to eat, some clothes, and a little bit of schooling was having a pretty good r of it; and if, on top of all that, he now and then got a day off from his usual occupation of wood-chopping, weed-hoeing or manure-spreading, he was luckier than most and ought to have enough built-in resources to provide his own amusement.

As it turned out on this day, the McKay boys finally hatched off a fairly original plan of self-entertainment, one that kept boredom fought to a standstill for several days thereafter.

It was Roy who thought it up. This was after he and Charley had chunked rocks into the river for a while and thought some of going fishing but hated to dig for bait and thought some of sneaking their father's rifle out to shoot woodchucks but remembered too well how their father had torn their tail-ends up with a razorstrop the last time they'd done that. Then they wandered aimlessly out to the barn and entered a big cottonwood-pole corral where a yearling calf lay dozing in the sun.

It was a big old bald-faced milk-calf whose mother had failed to wean it. Papa McKay had penned the calf to give the mother cow a chance to pick up a little flesh before she brought her next calf. Just beyond the calf sat a two-wheeled cart, the old wooden-wheeled, single-horse variety that country people kept in those days for hauling wood and hay and logs, and sometimes for town-going. There was a spring seat on the cart, with the harness lying across it.

Sight of the calf, the cart and the harness, ready for use, set Roy's fertile brain to working. He turned to his brother.

"Look," he said. "If we was to hook that old calf to that cart, I betcha we could sure get us a fine ride."

Charley's eyes got wide and round. He fell right in with the idea.

"Betcha you're right," he said. "Why don't we try it?"

So they tried it. Charley went to the barn and got a rope and made a loop in it. He sneaked up behind the calf and pitched the loop over its head. The calf came awake with a start. Charley yanked the loop shut. The calf bounded to its feet with a strangled bawl. Roy tied onto the rope with Charley, and the bawling, pitching calf jerked them down and dragged them around the pen for a while before they finally got the rope around a snubbing post and got him stopped.

"You go twist his tail while I take up the slack in the rope," Roy told Charley.

So Charley went and twisted the calf's tail and got the breath kicked out of himself for his pains, but the calf did run forward enough that Roy could pull his head up tight against the post and tie him. And while Charley stood bent over, white-faced and heaving, trying to suck some wind back into his lungs, Roy sized up the situation and decided that they'd never be able to lead a calf that big and strong to the cart, so the next best thing would be to bring the cart to the calf.

CHARLEY wasn't much help, what with getting kicked so hard in the stomach. But he was still game. He lifted the cart shafts from the ground and guided them toward the calf, while Roy pushed the cart. And once they had the calf between the shafts, they both went to work with the harnessing.

Considerable buckle adjusting was necessary to make the harness fit, so instead of trying to put the bridle bits in the calf's mouth, they invented, on the spot, a sort of combination hackamore and halter to which they snapped the reins. Then Roy climbed into the cart and told Charley to untie the calf.

"Run and open the big corral gate," he shouted.

"Now, wait a minute," Charley said. "How come you get to ride first?"

"Well, it was my idea," Roy argued.

"But I'm the oldest," Charley pointed out. "The oldest always gets to go first."

But Roy wouldn't have it. Breaking the calf to work to a cart had been his idea and he meant to be the first one to drive. If Charley wanted to ride, too, he could climb aboard the cart as Roy drove through the gate.

Charley finally gave in. He cut the calf loose from the snubbing post, made a run for the gate, and swung it wide open. But he didn't get to ride.

The instant the calf discovered he was loose from the post, he reared straight up, walled his eyes, cut loose with a loud bawl, and went streaking for the open gate, running like a scalded dog. Charley grabbed for the tail-end of that fast-traveling cart as it went through the gate, but missed it by a foot.

As it turned out, Roy didn't get much of a ride, either. For, once the calf was outside the corral, he went to pitching and bawling and kicking high at the rumbling cart behind him. Circling wide, he headed straight for a barbwire fence that paralleled the road to town.

Roy did his best to turn him. He hauled back on the off-rein until he had the slobbering calf's head pulled clear around, facing him. But he never could change the runaway's direction of travel. The calf hit the fence with a speed that made the wire screech in the post staples for a hundred yards in each direction. He piled right on through the fence, between the second and the bottom wires. Roy saw the top wire coming at him at just about the right level to cut his head off even with his shoulders, and decided maybe it was time for him to jump. So he jumped.

(Continued on page 56)

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THE LOST GOLDEN FLEECE MINE

By DEN GALBRAITH

Captain King came within an inch of a bonanza, but other men's greed had sealed the lips of a dying Indian

Photos Courtesy of Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

LIKE MOST mining men Captain King was a gambler. An optimistic cuss throughout his life, he never learned to quit while ahead. Dubbed "Captain" by Arizona cronies, A. J. King lived in an era when you could make a fortune, and keep it, but he kept trying to "double up." He was a competent mining engineer, manager and promoter, but when he heard of the gold-silver ledge out in the Sierra Madre, which he tagged the "Golden Fleece," he sort of lost his head. Deep in his heart he felt certain that fate had reserved this particular bonanza for him.

His tracks are difficult to follow. In 1899, he was assistant general manager of the Sabinal Mining & Smelting Company of Sabinal, in the State of Chihuahua. His duties apparently did not confine him to Sabinal for as often as not he struck out on prospecting jaunts. Legends like Tayopa and El Naranjal lured him into the vast, barranca-cut Sierra Madre on many trips, and they say he spent as much time on horse-, burro-, or mule-back as he did sleeping. His junkets took him to Minaca, San Antonio del Rio, Ocampo, Guaynopa—anywhere an animal could travel—generally ending up near the Sonora-Chihuahua border. The prospector in this part of the world matched his strength against steep-sided mountains which engulfed treacherous barrancas, cut down as deep as the mountains were high. Not only did the seeker struggle against the elements and adverse topography, but often he had to contend with the fierce Yaqui or prowling bands of desperadoes from the border.

As was the custom in those days, companies sent out prospecting parties or "staked" individuals to track down likely prospects. Tales of fabulous strikes had begun to trickle in from Sonora, especially from the country between the district of Montezuma and the headwaters of the Rio de Bavispe, the river that turns around on itself, and King sent out two parties to nose around in that general vicinity.

One of them returned in early December and the leader told of a wonderful prospect they had found. King immediately outfitted a group of his own and headed west. They rode hard and twenty-two days passed before they met a soul on the trail. Then in the late afternoon of the day before Christmas they intercepted a band of Americans wandering south, and the two parties joined forces for dinner. They roasted goat ribs over a slow fire, and heated fat venison with their cornbread, washing it down with two bottles of mescal. Neither vouchsafed any information concerning future plans, nor were questions asked. The next morning they ate Christmas "dinner" at breakfast, for both parties wished to travel.

Three Mexican miners and an unidentified American at the entrance to the vertical shaft of the T. P. Brinegar Mine in Mexico, about 1890.

After another two days of hard riding King and his men arrived at the prospector's location. King took one look and blew his stack. Nothing! All that long ride only to look at a few stringers of quartz. A. J. swore then and there that he would never again accept the word of a prospector, for this fellow had been highly recommended. He yelled to the men to mount up, and they kicked the pack mules on the rumps and started back to Sabinal.

The journey home, backtracking, was even more fatiguing than the trip out, for the lure of the mountains was not before them and they were left only with grueling days in the saddle and chilly nights. And even though King drove them to the breaking point, the party spent three days longer on the return leg. Tired of body, fagged of spirit, he was too weary to even read his mail when he arrived in Sabinal. He vowed he would sleep for two weeks.

Yet King had barely thrown himself across his bed when the leader of the second prospecting party, an Italian named Vitello, came in with an armload of sample bags. King motioned for Vitello to throw the sacks in a chair. He didn't want to look at any rocks for awhile. Anyway, he was too weary to struggle off the bed. But Vitello opened one of the sacks and without a word shoved a handful of the contents under A. J.'s nose. King bolted upright. He lurched off the bed, grabbed at the specimens, and headed for the window. He didn't need an assay to tell him that this was the richest silver-gold ore he had ever seen, or hefted. It was almost "pure quill," the kind you could assay by eye.

Captain King grabbed the sample bag and headed for the company assay room and immediately ran a test. The results were fabulous—16,500 ounces of silver and 111 ounces of gold, per ton. He made a mental calculation—over $10,000 a ton. Never before had such ore been brought into camp. Nothing of the like had ever been reported in all northern Mexico, even in legend.

VITELLO told an interesting story. His party had gone south out of Sabinal to Casas Grandes, where they traveled west on the old trail to San Pedro de Arriba. Then they worked their way over a tortuous, untraveled route to Bavispe, swinging north to follow the northern contour of the Sierra de la Madera to a point east of Pilares. Their camp was spotted in an area which subsequently became known as the Tigre mining district, the location of the famous Cinco de Mayo Mine. Here, Vitello met a Mexican named Palefox, who in his younger days had won fame as an Indian fighter. At the time of Vitello's visit, Palefox had become even more famous for the amount of silver bullion he turned out. Vitello stayed at the Mexican's ranch for several days, and the two grew chummy. Around the dinner table one night Palefox told the Italian that the reason he could turn out so much bullion was because he had discovered a ledge of almost solid silver in a canyon to the north.

To prove his statement, the old Indian fighter showed Vitello a few pieces of the ore. The Italian immediately recognized its value, and realized what his host didn't—that the silver carried high

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gold values. This ore was actually electrum, an alloy of gold and silver. The crude furnace used by the Mexican produced a bullion which appeared to him to be pure silver.

Trying to contain his excitement, Vitello begged Palefox to take him to the silver ledge, but his host showed reluctance. He told his guest that once he had located another mine, and shown it to a prospector, had further given him power of attorney to act for him, and in the end had been cheated out of the property without ever realizing a peso from it. This property became the Cinco de Mayo Mine.

But Vitello persisted. Finally the Mexican agreed to take his guest to the property, provided he would remain blindfolded until they reached the ledge, and that the trip would be made at night. Vitello agreed.

As soon as it became dark, the Indian fighter blindfolded Vitello, and the two set out on a journey which took two hours. Vitello tried to visualize the country they traversed and store the information for future reference: how the sound of the mule hoofs reacted to different rocks and soils; when they changed directions; whether they climbed or descended; when trees brushed his arms, or the mules rubbed against underbrush; how his own voice carried through the air. When bandages were removed from Vitello's eyes, the old Mexican lit a candle and held it toward the most fabulous vein of silver the miner had ever seen. It nearly took his breath. But it wasn't a ledge. Not that that made any difference. (Actually the vein consisted of two parallel seams, each several inches across, each with that same electrum-like quality, each visually assaying over 15,000 ounces of silver per ton over the complete exposure, plus the gold, of course.)

Vitello was entranced but he tried to keep his head. Unobtrusively, he made mental notes of what he could see of his surroundings by the dim, wavering candlelight. He included some of the ordinary rock with his samples, hoping it would provide someone with a clue at a later date, for he knew that they would never give up until they located this phenomenal vein. Again the Mexican blindfolded him for the return trip—two hours on muleback at a slow, leisurely pace, but Vitello sensed that they took a different route. The next day he and his prospecting party started back to Sabinal.

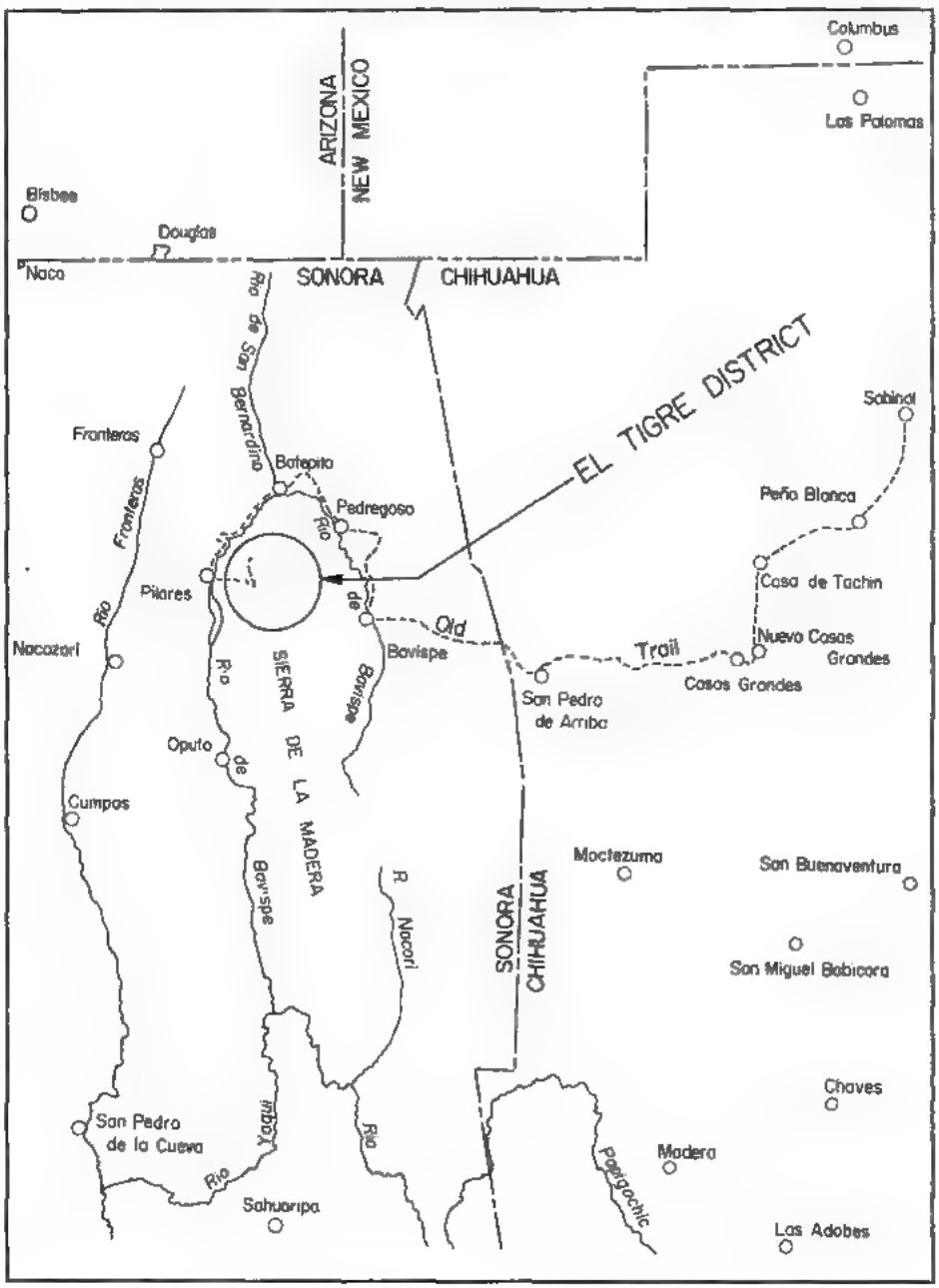
KING listened excitedly. The weariness had oozed from his body. He was fascinated by the tale, but more fascinated by the results of his assays. Somewhere out in the wilds of the Sierra Madre of the North, the magic scales waited for him. This is it, he thought. Even though he had just spent over fifty days in the saddle, he hurriedly formed another expedition, this time including Vitello.

Three weeks later the group arrived at the Tigre district only to find Palefox down in bed, very sick, suffering from a strange, fungus-like growth on his arm that had infected his entire body. Palefox explained to King that he had been shot with a poisoned arrow by a renegade Apache warrior, and the growth on his arm had resulted from the venom in the wound.

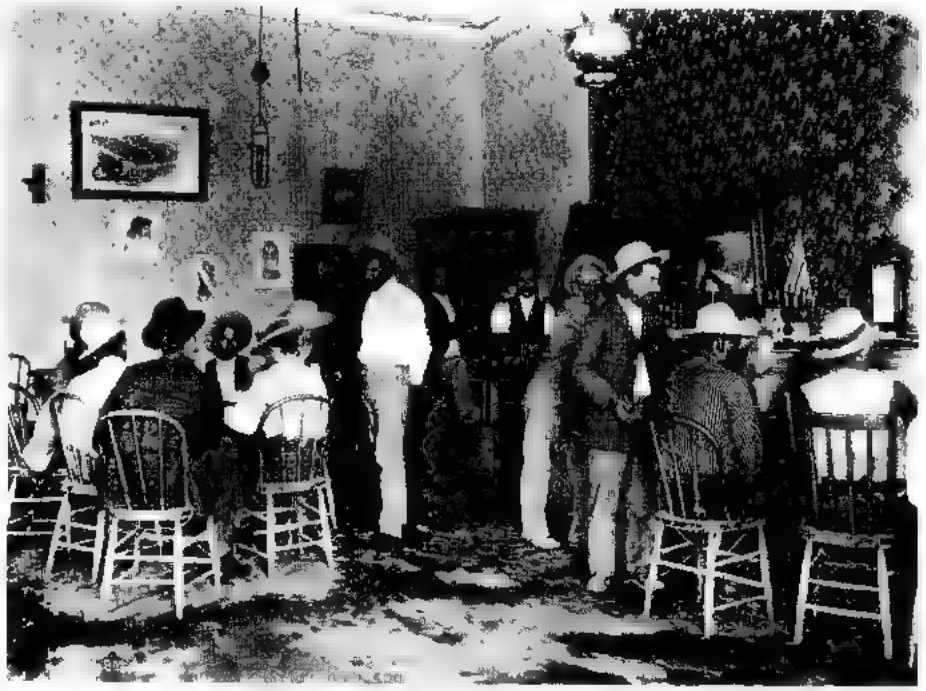
Knowing of no physician closer than Sabinal who might perform the necessary surgery on the arm, A. J. moved

(Continued on page 38)

Typical Mexican mining operation in the State of Sonora about the 1890s. Below, a map by the author showing the location of the El Tigre mining district.



Photos Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles



A typical California saloon in the 1800s.

Sheriff James F. Burns

The Sheriff Who Cleaned Up Los Angeles

By ALSON J. SMITH

Jim Burns was short on muscle but long on guts, and he proved to local badmen that they weren't quite as "bad" as they thought they were!

IN 1858, four Protestant clergymen who had been trying to establish churches in the roistering, wide-open pueblo of Los Angeles gave up and left town, one of them commenting acidly that the place should change its name to Los Diablos.

Anyway you look at it, Los Angeles was a hell-hole which made its big northern sister, San Francisco, appear sedate by comparison. Between 1850 and 1870 there were forty legal hangings and thirty-seven lynchings and Los Angeles Vigilantes executed four times as many outlaws as did the San Francisco Vigilantes.

However, none of this crude "justice" seemed to do any good. The pueblo, with its mixed population of Americans, Mexicans, Indians, Negroes, Chinese and Kanakas from Hawaii, augmented by hundreds of disgruntled ex-Confederates after the Civil War, was far removed from American law and police. The *Star*, the town's leading newspaper, took a casual view of the lawlessness. "Last Sunday night," it reported on one occasion, "was a brisk night for killings. Four men were shot and killed, and several wounded. . . ." Four killings on a Sunday night was considered no more than par for the course in the Los Angeles of the 1850s.

Physically the town looked much as it had when the Fathers from the nearby Mission San Gabriel dedicated it as *Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles* on September 4, 1781. The pueblo was built, Spanish style, around a central Plaza. The church of Our Lady the Queen of Angels fronted on the Plaza, surrounded by the Bella Union Hotel, a dozen stores, a score of saloons and gambling joints, and, just to the left of the Plaza, a noisome red-light district known as Sonoratown, "the Casbah of the Southwest."

Most of the buildings were one-story grayish adobes with tin overhangs. The mud in the narrow streets off the Plaza was from six inches to two feet deep, depending on the season. There was no shade anywhere. At night the streets and the Plaza were dimly lit by lanterns. Lawns, sidewalks, and shade trees were unknown. People having garbage or anything else to dump simply threw it in the street. Each family did its own butchering, with huge flocks of crows anxiously awaiting entrails and innards thrown for their convenience on the roofs. Dead horses and dogs lay in the mud until the Indians cut them up for food.

Sonoratown was entered by the Calle de Los Virgenes or Street of the Virgins —a misnomer if there ever was one. At the end of it was Squaw Lane, a malodorous Indian crib section. Its principal street was the forty-foot-wide Calle de Los Negroes, better known as Nigger Alley. Along this queasy thoroughfare were the bigger gambling and prostitution houses—the Montgomery, the Palace, the El Dorado, the La Polka.

Every saloon and dance hall had its own band, usually featuring harps and guitars, and nights were filled with a cacophony of sound that only faintly resembled music. The air smelled sweetly of burning peyote from the many Mexican *maromas* or dope parties. Every weekend bullfights or bull and bear fights were staged in the cattle corral at the end of the Calle de Los Negroes and horse races for high stakes were run over the nine-mile course starting at the Calle de Los Virgenes. A makeshift gallodrome in the Plaza offered Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night cockfights.

IN SPITE of all this Los Angeles had a better element grouped around Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, the aristocratic descendant of an old Spanish-California family; Joseph Bell, a rancher; Robert Widney, a real estate man; and James Burns, the school superintendent. This group, numbering several hundred people and including most of the Vigilantes, held a meeting and decided that the only way to clean up Los Angeles was to get one of their own number elected sheriff. They finally picked Burns to run for the office on the Republican ticket. This produced gales of bawdy laughter from the saloons and brothels of Sonoratown, for the mild-mannered little schoolmaster was far from looking the part of a tough sheriff, and besides, no Republican had ever been elected to anything in Los Angeles.

On election day, drunken toughs from Sonoratown raced about, firing into the air, and demanding votes for the Democratic candidate for sheriff of Los Angeles County. Grim-faced Vigilantes guarded the polls and counted the votes. The gentlefolk voted solidly for Burns while many of the denizens of Sonoratown were too confident, too indifferent,

The Chinese quarter of Sonoratown, scene of the "Chinese Massacre" in 1871. Los Angeles County Museum

or too drunk to vote at all. Anyway, to the amazement of everybody, Burns was elected sheriff by a narrow margin.

James F. Burns had been born in western New York State, had gone to school in Michigan, and had come west by ox-team to Provo, Utah. There he had met and married the beautiful Loretta Burdick. The young couple had continued on to southern California, where Burns got a job teaching school in a tent near San Gabriel Mission. In 1856 he had been appointed Superintendent of Schools in Los Angeles, and it was not until 1867 that he was elected sheriff.

He certainly did not look the part. He was thirty-six years old, only five-seven in height, and he weighed a mere 150 pounds. His round, reddish face was framed with chin whiskers and his blue eyes peered professorily over his spectacles. But he had the calm, hard courage of the Scot, and he had been practicing with pistol and rifle.

The new sheriff began his scrubbing down of the lawless pueblo with the Indians. There were 7,000 members of the degenerate Yang tribe in Los Angeles County, and on weekends they descended en masse on the fleshpots of Sonoratown. The madams of the better bagnios would not admit them, but they thronged the saloons and cheap houses of Squaw Lane, and the narrow streets were full of drunken, passed-out Yangs, many sliced up or shot in brawls with fellow Yangs. Others smothered in the mud of the streets. Every weekend several Yangs were killed and many more wounded.

Burns began by deputizing fifty strong young braves as *alcaldes* to ride herd on their tribal brothers from Friday night until Monday morning. This didn't work because by Saturday afternoon the *alcaldes* themselves were too drunk to do anything except stagger around proudly exhibiting their new badges.

Burns solved this problem almost at once by locking his Indian *alcaldes* up in the county jail until late Sunday afternoon. Then, cold sober, they were let out to drag drunken Yangs of both sexes into the corral behind the Plaza, where they were dumped until Monday morning when they would be "leased" to ranchers for what amounted to a week of slave labor.

The *alcaldes* were not free to begin their own orgies until their fellow-tribesmen had either gone home or were safely stacked in the corral. In this way, instead of having to police a Sunday night horde of Yangs crazed by peyote and alcohol, Burns had to deal only with fifty late starters who could be easily handled by his own deputies.

WITH THE Indian problem in hand, Burns turned his attention toward Sonoratown, which was a favorite retreat for murderers and outlaws. One killer holed up in a Sonoratown saloon was Six-Toed Pete, a real tough with a fearsome reputation in the Southwest. In his most recent foray Pete had killed a Mexican ranch-hand in an argument over a girl. Burns decided to go into Sonoratown and dig him out.

Judge Sepulveda, Joseph Bell, Robert Widney, and others tried to dissuade Burns from going. "You won't come out alive, Jim," they warned him.

"I'll get him or turn in my badge," replied the little Scot grimly.

Burns, alone, invaded hostile Sonoratown, located the outlaw in his favorite saloon, got a gun on him, and was marching him out when one of Pete's cronies creased the doughty little sheriff's skull with a whiskey bottle. When he came to, his prisoner had lit a shuck for Baja California.

Burns got a warrant from Judge Sepulveda and announced that he would bring Six-Toed Pete back to Los Angeles to stand trial for murder. Again Sonoratown rang with laughter, and again the "better element" warned Burns against such folly.

Alone, the dogged Burns set out in pursuit of the outlaw. He trailed him into Mexico, although the warrant was invalid there. Six weeks later a gaunt, haggard Burns, his skin tanned almost black by the desert sun, rode into Los Angeles—alone. Sonoratown snickered. He had no prisoner.

He tied his horse outside Judge Sepulveda's office on the Plaza, took a small, greasy brown package from his dusty saddlebag and went in. He tossed the package and the warrant on the Judge's desk. The amazed Judge opened it. It contained a six-toed human foot.

Burns' next big battle was not against the denizens of Sonoratown; it was against the volatile citizens of Los Angeles for whom the wheels of justice turned too slowly.

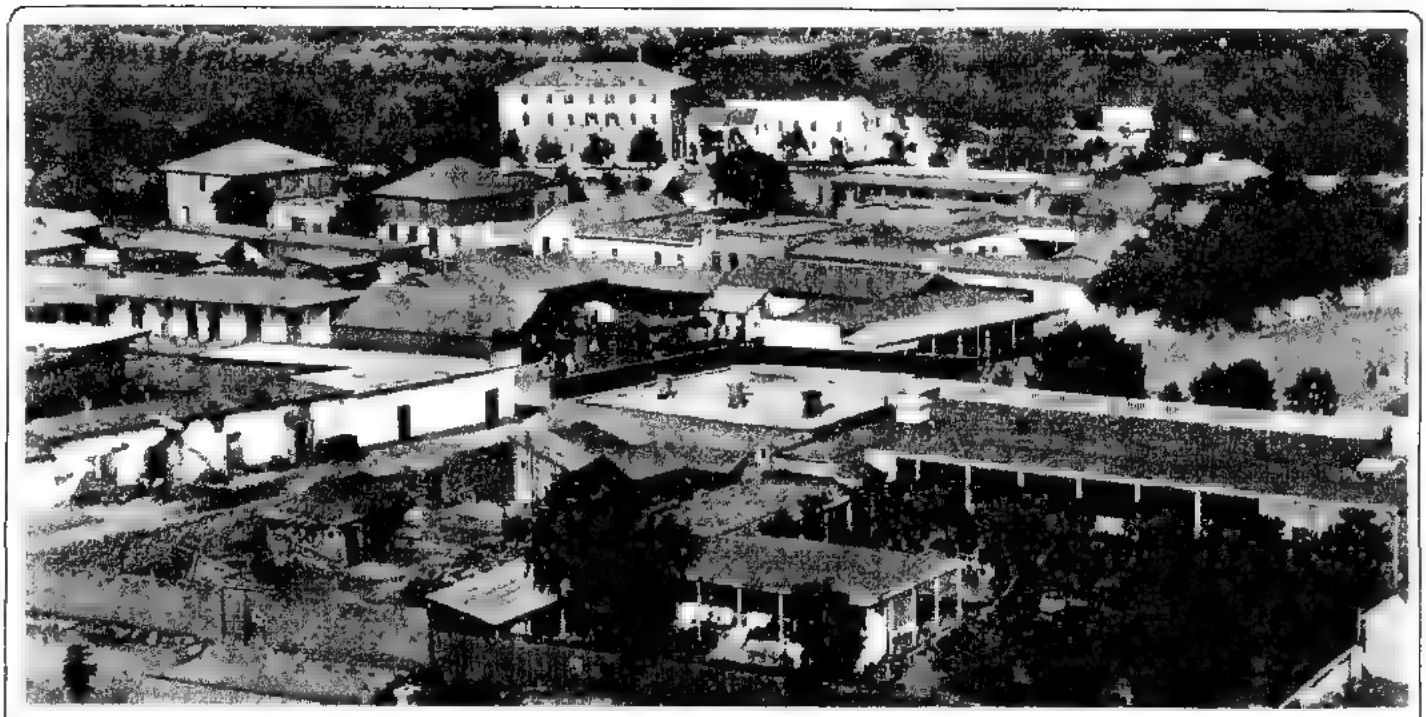
Joseph Bell, the rancher, was murdered by a bully named Miguel Lachenais in an argument over water rights. The fact that the popular Bell had been unarmed when Lachenais gunned him down added to the anger of the citizens of Los Angeles, and Burns knew that he would have the problem not only of arresting the dangerous Frenchman but of keeping him alive to stand trial.

THE MURDERER, naturally, holed up in Sonoratown. Burns found him at the bar of a Calle de Los Virgenes saloon, moved quietly up beside him, and ordered a double shot of cheap whiskey. "I'm arresting you for the murder of Bell," Burns said quietly, raising his drink to his lips.

Lachenais was a big, bad-tempered man who, a few weeks before Burns' election as sheriff, had gotten into a drunken argument with a friend at a wake, and had ended the argument by blowing his "friend's" face to pieces with a shotgun. He was known as a fast draw, drunk or sober, and Burns' predecessor had never attempted to arrest him.

When Burns announced that he was taking him into custody, Lachenais went for his gun. Burns quickly flicked his double shot of almost raw alcohol into the murderer's eyes, temporarily blinding him. The Frenchman was disarmed, his arm bent behind him, and was marched out of Sonoratown to the Los Angeles County jail. At that time it was a white, thick-walled adobe structure on Spring Street opposite the courthouse.

Burns knew that he could be in trouble the following morning when Bell's funeral was to be held. His deputies were out of the county; the jail's defense force



Sonoratown in 1870, looking northeast. The Plaza Church would be to the right, just out of the picture.
Los Angeles County Museum

consisted of himself and the jail-keeper.

After barricading the jail, he sent out an appeal for temporary deputies. He got just one volunteer, but one of the regulars unexpectedly returned, bringing the number of jail defenders up to four.

After Bell's funeral the next morning, an angry crowd surrounded the jail. It was led by the town barber, a Frenchman named Felix Signoret, who hated his fellow countryman, Lachenais. The mob had crowbars and sledge hammers with which to batter its way into the jail.

"Burns, we want Lachenais!" shouted Signoret. "Send him out or throw out the keys and nothing will happen to you!"

"Lachenais is my prisoner," Burns replied. "You'll have to kill me to get him!"

Burns posted his little force at the door and windows. He himself, .45 in hand, stood directly in front of the cell where a quivering and now thoroughly cowed Lachenais trembled in fear. A single sledge hammer blow bashed in the heavy door of the jail and the mob rushed in. Burns' little force at the last minute refused to fire on their friends and neighbors, but the sheriff got off two shots before being felled, and wounded two men.

Burns had hidden the keys so they literally had to take the cell apart with crowbars and sledge hammers to get at Lachenais, but get him they did, and dragged him off to be hanged from the gate of Tomlinson's corral after receiving the last rites of the church. Hundreds watched from the heights of Fort Hill.

However, even as he lost a battle, Burns was winning a war. Lachenais was the last white man to be lynched in Los Angeles County.

BURNS' FIGHT to clean up Los Angeles was finally won after a climactic, grisly episode known in California history as the "Chinese Massacre." The large Chinese community in Los Angeles was dominated by two rival tongs, the Nin Yungs and the Hong Chows. A sloe-eyed, exotic eighteen-year-old "flower-boat girl" (prostitute) from Canton was smuggled into southern California by way of a ship stopping at San Pedro. Somehow she fell into the hands of the Hong Chows, who "sold" her to one of the tong's wealthiest members. The Nin Yungs claimed that she had originally been intended for them and tried unsuccessfully to kidnap her, thus precipitating a "war" between tong hatchetmen.

In the late afternoon of October 23, 1871, Nin Yung and Hong Chow hatchetmen exchanged shots on the Calle de Los Negros. One of Burns' deputies tried to halt the fighting. There was a big adobe house at the corner of Los Angeles and Arcadia Streets called the Coronel, where many Chinese lived. The deputy chased a Nin Yung man into the Coronel, and was shot in the shoulder.

Staggering out, he blew a whistle, and a crowd immediately gathered about the Coronel, where several more of the feuding tong hatchetmen had sought refuge. A rancher by the name of Robert Thompson went into the rambling building to try and find the Chinese who had wounded the deputy. A pistol barked and Thompson fell dead in the doorway of the Coronel, shot through the head.

The crowd, drawn largely from the saloons and dives around the Plaza, howled with rage. A Nin Yung man lost his head, stepped out on to the porch of the Coronel, and fired into the crowd, wounding a boy and a man. He ducked back into the house as half a hundred shots thudded into the adobe walls of the building.

Burns arrived, mounted a big empty rum cask, and tried to calm the crowd, but in the middle of his oration the top of the cask gave way under his weight and he suddenly disappeared from view.

This comic relief did not put the crowd in a better humor, and on emerging from the rum cask, Burns saw that he could not restrain the mob without assistance. As luck would have it he had only one deputy in town, the man who had been wounded in the shoulder. However, he could still hold a gun, so Burns posted him in front of the Coronel while he went to round up some reinforcements.

Shortly after Burns left the scene, a Chinese inside the building yelled something in English to the deputy. The deputy shouted to the crowd, "It's all right, boys, they're going to surrender!" The Chinese who had promised surrender stepped out on to the porch and was immediately gunned down.

That was the signal for a blood bath. A Chinese dropped out of a window and was immediately shot to death. Another raced out the door and was arrested by the wounded deputy, who began marching him toward the jail. The mob wrested him away, dragged him to the Tomlinson corral gate, and strung him up. When the rope broke, the terrified Chinese, with the noose still about his neck, tried to run, but the mob grabbed him and this time the rope held.

Hoses had been turned on the Coronel in the meantime in an attempt to wash out the beleaguered Chinese. Holes were chopped in the roof and a rain of bullets poured into the building. Finally the front door was smashed in and the mob surged in and dragged out all the Chinese they could find, not bothering to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty.

Four were spread-eagled against the sides of "sagebrush schooners" parked in the Plaza and executed by knife and gun. Others were lynched from the corral gate. The Chinese doctor, who had taken no part in the tong warfare over the girl, was stripped naked and lynched. The berserk mob plundered the Coronel, making off with more than $40,000.

By the time Burns arrived with twenty-five hastily-deputized men, nineteen Chinese had been killed and scores injured. The Coronel was a shambles. All that night it was ringed by deputies armed with shotguns while the mob, its lust for blood dissipated, drifted back into the dives of Sonoratown and the Plaza.

The story of the Chinese Massacre was trumpeted around the world. The United States Government made an official apology to China and paid substan-

(Continued on page 43)

Guns of the Old West:

Courtesy Remington Arms Company

THE REMINGTON

By NORMAN WILTSEY

Fifth in a Series

ALTHOUGH the Sharps Rifle symbolized the Great West to most newcomers to the buffalo plains, the true firearms expert, the crack marksman, generally preferred the Remington Rolling Block Sporting Rifle.

First manufactured in the winter of 1865-66, the Remington was initially chambered for the new .50-70 center-fire cartridge. Later, in 1872, the rifle was produced in .44-90 caliber. The .44-90, with its powerful 90-grain powder charge and hefty 400-grain bullet, became widely renowned from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone as the Remington Buffalo Rifle. In range, accuracy and killing punch, it was unequalled by any contemporary American-made rifle.

Technically, the basis of the new Remington's success was the Rider Rolling Breech-block, co-invention of Leonard Geiger and Joseph Rider. The breech-block eventually bore Rider's name alone because of his ceaseless efforts to perfect it. By early 1866 Rider had patiently ironed out the "bugs" in design and the soon-to-be famous Model One Rifle was produced at the Remington factory located at Ilion, New York.

Rider's breech-block provided the finest lock mechanism of any breech-loader of the period. Alden Hatch, in *Remington Arms in American History*, writes, "The breech was immensely strong, easy to operate, and as nearly foolproof as a gun can be."

The first *modern* breechloaders made, Remington rolling block rifles, were manufactured virtually without change, from 1866 to 1933. Most American shooters of forty or over have probably used a Remington rolling block of one caliber or another—many are still in use.

The new breech-block, though revolutionary in its time, was simple in the extreme. The firing pin, a short, simple rod, operated through the center of the breech-block. (The Sharps firing pin, an awkward dog-leg struck by a side hammer, was relatively weak.) Safety was assured by a lug which secured the hammer while the gun was open and locked the breech after it was closed. Cartridge inserted, a forward flip of the thumb closed the breech and the rifle was ready for firing. For the first time in the history of firearms, a single-shot breech-loader could be fired at a really rapid rate. The average shooter with practice could get off a shot every four seconds. Hunters and soldiers usually exceeded this rate of fire. Its only defect was its power of extraction; a swollen case could give trouble.

Remington rifles jolted the Plains Indian with the bitterest dose of white man magic since the Comanches encountered the Colt revolver for the first time in 1841.

In the turbulent summer of 1866, Texan Nelson Story reached Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with twenty-nine cowboys and 3,000 cattle destined for the beef-hungry gold camps of Montana. The Army C. O. at Leavenworth warned Story that the Sioux chiefs, Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, were on the warpath, and that to attempt to trail 3,000 cattle through their Wyoming hunting grounds would amount to suicide for the hardy Texans. But Nelson was more interested in the new Remington rifles then being tried out by the troops at Leavenworth than he was in news of hostile Indians.

A persuasive gent, Story managed to buy thirty of the new breechloaders and several thousand rounds of brass .50 caliber center-fire cartridges. With thirty fast-shooting Remingtons in the hands of his hard-bitten cowboys, backed by twenty-nine .44 caliber Army Colts and his own pair of Navy Remington-Beals six-shooters, Nelse figured that his outfit packed enough firepower to take care of any band of Sioux careless enough to tackle it.

The shocked C.O. at Leavenworth tried without success to dissuade Story from "this foolhardy exploit."

Moving cautiously through the Wyoming Badlands, the bold little band had its first run-in with the Sioux near Fort Reno. Two hundred braves came whooping over a ridge, planning to stampede the herd. Their whoops changed to shrieks of agony as they met the steady, murderous fire of the Remingtons. They fled, running part of the strung-out herd ahead of them. Story and his men chased the raiders into the hills and recovered the cattle. Two cowboys were wounded in this brush and one man killed, but the Sioux lost heavily.

The next morning, Nelse spotted smoke signals climbing the sky from the distant buttes. "They're tellin' Red Cloud and Crazy Horse we're comin'," he announced grimly.

From Fort Reno the Texans pushed the herd northward to Fort Phil Kearney, where Colonel Henry B. Carrington commanded a garrison of 300 troopers manning the Army's farthest outpost in Sioux country, along the Bozeman Trail to Montana. Sioux warriors ranged the Trail unchallenged by the Army; the Colonel and his troops were virtually prisoners within the new fort.

Carrington flatly forbade Story to travel farther on the Bozeman Trail toward Montana. This was a tactical error; Nelse didn't lightly take orders from anybody. Ignoring the Colonel's angry threat to put him and his herders under military arrest, Story rested his men and animals a few days near the fort, then moved on.

THE EXPECTED showdown with Crazy Horse came early in the afternoon of October 29, when the brilliant young war chief of the Oglala Sioux led an estimated 500 warriors in a furious attack to wipe out the Texans. With the herd bunched against a sheer, towering cliff safe from raids from the rear, Story fought off charge after charge. Bewildered by the rapid, deadly fire of the breechloaders, dazed at his heavy casualties, Crazy Horse finally broke off the assault and waved his surviving warriors back into the inpenetrable Badlands.

On December 9, 1866, six weeks and nearly 400 miles out from Fort Kearney, Story led his wagon train and bawling herd into Virginia City with the loss of but one man and a few steers.

The breechloading Remington had made the astounding feat possible, and the resultant publicity was just what the struggling Remington factory needed to get financial backing and go into full production of the Model One. Quickly the weapon became the favorite rifle of hunters and military men all over the West. Remington also became the pet sporting rifle of General George A. Custer. In 1872, impressed by the performance of the Model One as tested by troops in the field, Custer ordered a .50-70 sporting rifle of the finest (F) grade, priced at $91.50. A crack shot and ardent hunter, Custer wrote the Remingtons an enthusiastic letter date-lined:

Headquarters Fort Abraham Lincoln,
D.T. October 5, 1873.
Messrs' Remington & Sons:
Dear Sirs—Last year I ordered from your firm a Sporting Rifle, caliber .50. I received the rifle a short time prior to the departure of the Yellowstone Expedition. The Expedition left Fort Rice the 20th of June, 1873, and returned to Fort Abraham Lincoln, September 21, 1873. During the three months I carried the rifle referred to on every occasion and the following list exhibits but a portion of the game killed by me: Antelope 41, buffalo 4, blacktail deer 4, American (whitetail) deer 3; white wolf 2. . . .

(Continued on page 56)

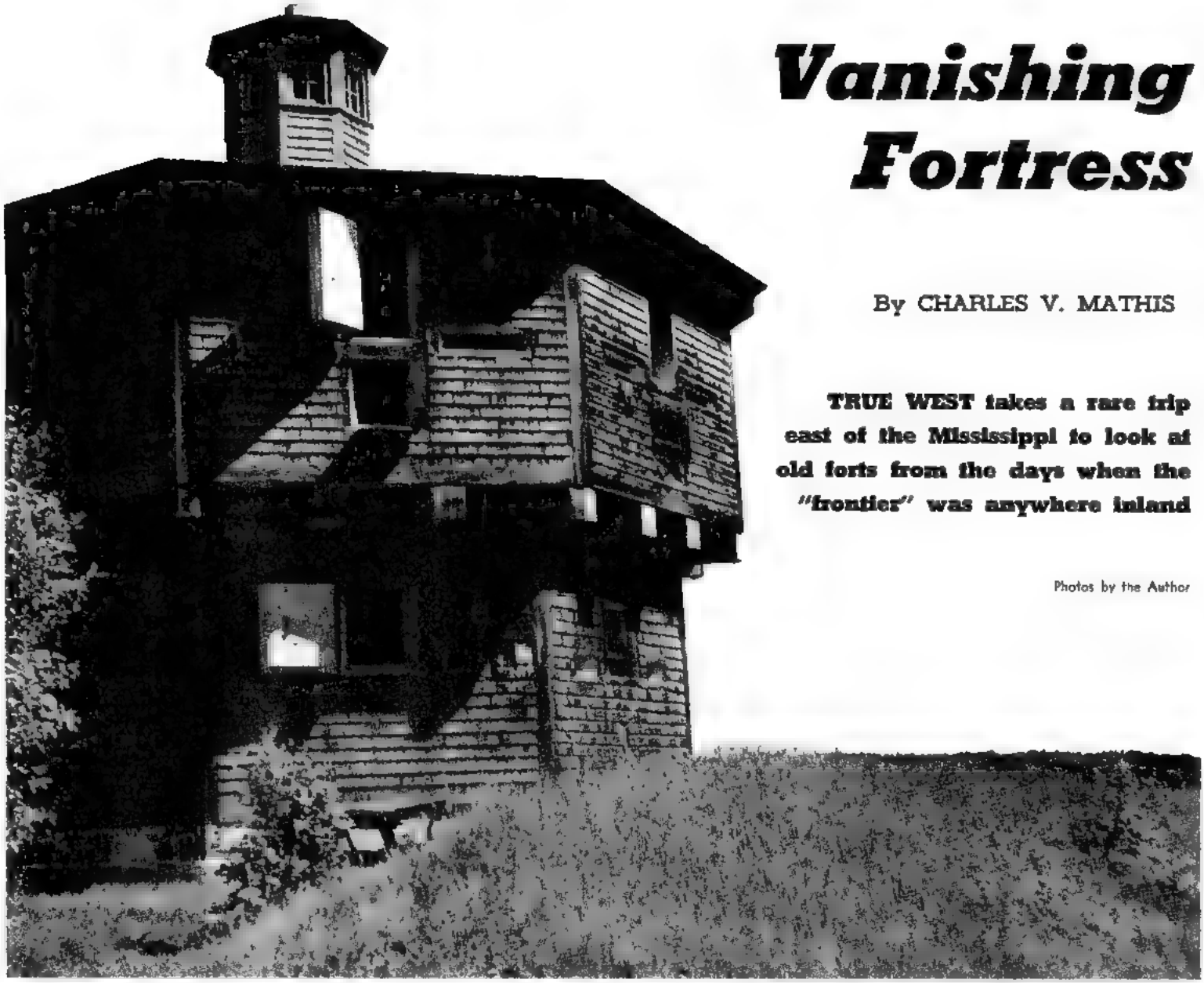
LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vanishing Fortress

By CHARLES V. MATHIS

TRUE WEST takes a rare trip east of the Mississippi to look at old forts from the days when the "frontier" was anywhere inland

Photos by the Author



The blockhouse at Fort Edgecomb at one time controlled the approaches to the Kennebec River at North Edgecomb, Maine.

THE GUNNERS on the ramparts have been replaced by guides, the cannons serve as curiosities, and tourists scribble their names on crumbling walls that once echoed with sounds of Indian battles. Yet these ruined fortifications that dot the U. S. countryside still grip the attention and tease the imagination.

Forts fell for many reasons: they could not be adequately staffed; they could not be stocked with sufficient provisions or water; or the enemy possessed weapons that proved stronger than walls. Some fell as a result of subterfuge, one of the most bizarre examples being Michilmackinac, on what is now Mackinac Island in Michigan.

Originally French, the wealthy fort and trading post was taken over by the English in 1761. Although its commander, Major George Etherington, had been warned that the local Chippewas were planning an attack, he scoffed at the absurd notion that they could take a garrison as strong as his.

One day in 1763 he was approached by a peace party of Indians. Lacrosse enthusiasts, the Indians wished to stage their version of the Olympic games in honor of King George's birthday on June 4. Major Etherington saw an opportunity to improve international relations.

On the day of the celebration, two Indian teams lined up outside the fort's gates. The Chippewas were matched against visiting Sauks from Green Bay. During early play, the ball was accidentally thrown over Fort Michilmackinac's walls.

Major Etherington sent an enlisted man to retrieve it. A second time the ball flew out of bounds; again it was fetched. Not wanting to delay the game, Major Etherington turned to a sergeant and said, "Throw the fort's gates open. The Indians can then retrieve their own balls."

Once more the ball cleared the wall and team members streamed into the fort to search for it. They were followed by squaws with tomahawks concealed under their robes. The ball did not have to be thrown a fourth time.

The fort has an underground "tunnel of history." It extends from the basement of a restored British trader's hut which was uncovered in 1961. A series of murals are ranged alongside archeological exhibits showing the various earth strata of French and British occupations as they were excavated. As an example, a pair of dice found in a British layer of sand are shown being played by members of the King's Regiment in an accompanying mural.

FORT GIBSON STOCKADE in Oklahoma was at one time the farthest west military post along the frontier. It was established April 21, 1824, to cope with the war-like Osage Indians who claimed hunting rights over a wide area, and who unhesitatingly challenged hunters from other tribes, often engaging in fierce combat. In the 1930s, much of the old fort was restored through a WPA project.

The ruins of Fort Pickins, Florida, occupy the western tip of Santa Rosa Island. Completed in 1834, the fort is pentagonal in shape, with a bastion at each of the five corners. In the fort are cells in which Geronimo, the Apache chief, and his followers were imprisoned in 1886.

Historic Castillo De San Marcos, oldest masonry fortress in the U.S.A. dates

Fort Pickens, Florida, on the western tip of Santa Rosa Island, was completed in 1834 to command the eastern entrance to Pensacola Harbor. Geronimo was imprisoned in its cells in 1886. Below, the blockhouse at Fort Logan, Montana.

back to 1672 when Spaniards of St. Augustine, Florida, built it as a protection against savage Indians and would-be conquerors. Its sturdy walls, sixteen feet thick at the base, proved impregnable. Even a twenty-seven-day bombardment of the fort by General Oglethorpe of Georgia failed to pierce the walls.

Visitors can also turn back the pages of time at Old Fort Niagara in western New York State at Youngstown. This actively maintained historic shrine enables them to relive some of the exciting pages of American history.

During the reign of Louis XIV, most powerful monarch of Europe in the 17th Century, it was the dream of Robert Cavalier de La Salle to establish a vast empire for France in America.

As a beginning of this ambitious undertaking, La Salle, carrying letters patent from the king, came to Quebec and organized an expedition of exploration and discovery. Journeying southwestward, he crossed Lake Ontario, and in January, 1679, commenced construction of a crude fort at the mouth of the Niagara River, one of a chain of sixty forts

Castillo de San Marcos, oldest masonry fortress in the U.S., was built in 1672 by Spaniards at St. Augustine, Florida. Its walls are sixteen feet thick at the base.

which France eventually built to defend her claims.

This was the beginning of Fort Niagara, key to the great unexplored West. La Salle's fort was destroyed by fire. In 1687 a second fort was built at the site by Denonville, royal governor of Canada. This was later abandoned.

The present "Old Fort Niagara" was begun in 1726 with the construction by Gaspard Chaussegros de Lery of a fortified stone trading post, known today as the French "Castle." It was built as a trading post to deceive the Indians, but actually was a fortified military barracks. It is the only French castle in America.

FIVE ORIGINAL stone buildings at Fort Niagara antedate the Revolutionary War. During the ensuing years after 1726, the rivalry between France and England for the domination of the continent of North America and the control of the fur trade grew in intensity. The fort at Niagara was of strategic importance to the French, as it held open their lifeline of supplies, communications and trade between Quebec and their fortified trading posts in Louisiana.

The surrender of Niagara to the British and Indians under Sir William Johnson in 1759 after a prolonged siege cut this lifeline and was a principal factor in the collapse of French resistance in the West. Quebec fell a few weeks later and the French and Indian War was virtually over.

Once French, then British, now American, the historic flags of France, Britain and the United States have, in succession, waved proudly over Fort Niagara.

Since earliest times, it has been man's conviction that the higher the walls, the safer the shelter behind them. This belief led to the surrounding of homes with wooden stockades, stone garrisons and brick castles.

As towns spread and enemies became stronger, walls grew higher and enclosures larger. A military man on the march could not bypass a fortress without endangering his lines of supply. He could not take the fort without an overwhelming force of men and arms.

Only one requirement remained constant: that the walls be high and thick. Ten feet of solid masonry was not an uncommon width, and within the walls were stocked all the necessities to withstand long sieges—an armory of weapons, supplies of food, water wells, boiling water or molten lead to be poured on the enemy in case of attack.

Sometimes there were two walls, the outer one reached only after attackers had first forced their way across forty or fifty feet of water-filled moat. With its drawbridge up, its portcullis down and its walls manned with archers, the castle smugly challenged all comers.

For centuries, men depended upon such defenses for survival. Then, in the 13th Century, the castle suddenly became vulnerable. The reason—black powder and cannon.

For a time stubborn builders resisted the fateful truth by constructing even thicker walls. The fort is now a relic of the past, the province of tourists instead of troops.

Fort Loudon, Tennessee was built by the British at the start of the French and Indian War. Below, Fort Snelling, an Army reservation at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THERE WAS NO CHRISTMAS

By T. J. KERTTULA

THE FIRST TIME I remember seeing Mrs. Mannix, she was in trouble. She was trying to quiet her stage team in Avon, Montana, while the local freight switched cattle cars hardly a hundred yards away. The lady was paying particular attention to a half-broke bronc which, every time the engine chugged by, showed a definite inclination to be long gone.

Preparing to depart, the engineer gave several long, loud blasts of the whistle. Those mournful wails and the hissing blast of steam were too much for the hammerhead. With a wild snort he reared. Mrs. Mannix hung on to the bridle with both hands and went up with him —all the way until her feet left the ground. Again and again he reared, jerking her repeatedly into the air. Finally, as the sound of the train died in the distance, the lady driver got 'him calmed down and matter-of-factly resumed her loading.

This was my introduction to the only woman in Montana, still living, who has handled the reins of a stage team as a regular job. Her record is impressive. For fifteen years she drove the twice-weekly stage from Finn, now a ghost town several miles from her ranch, to the railroad at Avon. It was a round trip of thirty miles and she made at least 1,560 consecutive trips without a miss!

There was only one run she didn't complete. On that morning as she was preparing to leave, word came from Avon that a severe blizzard was expected momentarily—in fact it had already reached Helena, thirty miles away, and was roaring westward. She was told she couldn't possibly make the run before the storm struck so Jim Moore was starting out with the mail and express to meet her. The two met halfway, transferred the loads, and Mrs. Mannix started back just as the leading fogbanks of the cold front were beginning to spill down from the Continental Divide.

That is not the only example of why she can be called the "indestructible" Mrs. Mannix. At the age of twenty, seriously ill with typhoid, the doctor said she couldn't live through the night, yet she did—and today, at eighty-seven, she still rides the range on her Nevada Creek Valley cattle ranch. She is quick to admit, however, that the rides are becoming less frequent and that she appreciates little conveniences more—such as mounting from the up-hill side!

The ranch, operated jointly with her youngest son, Francis, is located between Helmville and Avon. The well-kept farmstead immediately suggests prosperity but it was not always thus. There have been some very tough years.

Mrs. Mannix was born in Canyon Creek, Montana, January 13, 1876, back when the Indians still had considerable to say about what went on in the area. In fact, she was barely six months old when they "said it" to General Custer on the Little Big Horn. Her memories span the entire life of the state and well back into its territorial days.

Among her most vivid recollections of childhood days are those of the infrequent trips to town, sometimes only twice a year, when supplies were purchased in large quantities and "what you forgot, you went without."

Then the family moved to Helmville where she met and married William Mannix in 1898. From then on, until they purchased the ranch in 1916, their lives were typical of young couples starting out in a frontier cattle country.

Their first project upon acquiring the ranch was to build a house and the big barn which is still a landmark in the valley. As years went by, the white barn served many purposes other than the one for which it was intended. Among them were benefit dances in the loft for the Red Cross during World War I and later for their little country school.

Mrs. Mannix and her favorite saddle horse.

Almost simultaneously began the heartbreaking years. A husband crippled by polio and the responsibility of ten children forced her to take on a larger share of the ranch's management. Neighbors remember seeing her in the meadow in a one-horse cart with a baby in a basket beside her. She would tie the horse to a fence, settle the baby in the shade, and go to work.

Then she got a chance to drive the twice-weekly stage from Finn to the railroad at Avon. It was the oldest line of its type in the state and carried mail, express and passengers. The government contract, which was the lifeblood of the line, covered only the mail. The rest of their business they got themselves and they furnished all their own equipment. One-way fare for a passenger was a buck, and rates for cream cans was fifty cents for the outgoing full ones and twenty-five cents for the return of empties. The homestead boom was in full swing and cream shipments were heavy.

Mail and express got priority and passengers hung on where and how they could. A "seat" might mean the comparative comfort of a pile of mail sacks as compared to the top of a cream can! Sometimes, when the going got really rough, passengers might even have to help out the teams a bit by getting off and walking a while.

Wagons in the summer and sleighs in the winter, pulled by four-horse teams, were the regular equipment. During the spring breakup both were used. Starting out with a sleigh, Mrs. Mannix would transfer to a wagon at some halfway point, usually a ranch. From there on, the road would be all mud. The outgoing trips were always worse, for on them she carried full cream cans which had to be lifted from the sleigh up into the wagon. Those full ten-gallon cans weighed almost as much as she did.

The road followed a low divide between Nevada Creek and the Little Blackfoot drainages which was all prairie, open to the full sweep of the incessant west winds. During the winter they piled up huge hard-packed drifts through which the teams bucked and wallowed. On the return trip, all signs of her passing had already been obliterated.

During the summer, gumbo—the stickiest stuff known to man—would build up in thin layers on the wagon wheels

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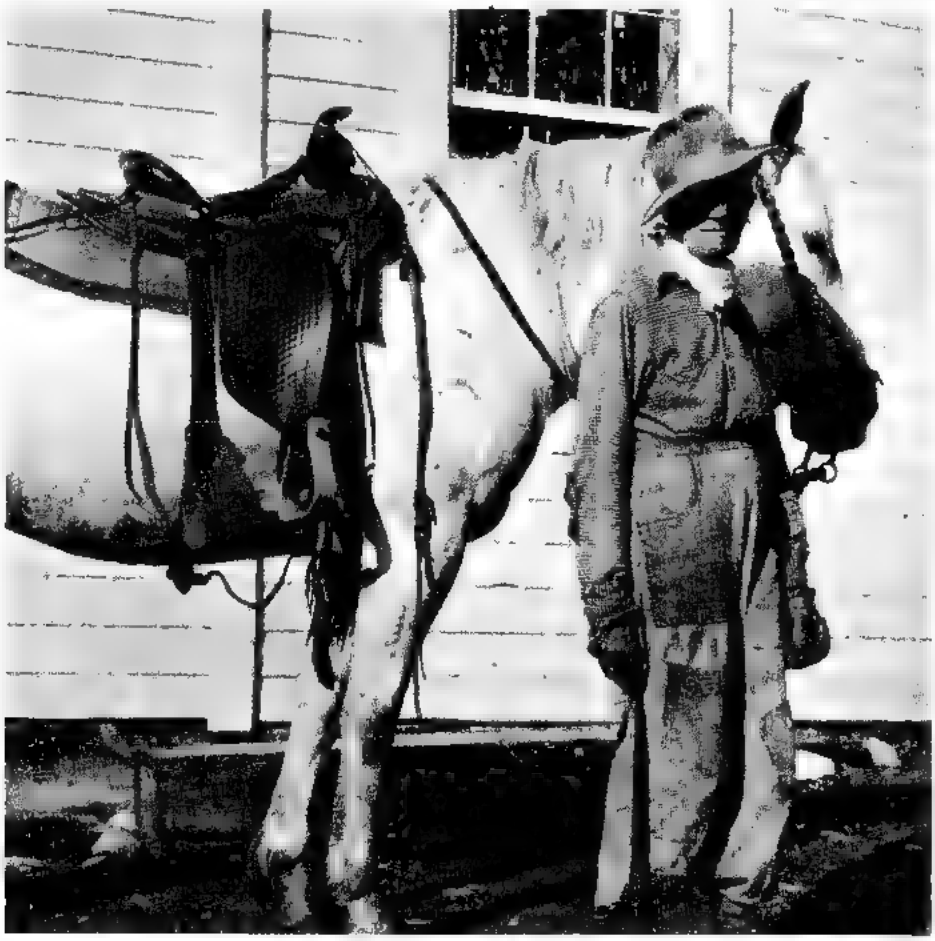
DUCTION PR

If you've had to be steel all your life, it's hard to turn soft—even when the pressure's off. TRUE WEST salutes a great Montanan who, at eighty-seven, won't trade her horse for a rocking chair!

Photos Courtesy the Author



Although her ranch is now mechanized and she can operate tractors, Mrs. Mannix, like many other old-timers, prefers to work with horses.

until they finally reached the point of sliding instead of turning. It was a case of stopping repeatedly to knock it off with a shovel.

THEN CAME 1918, the flu year, and the hushed, wild rumors of its devastating toll. Early on a brisk December morning Mrs. Mannix and her husband started for Deer Lodge, thirty-five miles away, over a badly rutted and icy road. As they approached Avon she suddenly suggested, "I think we ought to put on the chains." But he quickly vetoed the idea and they kept on.

Attempting to dodge a large rock which had rolled into the road, the rancher lost control, and the Model T plunged over the bank and down a steep hill to lodge precariously against an arm-sized tree. Neither was hurt but, even with a cane, Mr. Mannix could not make the climb to the road.

Fortunately, there was a long rope in the car. Tying it to a bush and placing her feet behind his, Mrs. Mannix helped her husband work his way slowly up the embankment where she left him and struck a beeline for the nearest farm.

Crossing the little river by crawling along a fallen cottonwood, still slippery with the night's frost, she reached the homestead only to be told that the horses were all at the far end of the place and on top of a high, steep hill. The owner showed little enthusiasm for climbing up there for them.

"Well, I'll go get them," she said and, picking up a rope, started off without a backward glance. Reluctantly the man followed her.

It was evening before the couple got back to Avon and neither one had had anything to eat since an early breakfast. In the twelve hours that Mannix had waited in the cold on the road not a single person had passed.

The approaching holiday season found the courageous woman with thirteen in bed with the flu, stock cattle to feed, twenty-seven cows to milk by hand and only a peg-legged sailor to help her. Hands, as desperately as they might be needed, weren't easy to get, for many men were reluctant to take jobs on ranches known to have the sickness. Neighbors, no matter how willing, could not always be counted on for they, too, were in the same boat—many already were burying their dead.

On his second trip out, the doctor said, "There's good nursing in this house. I didn't expect to see Walter or Ben alive this morning."

Years later her son remarked, "That year, too, there was no Christmas." But Mrs. Mannix remembered that on Christmas Day, for the first time, three of the boys went out to feed the cattle although all were still so weak they could hardly stand alone. That crisis was over.

HARD ON ITS heels came another one —a brutal nightmare in the memories of all who lived through it. It just forgot to rain, and hot, dry winds seared the ranges until what little grass there was cracked and shattered underfoot. At night the horizons glowed with the reflections of distant fires; creeks and springs, never known to do so before, went dry. The hay crop was a complete failure, forcing the ranchers to decide between selling their herds or buying feed.

Fortunately the cattle market held up exceptionally well and when a buyer offered $90 a pair for cows and calves the Mannixes were tempted to sell. They consulted their banker.

"Are you crazy?" he shouted. "That is the worst thing you could possibly do. The cows alone will be worth $150 apiece next spring!"

For probably the last time in her life Mrs. Mannix took the advice of a banker. They fed $40 hay to those potential $150 cows only to see the market break and cows go begging at $20. The banker had no new advice to cover that situation; he had troubles enough of his own. That (ten years before the rest of the country was to feel it) was the beginning of the Depression for the cattlemen.

After the death of her husband in 1927, Mrs. Mannix reluctantly let the home ranch go and moved to a leased place. At the age of fifty-one she was left with only one goal—regaining the home place where so many of the happiest years of her life had been spent. Doggedly she set to work.

Twenty years later the ranch was bought back at a figure far greater than would have been needed to save it in the first place. The day Mrs. Mannix signed the papers was probably one of the high points of her life. Building the rundown ranch back to what it should and could be became her new goal. How well she has succeeded, although she doesn't consider the job finished, is evident by the appearance of the place and the fact that Midwestern feeders scramble for its cattle.

HER USUAL costume of slacks, skirt, and a man's hat has given the lady a fund of stories of being mistaken for a man. One winter she and her son Ralph went to assist a couple whose burning car was stuck in a snowdrift. While the men fought the fire she chatted with the wife. The husband kept watching and finally interposed himself between them.

"Dear," his wife said belatedly, "This is Mrs. Mannix."

" 'Tis not!" the husband retorted. "And I've been watching you flirt with this little man!"

After she had reached seventy, her sons decided that she was "too old" for her usual hayfield job of driving the dump rake. They broke the news to her as gently as possible, suggesting that she could be just as useful doing other things—somebody had to cook for the crew, for instance.

Their mother quickly caught the point and neither argued nor went near the hayfield, but by evening she had a cook on the job. The next morning the boys found that she had taken her horse and had ridden off without even a note to tell where she was going.

Mrs. Mannix returned very late that

(Continued on page 47)

Horses Were Legal Tender

By RUEL McDANIEL

Anything a Comanche wanted, his pony would buy. To make it even better, he could steal it back and spend it over again!

TEXAS INDIANS were probably the most clever horse thieves in the world. To them, horses were legal tender, their medium of exchange. The value of everything was pegged to the horse: one horse, two knives; two horses, three plugs of tobacco, and so on.

When LaSalle was stranded at Fort St. Louis on Matagorda Bay in 1687, he sorely needed horses for use in searching for an overland route to Louisiana. Indians along the bay were rich with horses. LaSalle had a surplus of hatchets which he had brought along from France.

He bought thirty-five horses with thirty-five hatchets and considered it an exceptionally fine deal. So did the Indians. Horses roamed the coastal plains, there for the taking, but the hatchets had come across the ocean from a far-off land. They were proud of besting the white man.

From then until the Indians finally were pushed west, they trounced the white men wherever horses were concerned. Hundreds of harried Texas settlers bought back their own horses from the redmen with hard-earned trinkets, tools or tobacco.

The importance of the horse in the history of Texas Indians cannot be exaggerated; the horse transformed the Indian male from a slow-moving creature on foot to a daring mounted warrior. The horse instilled the Indian with a pride he did not know lay dormant within him; it provided fast movement to transform his nomadic spirit into action.

Texas Indians had never seen a horse or a mule until Spanish conquistadores appeared with their fine Arabian horses. From the outset, the Indians were instinctively more interested in the animals than they were in the men. As Cabeza de Vaca, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, Alvarez de Pineda and other Spanish explorers rode into northern Mexico and Texas in search of gold, they found instead parched land and redmen who looked upon the fine horses with avaricious eyes.

The Indians told all explorers of the Seven Cities of Cibola, reputed to be paved with gold and fabulously filled with precious metal, and the thought arises that possibly the Indians hoped by perpetuating the myth of the golden cities they would be able to induce those mounted Spaniards to remain longer and tempt others to come and join the search.

Although the Indians generally were on amicable terms with the strange men with white skin, this friendship did not transcend their avid desire for horses or the practice of stealing them whenever the Spaniards' backs were turned.

During the more than a century in which Spanish conquistadores roamed northern Mexico and Texas, many horses not only were lost to the Indians but strayed and were left behind to perpetuate their hardy breed. The Arabian horses were particularly well adapted to this country and they multiplied amazingly. Soon the Indians had two sources for obtaining horses; they captured the wild ones, and continued to steal from the newcomers. They leaned heavily to the latter, because the horses were broken and easily taken.

Just as wampum had become the medium of exchange among Indians of the eastern sections of North America, so the horse became the "money" of the southwestern Indians. A man's wealth and stature in the Indian community were based on the number of horses he owned.

AFTER THE Spaniards ceased to bring new horses into the country, and wild horse herds grew smart and elusive, another windfall came to the horse-minded Texas Indian. Settlers from the United States began moving in and drifting westward. They brought horses and mules with them. These were of a different breed from the spirited and beautiful Arabian of the Spaniards, but they were horses—and the Indians gazed upon them with undisguised anticipation.

The descendants of the Arabian horse had gradually degenerated into the wild mustang which roamed the country in great herds; the progeny of the animals from the East were largely draft horses used to draw wagons and pull plows. Mustangs were broken for riding and hunting and the draft animals were turned over to the squaws for use in moving camp. Obviously the riding horses carried a higher value. The mustangs were "ten-dollar bills," while the draft animals bore about the same relation as a five-dollar ducat.

Indians greeted the onrush of the Easterners with mixed emotions. True, they saw their best lands falling into the hands of the settlers, but they also saw new supplies of horses, ready for the stealing.

The Comanches were perhaps the most adept horse thieves among the Southwest Indians. They not only knew the fine tricks necessary in consistently successful stealing, but they soon learned to distinguish the best animals and made them their special targets.

By the time Stephen F. Austin came to Texas, horses had become so plentiful and stealing had been developed into such a fine art that the Comanches usually had a surplus to barter for other white-man luxuries. They traded among themselves but found a special delight in trading white men's horses back to white men. It appealed to the Indian mind as the eternal fitness of things.

The situation became so acute that Austin appealed to General Bustamente, the Mexican governor of Texas and northern Mexico, for aid in checking the stealing. The Comanches were driving herds from East Texas over to Natchitoches, Louisiana, where many settlers heading for Texas halted for rest and reprovisioning. There they traded them for whatever caught their eyes.

Bustamente did nothing to stop this trafficking, and the suspicion among the American immigrants was that there was collusion between the Mexicans and Indians, whereby the Americans already settled in East Texas would be robbed of their herds as a means of discouraging further immigration, and at the same time supply the Mexican traders around Natchitoches with Indian customers for their trinkets. Eventually immigrants began using oxen rather than horses to draw their heavy wagons. Indians cared nothing for the slow oxen.

BY 1828 the Comanches had become so adept at stealing horses, and capturing and breaking mustangs, that Captain Henry Brown led an expedition of white settlers to the Clear Fork of the Brazos River with wagonloads of trade goods to buy mounts. They obtained more than 1,000 head. While the newly-acquired horses were corralled on the Bosque River, waiting the drive to the settlers' homes, the Comanches raided the camp and drove away nearly all of the animals. Captain Brown was able to recapture only about 500 of them.

Other tribes, such as the Apaches, Kiowas, Sioux, Crow, Cherokees, Cheyennes, Blackfeet and Pawnees soon saw the tremendous advantage a horse provided and they, too, began cultivating and developing the art of stealing and riding. With good horses under them, the proud mounted men saw life from a new pinnacle. Distance meant little; possession of a good horse meant everything. If an Indian had more than he needed, he gave some to his less fortunate friends, or traded them to the whites. The thrill of stealing a horse transcended by far the thrill of ownership.

One of the most spectacular raids conducted by the Comanches was in 1840, when they laid waste to Victoria and Linnville, and drove off about 5,000 horses. Incensed at a doublecross in-

(Continued on page 47)

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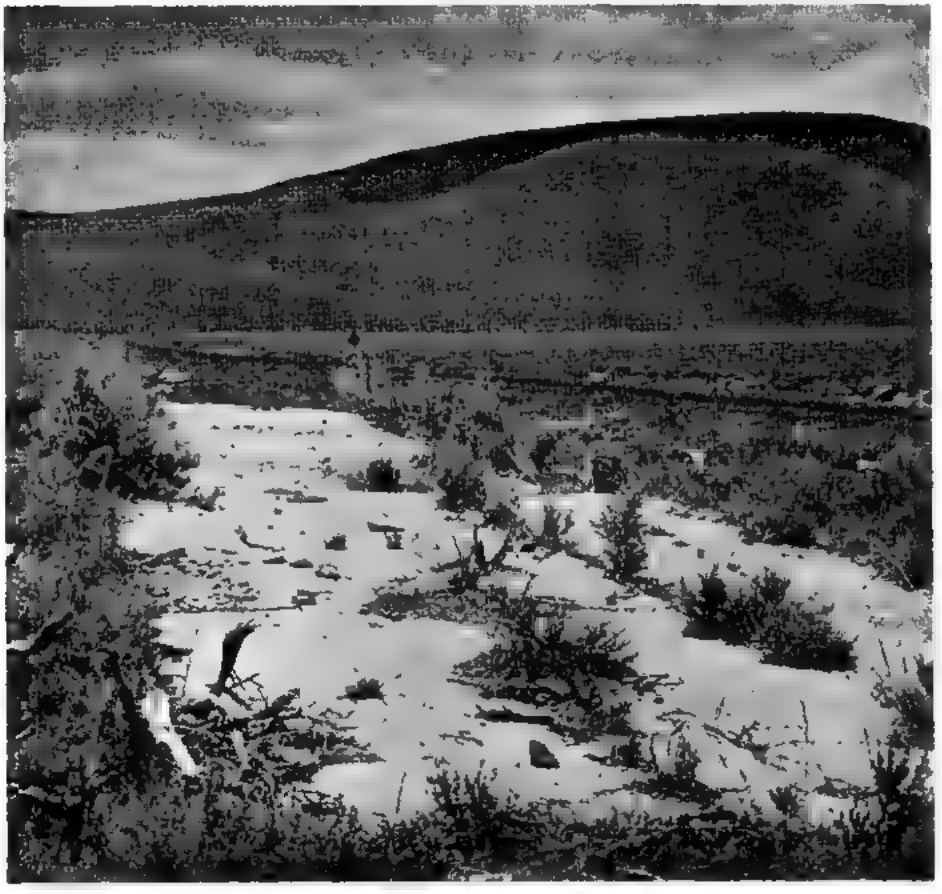
November-December, 1863

SIDEWALK TO NOWHERE

By NELL MURBARGER

Photos by the Author

Sometimes the light goes out but can be lit again. Not so for Gold Creek, Nevada



A slab of concrete that once was a sidewalk is about all that's left of Gold Creek.

ONE SHORT LENGTH of cement sidewalk, lost in the sage, marks the site of Gold Creek, Nevada, a boom camp that has flowered and faded. That a settlement large enough to have rated this symbol of urbanization should have vanished with such completeness is a fascinating circumstance, but the trail back to Gold Creek's past is obscured by the dust of half a century.

For four years after learning of the town I could have typed on a single sheet of note paper all the pertinent information I had succeeded in collecting. Then came the historical jackpot. The Nevada State Library, at Carson City, produced a complete file of *The Gold Creek News*, a weekly journal published in the days when the town was booming!

In its first issue, dated December 24, 1896, *The News* cast a retrospective glance at the region's earlier history and revealed that gold had been first discovered here by Emanuel ("Manny") Penrod, a former partner of Henry Comstock at Virginia City, and originally part owner of the claim that developed into the rich Ophir Mine. Soon crowded out of the Comstock, Manny took his family and moved to Elko County, where he put down roots at the north end of Island Mountain, discovered placer gold, and early in the '70s organized the Island Mountain mining district.

Other whites filtered into the region and a few Chinese drifted over from Tuscarora's populous Chinatown. Among these Orientals was a merchant, Hung Li, who, in 1878, opened a small general store at the forks of Gold Creek, about a mile above the Penrod home. For the next twenty years, Penrod and his Chinese employes, and a handful of white miners had everything to themselves—rather strange in view of the evident richness of these placer diggings, where nuggets weighing up to $50 each were not uncommon and gravel *averaged* a dollar's worth of gold to each panful!

That the ground must have been tremendously rich was indicated by the fact that Penrod and his neighbors, using more or less primitive equipment and working only sixty to ninety days each year when water was available in the creek, had taken out gold to a value of $800,000. Of that total, approximately $250,000 had come from Penrod's claims.

Mining affairs on Gold Creek proceeded quietly for two decades, during which time the lives of its people had flowed as serenely as the Humboldt River in July. In the closing months of that halcyon period, however, a few profit-conscious men had begun getting ideas. As a result, the Gold Creek Mining Company, a New York corporation, was organized in 1896; the Gold Creek Townsite Company was capitalized in Denver at $2,000,000, and the Gold Creek Improvement Company, at $100,000; the new town of Gold Creek was platted just over the ridge from the Penrod home—and a mad mining boom got underway.

The first building erected was the office of *The News*, and within forty-eight hours after the printing equipment was unloaded, its first issue rolled from the press reporting that streets were being graded, a three-times-weekly freight line was in operation to Elko, lumber for construction of a three-story hotel had arrived that day, and electric lights and a waterworks were to be installed at once.

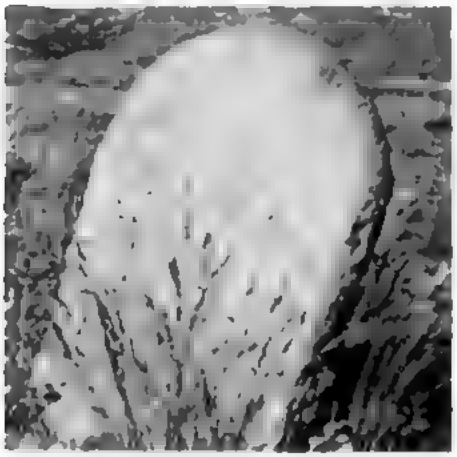
It was further predicted that within a year the town would have 5,000 inhabitants. Advertising consisted of the professional cards of three engineers—mining, hydraulic and civil—with offices at Gold Creek; also the announcement of an assayer; and the advertisement of Laundryman Charlie Wah, of No. 9, Pekin Avenue, Gold Creek.

In its second issue, *The News* carried an ad for the veteran Chinese merchant at Island Mountain. "HUNG LI, General Merchandise. Fine Display of Rich Silks, just received. A large stock of Chinese Rice and Whiskey. Call and be convinced. Everybody knows me as Lem, and I have been in business here 18 years. No. 1 Pekin Avenue, Chinatown, Gold Creek."

ON JANUARY 7, 1897, *The News* reported, "Where only a few days ago, hours in fact, was an unbroken snowfield, the town of Gold Creek is rapidly springing into existence. The light of the carpenters at work is seen from a distance far into the night. One of the finest hotels in the state is rapidly going up, only to give way in the near future to a substantial brick structure. Six-and eight-horse teams are arriving daily with lumber and supplies, and their campfires at night dot the valley of Penrod Creek. Some 150 loads of lumber will arrive yet this montth.

"If an election were held at this time,

Above, the massive headgates of Gold Creek Reservoir. Below, the tombstone of "S. Dunlap," killed in a mine shaft August 23, 1897.



A Fresno-type scraper and tongue, probably used in the construction of the Sunflower Reservoir at Gold Creek. Below, last remaining building on the Penrod place.

Gold Creek could poll more votes than any other town in Elko County," it was declared. "In another year it will be the largest town in the state. . . ."

Small gulches were yielding $200 in gold to the running foot; Crevice Gulch had run $150 to the cubic yard of gravel; and $5 in gold to each pan of dirt was declared "not uncommon."

Miners at this time were receiving $3 for a ten-hour day; teamsters $6 to $8 a day for four-horse teams, and laborers on the reservoir—mostly Chinese—were being paid $2 a day.

The Gold Creek post office was established February 20, 1897, with Judge J. B. Abel as postmaster. By the first of March, two doctors had hung their shingles in local windows, Gold Creek Mercantile Company was in position to supply virtually all the wants of man, a meat market had opened for business, and a sawmill, hardware store, and drugstore were soon to make their bows.

The St. Patrick's Day Ball celebrating the formal opening of Judge Johnny Abel's Gold Creek Hotel, March 17, 1897, found northern Elko County still in the icy clutch of winter, with snow piled so deeply that guests from Tuscarora, sixty-odd miles to the southwest, were forced to tunnel their way through drifts to reach the scene of the party.

Included among these snow-burrowing socialites was Tuscarora's Lady Orchestra, comprised of the Misses Watkins and Miss Jack, violinists, with Miss Marie Watkins, aged twelve, accompanying on the organ.

The first white child born at Gold

Creek was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Babcock, Jr., who made his arrival May 21. This same month saw the first Concord coach driven into camp; the Gold Creek Nuggets, a baseball team, was organized; and rival stage lines entered into a price-cutting war which slashed passenger fares between Gold Creek and Elko to $1 per head.

BUT DESPITE all her flourish and flaunting, Gold Creek was drowning in the quagmire of debt. First intimation of this fact to appear in the local newspaper, was an announcement on November 26, 1897, that the Gold Creek Mining Company was being reorganized. "Outstanding obligations," it was stated, "will be met. . . ."

Neither was *The News*, herself, prospering too well, if one may judge by an appeal made in that same issue. "If anyone owing *The News* $2.50 will come around and settle it," declared Editor Dunbar Hunt, "we can get the paper for its next number out of the express office. If not, will have to resort to wrapping paper. . . ." Two weeks later the little mining camp journal apparently breathed its last.

With the death of the newspaper, a news blackout fell over Gold Creek that remained unbroken until February 5, 1898, when the *Elko Free Press* observed: "M. J. Curtis, who put up the Waldron block, in Gold Creek, has commenced suit to foreclose a mechanic's lien on the property. There are so many different kinds of suits plastered on this lone building that it is hard telling who will get the rafters. . . ."

Born with the fanfare of trumpets, Gold Creek had been buried without even the sounding of *Taps*.

Now that I had read the story of its boom days, I developed a great curiosity to know what had happened to Gold Creek after the promotional bubble had burst. Had the big reservoir and ditch been finished and placed in operation? What had become of the buildings, the people?

Gold Creek's story, it seemed to me, needed one last page. If any man could supply the information for that final page, I was told, it would be "Uncle" Hugh Martin, who had been born at Mountain City, not far from Gold Creek, and had lived in that vicinity eighty-odd years.

I found Uncle Hugh working in his flower garden, back of his small white cabin on Mountain City's main street—a slender, neat, happy little man, with a youthful face, and eyes that sparkled.

Yes, he said, he'd been at or near Gold Creek throughout the boom—his parents had moved from Mountain City to his father's new ranch, on Martin Creek, about 1878, when he was five or six years old. He and his brothers and sister had grown to young adulthood on the ranch and had witnessed the Gold Creek excitement from start to finish.

Uncle Hugh and I made plans to visit the site of Gold Creek on the following day. The next morning he arrived with a young man, Pete Bastida. Pete and his widowed Basque mother are also considered authorities on Gold Creek's early history, as Pete's parents had owned a general store about half a mile north of Gold Creek proper.

Ellen Womack, Uncle Hugh's niece, agreed to join our expedition and all four of us tried to talk her husband Claude into going along too. But he said Lord, no—that he'd never lost anything at Gold Creek worth going back for!

TRAVELING upgrade beside the sparkling Owyhee River we were seldom out of sight of beaver dams and twice we jumped bands of deer that had come down from the hills to drink.

As we were skirting Wild Horse Lake, Uncle Hugh indicated a sideroad on our left. Some five miles of this sideroad had rolled under our wheels when Uncle Hugh indicated a still dimmer trail leading to the left, along the west bank of a small trickle of water.

"This is Manny Penrod's Gold Creek—the stream for which the town was later named," he said. "If you want to see the site of Chinatown, we can turn off here."

We soon entered an area torn and tumbled upside down in man's frenzied search for golden treasure. "Old Man Penrod worked all this ground in the early days," said Uncle Hugh. "He and his family lived right across the canyon, yonder, in a nice house built of dressed lumber. The house has been gone for years." His pointing finger indicated a small, vault-like structure, without visible windows and only one door opening, that had sat close in back of the old Penrod house. "I think it had something to do with the assay office," he said.

At a fork of the creek, about a mile above the little stone building, Uncle Hugh called a halt. "Here was the site of Lem Li's store," he said about a shallow, cellar-like depression, buried in sagebrush. "He was a nice old Chinaman. Everyone liked him. He always had a little gift for every person who came to his store—a cigar, maybe, or a drink of Chinese brandy. If the customer was a lady, he might give her a little Chinese silk handkerchief. After Lem died, the store was taken over by his brother, Hong Li, from Tuscarora. Hong was just as nice as Lem had been, and one or the other of the Li brothers was in business here close to forty years.

"We boys used to catch horned toads and trade them at the store for candy," chuckled the old man. "They packed the toads in little black pottery brandy jugs and poured alcohol over them, and shipped them back to China where Lem said they were used in making some sort of medicine. Lem also dealt in several varieties of intoxicating liquors—rice wine, brandies, and so on—which were shipped from China in these same little black jugs. One old tippler always declared that Lem's powerful, tea-colored liquor was the same alcohol the horned toads had been packed in for shipment to China!

"Back in the late 1870s and early '80s,

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Below, Mountain City Constable Claude Womack and his wife Ellen, both of whom remember the closing days of the Gold Creek boom. Right, "Aunt Maggie" Baker and "Uncle" Hugh Martin, two pioneers in the Gold Creek region.

Say it in "Southwestern"

By GEORGE D. HENDRICKS

Illustration by Jack Davis

Before schools and spelling books arrived in the Southwest, you said it the way you heard it, and sometimes you invented a new word!

FOLK ETYMOLOGY is the study of folk language development. An unlearned person hears a "furriner" pronounce a word and sees him point to an object. He then makes up his own word for the object with a similar sound and with what he hopes carries a similar connotation. Often it does not, but he goes away satisfied that he has made a great contribution to bilingual understanding.

In the Southwest the principal interchange has been Spanish-English with a sprinkling of French-English and some Indian-English. The result is often amusing, if confusing. Let's start with some rather crude Southwestern attempts to interpret perfectly good Mexican terms:

Spanish–English–"Southwestern"
jaquima–halter–hackamore
estampida–loud noise–stampede
dogal–tied-off calf–dogie
quateron–mixed blood–quadroon
querta–long whip–quirt
caballerango–keeper of horses–wrangler
chigre–insect–chigger
juzgado–Mexican court–hoosegow
mesteno–born in the mountains–mustang
vaquero–tender of cattle–buckaroo
lazar–to rope–lasso
la riata–the rope–lariat
pequeno nino–small child–pickanniny
cucuracha–roach–cockroach
charqui–dried meat–jerky
Jerez–Jerez, Spain–sherry
vamos–let us leave–vamoose, mosey

The word *cucuracha* becomes "cockroach;" the Dutch word *kruisbeer* becomes English "gooseberry," though the plant has little to do with a goose—unless, do geese eat the berries off gooseberries?

Some Spanish terms pertain to objects so vital in the lives of the early Texans who came in contact with them that they had to be personalized with proper names. Spanish *mecate* designated a rope made out of horsehair. It was such a useful article that the early cowboy called it his "McCarthy."

The rope he used in roping calves came to be a part of him. He would twist it around his saddle pommel. The Spanish phrase *dar la vuelta* translates "to give a twist." It sounded like "Dolly Welter" to the cowboy, so that's what he called it. A student from New Mexico told me that her mother had warned her always to stay away from that wicked "Mary Warner," whom she supposed to be an unmentionable woman of low character. Only after she grew up did she learn that Mary Warner was *marijuana*.

I would like to believe that the word *gringo* came from the American folk song *Green Grow the Lilacs*, which the American soldiers sang so often around their campfires in the Mexican War of 1848. The story would be easy to corroborate because it is a truism that people designate foreigners by the word they most often hear them speak. *Gringo* is usually a term of contempt, but its source is not the folk song beginning with the words "Green grow. . . ." It comes from Spanish *Griego*, which translates as "Greek." I suppose we do the same thing by saying, "It's all Greek to me." The Mexican calls me a *gringo* because I'm all Greek to him—he cannot understand my strange manners. He is probably justified.

Captains Lewis and Clark in 1805 were astounded to find the Clatsop Indians at the mouth of the Columbia River strutting around thumping themselves on their chests saying "Heap Sonofabitch!" Upon investigation they found that only a few years before, British sailors had encamped in the same area. And it is true that in World War I, many Frenchmen called American soldiers *Monsieurs les Goddames* while the Italians called them *Signores Il Godamnus*. The term of contempt *spik* is supposed to have come from "Me no spik English."

ONE WORD which bounced back and forth from Spanish to English was the interesting word *frijole*, which denotes the lowly bean. Somehow the Southwesterner got it mixed up with his own word "freeholder." The two seemed to fit, because the homesteader with his public land grant could barely afford (or was lucky to get) enough beans to eat. So, the man himself was often referred to as nothing but a mere *frijole*, and the food he ate was often called just a bowl of freeholders.

Exchange of French-English words in early Southwestern history was also appreciable. A favorite verb was "pirute." "Well, I went pirutin' around" usually meant that "I went exploring back and forth but didn't find much—just wasted my time." It comes from French *pirouette*, which means to dance by whirling on one's toes. French *chari vari* designated a kind of celebration which, traced to its origins, honored the gods of fertility. In English the words become "shivaree."

A *bois d'arc* tree was very useful before the invention of barbed wire. In fact, a *bois d'arc* hedge skirts a field not two miles from where I now sit. It once served as a fence, and I imagine it took a mighty angry or courageous animal to try to go through it. The thorns are about three inches long and sharp as a needle. Ancient French archers prized the wood of this tree for its strength, and fashioned their bows from its limbs. Even today any farmer knows the value of a *bois d'arc* post for his fence. You will not hear him say *bois d'arc*, however. He will simply call it "bodark."

Proper names sometimes derive from French words, though their Anglicized versions look quite different. If you pronounce *sumac covert* in a hurry, it sounds like "Smackover." This city in the oil district of Arkansas derives its name probably from the idea that an early French settler admired a group of sumac bushes in an alcove. *Bois brule* translates as "burnt woods," and it could well be that an early Frenchman saw this phenonemon in a certain Missouri creek bottom. But when he pronounced *bois brule*, his English friend improved the place-name by calling it "Bob Ruley."

In Texas there is a small branch of Elm Creek, which runs into the Trinity River. On some small island in this branch a Frenchman saw a tree, so he named it *Isle du Bois*; but his Texas friend thought "Zilaboy" was better. A branch of the Texas Red River which runs up into Colorado must have presented a hellish aspect to some early Frenchman, because its first name was the *Purgatoire*. Depend upon the American to "improve" upon the French language and make it clearer in meaning. Somebody renamed it the "Picketwire," probably because he thought it sounded better than *Purgatoire*.

French *la chenerie* means literally a cluster of small oak trees. Early Texans figured it should be spelled "shinnery." I have it by word of mouth that Ozarks comes from two French words *aux arcs*, which could have been a cry of distress or of battle. "To your long-bows! Indians!" I offer this as conjecture.

FORTUNATELY, early Western settlers left unaltered such picturesque French names as

Nez Perce	"pinched nose"
Gros Ventre	"big bellied"
Platte	"flat" (Indian *Nebraska* also means *flat*)
Des Moines	"the middle point"
Grand Teton	"big teat"

Sometimes folk etymology occurs within a language. The unlearned pioneer

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WHITE "MAN-DEVIL"

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Buckskin Joe: Indian fighter, acrobat, musician, prospector, bow-and-arrow expert, showman, scout, soldier, miner, explorer, lawman, and "something of a hard-headed, one-horse philosopher"

Photos Courtesy Dr. Vance Hoyt

Buckskin Joe with Pawnee Bill's Historical Wild West Show in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1888.

IN 1888, when Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show was playing Providence, Rhode Island, the following appeared in *The Daily Telegram*:

Down at Boyden's Crescent Park, taking an active part in the show, can be seen the far-famed Professor E. J. Hoyt, who has guided many a party through wild and woolly country. For the benefit of our many friends who have not heard of him, we present a genuine portrait of this celebrated frontiersman and border musician, known for thirty-five years as "Buckskin Joe."

From Canada to the Gulf, from Vancouver to Eastport, his sobriquet is a byword of the student of Western life, and every boy who follows the movements of government scouts has heard of this compact piece of grit, endurance, good nature and dead shot.

He is small of stature with short arms and legs, but his long torso indicates tremendous vitality. His face is arresting with keen gray eyes which often have glanced along a rifle barrel that sent a bullet crashing through some painted savage sometimes called "poor Lo." The Indians speak of him as the white "man-devil" because he used to delight in surprising them with his gymnatic and acrobatic feats and somersaults. Much of his life has been spent among them, and often he has been their captive, escaping only after great hardship and danger. . . .

Buckskin Joe was born October 4, 1840, near Magog, Canada, Province of Quebec, in a little log cabin under old Mt. Orford and the great mountain forests. His parents, Samuel and Judith Hugins Danforth Hoyt, named him Edward Jonathan, a name he used little afterwards.

From the beginning, it seemed his lot to come face to face with death. The country was a wilderness inhabited by wild animals and Indians. Still in swaddling clothes, he took little part in his first adventure except to give the alarm that a one-year-old could muster through his lungs.

His mother had gone to do the evening milking, leaving Edward in his cradle. His cries brought her on the double, the milking stool in her hand. A wild hog had entered the cabin and was running into the woods with the baby in its mouth.

During the chase, and about to collapse in despair, she threw the milking stool. The hog squealed and so did the boy. The hog escaped with part of the child's clothing in its snout, leaving the subject of our narrative for further actions by land and sea.

His early life reads like *Peck's Bad Boy*. A schoolhouse had been built at a settlement called Ward's Corner, but Ed was so full of mischief and devilment that he thought more of fun than of books. He spent most of his time jumping out the window to escape punishment.

Finally, the school board paid the schoolma'am a visit, complaining that she did not use the rod enough. Ed was invited to come forward. A large birch stick was plied most vigorously while Ed kept time bounding up and down on top of the wood box. The blows descended until the stick and schoolma'am were worn out. Ed's back was cut open in a

dozen places and his clothing stained with blood, but not a tear nor yelp came from him. When she'd finished, he thanked her kindly, kicked the stovepipe down, tore the door off its hinges, and left—only to get another licking when he reached home.

SO ED took a stagecoach across the Canadian border to the United States, caught a train to Boston and boarded a freighter to work his way around Cape Horn to the California gold fields. He was met by a member of his family when the ship docked in the Charleston Navy Yards.

Ed went back to Canada, but he never went back to school. He went to work in his father's lumber camp and became quite an athlete. When being a lumberjack and log-rolling expert lost its excitement, he joined his grandfather, an old trapper, and took to the woods to live among the Indians.

The boy took up their habits and learned to use a bow and arrow. His grandfather taught him to use a gun and knife, drink "hot toddy," and wear his hair long. Under the tutelage of this old scout, Ed gave up citizens' clothes; he wore the buckskin raiment and trappings of the natives, and thus acquired his moniker.

Even this life began to pall, so he joined the old J. T. Johnson Wagon Circus, touring the eastern United States as an aerial performer and acrobat. Already he had shown a talent for music. By 1858, he had mastered the violin, clarinet and cornet. He organized and directed a number of bands and orchestras, achieving the distinction of becoming the first "Border Musician," and for a time gave music lessons, acquiring the title of "Professor."

With the outbreak of the Civil War, "Buckskin" enlisted in the Federal Army. It was the beginning of a long and honorable service to his adopted country. Joe fought with the Army of the Potomac under General George B. McClellan in the first Battle of Bull Run and in so many subsequent battles that he "lost track of them."

When the war ended, he married and returned to the circus ring to "strengthen his poke." He walked strands of wire stretched between the tallest buildings of cities throughout the country. Once he signed a contract to walk a rope across the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas. He played sixteen musical instruments; was the first person to successfully turn somersaults over the backs of horses, elephants and camels; astonished thousands with his fancy bow and arrow work, hitting small objects held in many ways by his assistants.

Joe's military career did not end with the war. It simply left him with a taste for it. Indian troubles in the West brought him to southern Kansas in 1870 as a scout under Captain C. M. Scott. He was one of the first men to settle with his family on the present site of Arkansas City, and made the town his headquarters the next twenty years for his expeditions into the Indian Territory, Texas and the Rockies.

During the Indian wars of 1874, he scouted for O. P. Johnson, and when the panic and grasshopper plague struck Kansas, he organized the "Ragged Ass Militia," so called because many of its members were so poor they fought in their tattered overalls and underwear. There was no work and no money. Kansas asked for relief from the East, and the Indians were still nervous. Joe decided the only way to resolve the situation was to create the threat of another uprising. By firing on the Indians, then riding from town to town and warning the settlers to expect an attack at any moment, he and his men induced the governor to form home-guard companies. Thus the farmers got paid for their services and kept from starving!

IN THE LATE '70s, Joe turned miner and prospector. The silver strike in Colorado drew him to Leadville, where he sank twenty-two mining shafts and made several men millionaires from his discoveries. He survived numerous brushes with claim jumpers and was trouble shooter for Horace A. W. "Haw" Tabor, Colorado's "Silver King." He explored the Gunnison and Cripple Creek regions, discovered famed Glenwood Springs and was there during the Ute uprising in '79. A gulch near Aspen and an old mining town near Canon City still bear his name.

During the '80s, Joe guided wagon-trains across the Kansas plains to the Colorado mining country and the Western Slope. In his idle periods at Arkansas City, he reared four daughters, organized a Wild West orchestra called the "Border Brass Band" and a family "Cow Horn Band," a novelty feature which Pawnee Bill quickly added to his Historical Wild West show.

The instruments consisted of ox horns cut or lengthened to form chords (bass, alto, etc.), playing the "on and after time" to Joe's aria on the cornet. When the Cow Horn Band was in full swing, it sounded like a steam calliope.

Pawnee Bill closed his show in Maryland in 1888 and returned to Kansas to head the Boomer movement into Oklahoma, and Buckskin Joe joined the "rush" into the unassigned lands. In 1890, he served as deputy United States marshal for the federal court at Wichita, with jurisdiction over the newly formed Oklahoma Territory.

But he soon returned to show busi-

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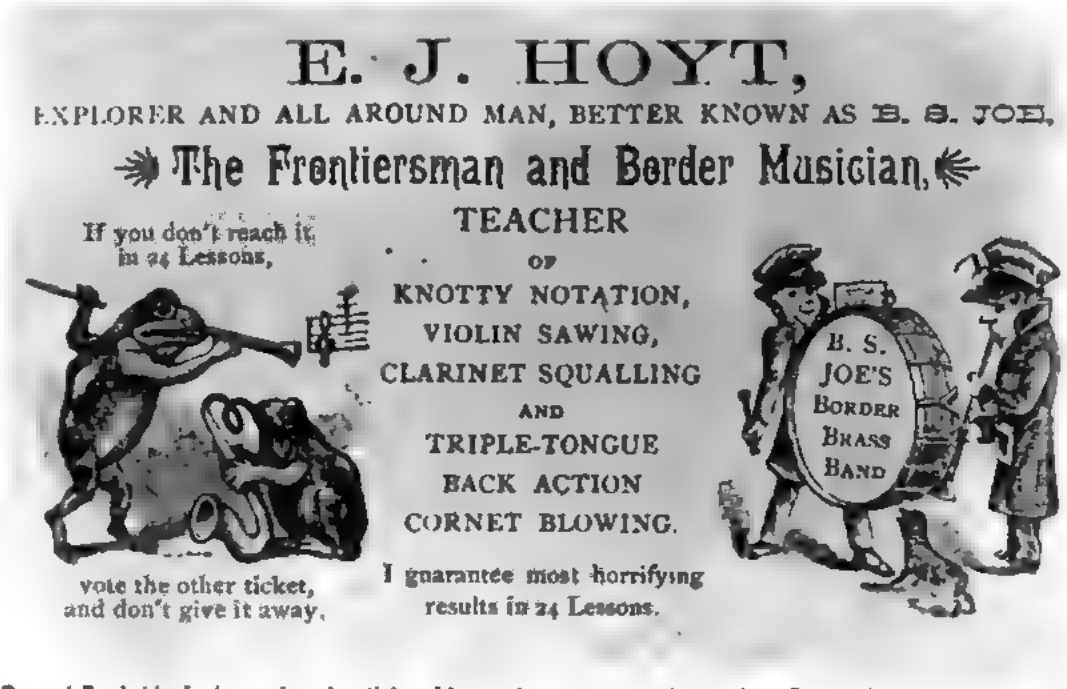
E. J. HOYT,
EXPLORER AND ALL AROUND MAN, BETTER KNOWN AS B. S. JOE,
The Frontiersman and Border Musician,
If you don't reach it in 24 Lessons,
vote the other ticket, and don't give it away.
TEACHER
OF
KNOTTY NOTATION,
VIOLIN SAWING,
CLARINET SQUALLING
AND
TRIPLE-TONGUE
BACK ACTION
CORNET BLOWING.
I guarantee most horrifying results in 24 Lessons.
B. S. JOE'S BORDER BRASS BAND

One of Buckskin Joe's cards advertising his services as a music teacher. Below, Buckskin Joe and his family "Cow Horn Band." The instruments were ox horns cut or lengthened to make chords for playing the "on and after time" to Joe's aria. When the Cow Horn Band was in full swing, it sounded like a steam calliope.

Cap Guleke

RIVER RAT PIONEER

By ETHEL KIMBALL

When folks kept insisting on conquering a river that "couldn't be run," Cap Guleke designed a boat that would do it. Famous men from all over the world waited patiently for their turn . . .

Photos Courtesy the Author

THE FIRST white men ever to attempt passage down Idaho's famous Salmon River said it couldn't be done, and for nearly a century their verdict was accepted as indisputable fact. But one man, Captain Harry Guleke, refused to honor any "can't be done" pronouncement —he conquered the savage stream and gained nation-wide recognition for his feat.

In 1803 Jefferson gave his blessing to an expedition led by Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, with the assigned task of finding a northwest passage overland to the Pacific Ocean. During the summer of 1805 their journey led them to the Salmon River country where their Shoshoni Indian guide, Sacajawea, had been born.

Because the young squaw had been stolen by an enemy tribe when she was eleven years old, her reunion with her own people was the cause of much rejoicing among the Indians. To the white men, to have the friendship of redmen who were familiar with this territory was a great boon.

Not far from the Indians' camp two rivers joined, and the explorers were jubilant when they noted the westerly course of the mother stream, certain that they had at last found a sure route to the Pacific. The Shoshoni didn't share the white men's enthusiasm, however, gravely declaring that there was no way to follow the water westward.

Despite this warning, the exploration group set about a methodical investigation of the river and its unpredictable canyons. Inured to hardship, the party wasn't easily stopped and refused to give up until they had spent many days in the search. Running consistently into insurmountable obstacles, they finally accepted defeat and wrote in their journals that it was impassable, dubbing it the "River of No Return", a name which has persisted to this day. In all the thousands of miles covered by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, they were turned back only once—and that was when they came up against the Salmon River.

This stream rises amid rugged peaks in the Sawtooth Range, over 10,000 feet high. From this spectacular beginning the river flows through valley and canyon to its confluence with the Snake, near where Oregon, Washington and Idaho meet. Its 425-mile length makes it the longest river lying entirely within the boundaries of one state, and in 390 miles it drops more than a vertical mile. At places it cuts through canyons a fifth of a mile deeper than the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

Twenty-two years after Lewis and Clark entered the Salmon country, a Hudson's Bay trapper chipped his name, T. Flapper, and the date, 1827, on the face of a big rock about halfway through the canyon, having gone that far in a bull boat fashioned from willows and buffalo skins. However, the turbulent stream was generally by-passed except by Indians and a few prospectors.

As stories were constantly repeated about the awesome river, one of these legends tells of a giant of a man called McKay, who started down the river and met the Devil himself coming upstream. Satan demanded the right-of-way, to which McKay answered, "Go to hell!" and hit the resident of Hades full in the mouth with an oar, scattering teeth all over the water. Consequently, one particularly vicious stretch of water is still called "Devil's Teeth Rapids," and it is said that if you have enough courage to look down as you go through in a boat, you can see Satan still searching for his lost molars.

Cap Guleke does the honors at a Dutch-oven feast spread out on an old cabin door. W. K. Harmon standing; others unidentified.

IN 1860 gold was discovered on Canal Gulch at Oro Fino, a tributary of the Clearwater River, which in turn flows into the Salmon. Waves of prospectors from the Pacific Coast surged eastward and met a westward bound tide from the Atlantic. Mining camps mushroomed at Elk City, Florence, Warren, Dixie, Leesburg and Grantsville during the next few years, and millions of dollars poured into Abe Lincoln's war-ravaged treasury.

The cry of gold echoing in the virgin forests reverberated through the lonely canyon walls along the Salmon River and brought permanent settlers to the home of the Shoshoni. Salmon City was established and became a shipping center for the outlying communities of Northfork, Gibbonsville, Pine Creek and

Shooting the lower Black Canyon rapids.

Shoup (named for a pioneer resident of Salmon, who was later Idaho's last territorial and first state governor).

Freight for these camps along the River of No Return was carried by floating barges which were broken up for lumber upon arrival at their destinations. Even a paddle-wheel steamer was built in the hopes of being able to make a round trip by water. Carefully launched near the Salmon City bridge, it quickly tore itself to pieces.

It was during this period that Harry Guleke arrived from the Henry's Lake country, where he had been trapping animals for the government, and got his first glimpse of the river he was to love and defy. Born in New York, Guleke had worked his way West seeking adventure and the fortune awaiting anybody big enough to take it. Surely Harry Guleke was such a man. Straight and strong as the pines, the handsome young man possessed a virile magnetism. Someone said, "He is enough to make girls swim upstream like a spawning salmon."

Freighting by water presented a daring answer to the mode of life Guleke was looking for. He built his own boatyard on the river's bank near Salmon City where the cumbersome barges were assembled and loaded with cargo, destined for the rich mineral areas inaccessible except by water.

Guleke quickly earned the honorary title of "Captain," soon affectionately shortened to "Cap" by the people who watched for his arrival along the lonely reaches of river. Cap's arrival was especially anticipated because he not only brought news and supplies, but also treats for the children, usually fresh oranges which were really a luxury in those days of slow travel. Tough as rawhide when necessary, Cap could be equally gentle and tender, and no matter how busy, how tired or how rushed, he always had time for the youngsters in those isolated camps.

During the years several boats were broken up under Cap, smashed against the deadly rocks, but he always managed to save and deliver his cargo, a claim which no other boatman made. He found that playing the freighting game was a gamble that demanded the highest possible stakes—a man's life—and to keep the odds in his favor he developed a healthy respect for the river. But fear was something he was never to learn; when questioned if he had ever been afraid, he always answered emphatically, "No. When a man loses his nerve he loses his head, and that's when the river is dangerous."

Reminded of the time he had to come down the almost impassable Middle Fork on a homemade raft, he merely shrugged, "I knew I wouldn't get into a place I couldn't get out of. Sometimes I was on the raft and sometimes I was under it. But I wasn't afraid. And until a man is afraid, he'll be all right."

THEN, in the late fall of 1896, after the last freighting trip had been made to the Indian Creek mining camp, the great challenge came for Cap. A party of sportsmen including J. B. Dwyer of Montana, later a district judge, urged him to take them and run the complete length of the river because nobody had ever done it before.

Cap's heart leaped at the very thought, but there were many things to consider before he reached any decision. Mush ice was freezing in the quiet waters, and along the banks the edges were frozen solid. It would take time, also, to build a boat, for it would have to be built right on the spot since there wouldn't be time to return to the boatyard at Salmon City. Building a boat capable of carrying the party safely through uncharted waters would be strictly an experiment in design; there was no other craft from which to pattern construction. Cap was no fool. He knew that one mistake could cost the life of every man in the group.

The daring invitation and the excited prodding of the sportsmen, however, were more than Cap could refuse. Once he made up his mind, things began to happen fast. Dry timber was found on an island near the mouth of Indian Creek, and the race against time and the elements began.

Cap laid the boat out thirty-two feet in length, and double-lined the bottom with green lumber tough enough to stand the battering of submerged rocks. Another floor, raised to keep seepage from wetting the passengers' feet and equipment, was built over this. False, or double, walls three feet high on each side were fashioned to hold food and supplies for the journey. Then Cap added an elevated platform in the center, to give the boatmen foothold and a better view while manning the twenty-eight foot sweeps which had six-foot blades and a delicate over-all balance like precision laboratory scales.

Running the Placer Flats Rapids with Guleke on the front sweep.

The finished product was a very strange looking scow. He had kept as much of the boat above water as possible; the flat, unwieldy vessel would not tip sideways and, in going over rapids, was long enough to keep its balance. Cap could only hope that his years of living with the river had taught him enough to make this brainchild capable of accomplishing its mission.

The River of No Return had no intention of cooperating with Cap; it had been freezing steadily while the boat was being built. Undaunted, he and the sportsmen lifted and dragged the barge over five ice bridges before finally reaching open water. With the sobering yet exhilarating knowledge that there could be no turning back once the journey was

(Continued on page 50)

ALONG THE REPUBLICAN RIVER

By W. V. V. Swart

WHEN WE first went to Southwestern Nebraska, about 1886, there was an abundance of wild game there—coyotes, badgers, rabbits, prairie chickens, grouse and quail. There was a game market in an old store building in winter where they kept no fire and just piled the game around on the floor.

There were also many geese and ducks, but I don't remember what they were worth. The rabbits cost a nickel or a dime and the grouse and prairie chickens about a quarter. Usually at Thanksgiving and Christmas the town men got up a contest between two companies of hunters, giving a certain number of points for each kind of game. The company getting the least number of points had to provide a big supper for all.

The first few years we used to have game drives or roundups. A big flag would be put up on high ground about four or five miles north of the Republican River between Trenton and Culbertson. Lines of hunters were formed in a square, one at each town, one south at the river or railroad track, and one on the north about five miles from the flag. Captains for each line wore a red sash over one shoulder and around the waist; they rode horses and carried wire pliers to take down and put up fences, generally manage the drive, and give orders for the hunters to stop firing guns and turn the dogs loose. No rifles were used. The captains also acted as judges to determine whose dogs killed each coyote as there were often disputes about that.

Some farmers brought teams and wagons loaded with their families and friends. They would follow behind the hunters to see the excitement at the flag when only dogs and clubs were used to kill rabbits and coyotes. Many rabbits, prairie chickens and quail were killed and put in the wagons. My father usually took a wagon as he could not walk much, but we older boys would walk and then ride home.

A couple of miles west of our farm there was a canyon with a little ditch in it that carried off water from a few small springs when there were heavy rains. Most of the bottom of the canyon was covered with small willows and a few stunted cottonwood trees. An old abandoned road running alongside the ditch was largely overgrown with weeds and brush. Father would take us older boys up to the head of the canyon in the wagon and drive down the old road while we fought our way through the willows with brush-beating sticks. It was too thick to carry guns. There were crosspaths and open spaces where Father would wait, holding the lines with one hand and a shotgun in the other. He could shoot the rabbits when they stopped in the open places to try to figure what was driving them out.

When we first went there folks burned buffalo chips and bones gathered up on the prairie, and there were many dry buffalo skulls and horns. We used to saw the large ends off smooth and scrape them with a sharp knife or glass which would give them a nice black polish.

One winter Father bought a large tree over there and pulled the trunk log home on the snow by sloping the front end. It was about two feet in diameter and twelve or fifteen feet long. He said that was the way they brought in their firewood back in New York State when he was a boy. Sawed up with a two-man crosscut saw it was split up at home for stoves and fireplaces. We bought and worked up many trees along the river in southwestern Nebraska and often sold some by the wagon load.

Father said that in New York the snow would often cover the fences and form a hard crust so that horses with bobsleds and sleighs could go right over the tops of fences.

OLD WEST*

JERKY BILL

By Russell Hess

JERKY BILL CLAYTON had a ranch near Glenrock, Wyoming, and his fame was far and wide as a good horse man and a good rider and he used to give some mighty fine exhibitions of that skill whenever and wherever he had a chance. Just for the thrill or the hell of it he would go into action. Jerky was a good mixer, and whenever the cowboys collected around town at a poker game or with a foot on the rail, Jerky was one of the counted.

One time when the bunch was idling away a little time and just itching for some excitement, someone rode up leading a bronc by a hackamore that was a stranger to the gang. Everyone began looking the bronc over and asking questions and speculating on just what kind of a ride could be expected from a cayuse of his appearance.

It happened to be an outlaw so Jerky looked the animal over carefully and took some needling as to how Jerky hadn't ought to tackle him as his years were kind of piling up. In the end the ribbings paid off and Jerky 'lowed he'd top him off. Bets started to fly and before the bronc was saddled a lot of wagers were placed and a sizable crowd had gathered. Throats had been "preoiled" to settle the dust on the tonsils and an air of tense expectancy prevailed.

The bronc was eared down and a gunny sack pulled over his head while the saddle was being adjusted and cinches tightened. Jerky asked to skip the bridle and just let him use the hackamore. When he was astride, he asked for his four-year-old son, standing near, to be handed to him. He secured the boy under one arm and then gave the, "Let 'er rip" signal and away they flew.

Well! They never had quit talking about that ride whenever I was around a bunch of cowboys in that part of the country, as Jerky rode that bronc till the bronc was so exhausted he just stopped with his head down and legs spraddled out like a milk stool to keep from falling over.

THAT WAS only a mild sample of Jerky. He rode in rodeos and wherever there were broncs and horses. But the thing I started out to tell you was how he got to be Buffalo Bill's top circus rider.

He was a victim of a neglected case of St. Vitus's dance. Never free from spasmodic jerking regardless of what he was doing, he was still as hard as steel and had a clear and active mind.

Jerky had gotten back to Chicago with a cattle train and somehow landed east in Ohio, stranded. Broke, he found a job on a farm. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was billed at a neighboring town and Jerky found himself there making a survey of the layout. He was wearing some clothes which had been his sole wardrobe for quite a spell, and to say he looked seedy, was putting it mildly.

He did some prospecting and found the horses, so with a grin on his face and rags on his back he approached someone and began asking questions. The circus cowboys sized him up and decided they sure enough had the rube of the season and sensing a chance for some cheap fun and laughs at the expense of poor old Jerky, suggested he eat a bite with them and stick around.

Jerky wasn't any fool so he played it smart and after chow and a smoke, someone suggested the stranger ride one of the gentle plugs. They handed him a pair of spurs and in time he got them on, one upside down, and by this time everyone was bursting with suspense and anticipation thinking of the terrible didoes they knew would happen to the rube.

The horse they picked was a devil on hoofs and as mean as an outlaw. They put the customary gunny sack over the horse's head, eared him down and invited Jerky aboard, which was apparently a hard ordeal for him to accomplish. Finally they jerked the sack, gave the horse a kick and Jerky and outlaw went to work.

He rode like he was part of the horse and fed him the spurs every jump. Every time the horse went down Jerky leaned over and grabbed a handful of dirt and sifted it into the horse's ears and down his face. Buffalo Bill came by and witnessed the display of showmanship and hired him on the spot.

Jerky became top rider and toured all of Europe with the show. Later, when I got to know him (over fifty years ago), he had settled on a little ranch of his own near Glenrock, Wyoming, but he never failed to put on a good exhibition, just for fun, when he was around the gang.

HUDSON'S BAY BLANKET

By Anthony A. Amaral

FOR NEARLY a century, the Hudson's Bay blanket and other trade goods were earmarks of a fair and honest Indian policy of the company of adventurers who dominated Canadian commerce. Unlike the itinerant and elusive American traders who bargained with cheap bead trinkets and whiskey, Hudson's Bay traders had a fair and sympathetic understanding of Indian mannerisms and mores. They realized that the Indian was an integral unit in the procurement of furs for the mother country, and the company trader made certain that the Indian trapper and his family were supplied with clothing and food since the Indian who had to worry

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Photos Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company

An Indian wearing a Hudson's Bay Company blanket about 1880, in what today is Winnipeg. Below, a West Coast Indian with an HBC blanket.

about his family was a very inefficient fur trapper.

When fall came, necessary traps, knives, clothing, and a rifle were provided for the trapper and, the following spring when the Indian returned from the white wilderness, he turned over his furs to the company and settled his account for woolens, kettles, tobacco, and other items.

Policies of the company differed when the competition for beaver eddied maliciously along the international boundary where American and some Russian traders competed with Hudson's Bay. Liquor was used freely to trade, incite, and infuriate the Indians to attack rival traders.

On the whole, however, Hudson's Bay Company held true to the intentions of their charter of 1670: to obtain skins and furs from the Indian of British North America by honorable barter. The blanket, in particular, was made with craftsman's pride and with the finest wools from Britain. It was warm and durable, would not shrink, and satisfied the Indian's love for bright colors. White blankets blended well into the winter landscape, but in the cool summer months, the Indian preferred the red, green, or multi-striped.

To distinguish the company's blankets from its imitators, a wide, indigo blue band was woven across each end of the blanket. Later, the famous "points" were woven into the edges to show the blanket size. These points were also indigo blue, slightly over five inches long with similar lines half that length to denote "half point." Thus a four point blanket measured 72 inches in width and 180 inches in length and weighed about 12 pounds. One point or one and one-half points, represented the much smaller sizes.

To the Indian, the points had further meaning. The beaver was the principal fur of the time and other furs were valued in proportion to the beaver. Trade goods for the Indian were not priced by monetary standards, but by the number of beaver skins. One beaver skin bought four pounds of shot; five beavers, a coat. Hatchets, needles, guns, awl blades, sugar, spoons, tobacco, shirts, twine, cotton—anything the Indian would need was supplied by the traders in exchange for furs. Blankets were traded for beaver according to the number of "points" shown on the blanket.

Some of Charlie Russell's art shows the Indian wrapped in the famous blanket, notably, "Single Handed and Seeking the Trail." Even today, the famous blanket has not waned in popularity. Its long standard of excellence has followed history with Byrd to the Antarctic and with mountain climbing expeditions to Mt. Everest and other challenging peaks. It is no wonder that some people think the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket is the national symbol of Canada.

A NEAR TRAGEDY

By Oscar W. Blake

WHEN I WAS about eleven years of age, back in 1900, my folks were living in Benton County, Oregon. After school was out in May, Bill Stublefield, a cousin of mine who lived near Burns, Harney County, Oregon, came to visit with us. "Stub," as everyone called him, was about eighteen or nineteen years old, and was anything but "stubby." He was six feet tall and weighed 175 pounds.

The distance from Benton County to Harney County was approximately 350 miles. Stub made the trip in ten days with his buckskin saddle horse, that he called "Old Buck," leading a grey pack horse which carried blankets and grub.

When it came time for him to start home, he kept talking to my folks about what a long, lonesome ride it was alone, and asked if I couldn't go back with him. Of course, I didn't argue against him, and after about a week of this, my folks finally agreed to let me go.

For the first time, I had shoes put on "Peanuts," my saddle pony. Mother filled our grub-box, and we headed south to Eugene; from there we took the road over McKenzie Pass to Sisters and Bend. For about 100 miles along the wagon tracks, the country was pretty thinly settled, mostly cow ranchers. They were all hospitable and friendly and would always invite us to stay all night, which we generally did. We arrived at my Uncle Jeff's ranch on a Saturday, after traveling approximately two weeks.

It was a custom, in those days, for the neighbors to hold a rodeo on Sundays. Everybody for miles around would attend, and it just happened to be the Sunday for them to meet at Uncle Jeff's. The rodeos consisted mostly of bronc riding, and everybody took part, from twelve-year-olds on up—with a barbecue at noon.

When it came my turn to ride, they saddled up a three-year-old Pinto colt with lots of white in his eyes. As one old cowhand said later, I "reached for the saddle horn and got a handful of

The following ten questions pertaining to treasure hunting are those most frequently asked. Readers may direct their inquiries to "The Treasure Chest," Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.

Question: What is the best metal-mineral detector available, and what would you recommend to a beginner?

Answer: We do not personally recommend any particular detector, for there are several excellent detectors on the market today. Get all the information available on each different machine, then determine which one fills your particular requirements best.

Question: What is the cost of a really good detector?

Answer: Good detectors sell from $50.00 up. Usually the extremely inexpensive units do not have the depth of penetration that the higher-priced ones have. The manufacturer usually gives the depths of his different-priced units. Again we say, your own particular needs should be the determining factor.

Question: Is a divining rod or similar device practical to use in searching for buried treasures?

Answer: Our belief is "To each his own." BUT, no device or instrument that supposedly "pulls" to gold or silver is recognized scientifically.

Question: What is the law pertaining to finding buried treasure? To whom does it actually belong?

Answer: The generally accepted law is "Finders-keepers. The owner of the soil from which treasure trove is taken acquires no title to the treasure because of ownership of the land."

Question: Is it necessary to get a permit from the State or Federal Government to search for buried treasures?

Answer: Generally, no. Neither the United States Government nor any of the states has ever claimed title to treasure buried on land. It is important that you do get permission from the individual land owner, as this could prevent trouble later. This should be in writing and witnessed, with the land owner and all interested parties listed, and the division of treasure, if found, clearly defined.

Question: I have been told that maps to treasure may be bought through publicly

(Continued on page 48)

Old West

(Continued from page 33)

grass." After they hobbled the stirrups, I climbed him again, and as this same old cowhand said, I "stuck to him like a tick, but I didn't scratch him, neither did I fan him; I was too much occupied trying to stay in his middle."

The result of that wild ride, my first on a pitching horse, was that I acquired another horse named "Spot," from Uncle Jeff. I took both Peanuts and Spot back home late that fall.

One day, a short time before the harvest started, a neighbor of my Uncle, who owned a threshing machine and lived about twenty miles northeast, came by and stopped for dinner. When he saw me, he asked the folks if he could take me to work for him "bucking straw." Uncle Jeff said, "It's up to him—he's on his own, riding wild horses, and is also a 'long-line skinner'—he can drive two big horses, or four little ones." They were having lots of fun at my expense.

No doubt old-timers will remember the bundle threshing rigs of the early days, before they had blowers to stack the straw. Two small boys rode horses hitched on each end of a buck rake. If I remember right, there were eight bundle wagons, four pitchers, two sack sewers, and one sack jig. The water hauler was a real long-line skinner—six horses on the wagon—and "Handle-bar Hank", as he was called on account of his long mustache, was a sight to see coming downhill with the horses at a gallop when the engineer whistled for water. Hank's ten-gallon hat with brim turned straight up and his whiskers sailing in the breeze had any Hollywood long-line skinner "faded" when it came to using the whip and handling six lines.

THERE WAS a bundle pitcher in the crew by the name of Huntly who was a real bully and a fighter; in fact, he had three or four fights with men in the crew, and always came out first, so most of the fellows were scared of him. The boy who was working with me was Ralph Campbell, and he was just about my age. The part of Harney County we were in was lousy with rattlesnakes, and I was deathly afraid of them. The pitchers in the field would see and kill several every day. They would find them along the creeks and fence rows.

This man, Huntly, would bring in a dead rattler nearly every time he came in at noon and night, and he soon found out that Ralph and I were just as afraid of a dead one as a live one. He would chase us with the dead snake dangling on the pitchfork. He seemed to pick on me more than Ralph, as Ralph had a brother, Arthur, working in the same crew. I had no one looking after me, although the man who was firing the engine, Hank White, tried to make Huntly quit throwing rattlers at me, and took a "licking" on my account. After the fight with Hank White, Huntly quit bringing in snakes for a few days.

Hank had a .41 Colts single-action revolver that he always carried in his bedroll, so one Sunday evening he asked me if I knew how to shoot one, and I told him yes, that my father had one just exactly like it, and that I had shot his lots of times. Hank said he would give it to me, and that the next time Huntly chased me with a rattler, to get the gun, point it at him, and pull the trigger.

Well, I took the gun and put it in my bedroll, which was in a large sack. I had the gun in the side of the sack where I could get my hand on it pretty quick. On the next day, Monday, I expected trouble, and sure enough, when the crew came in for lunch about twelve o'clock, Huntly had a rattler on the tines of his pitchfork, and it was partly alive. The first thing I did was to run for the pile of blankets with Huntly right behind me—probably fifty or sixty feet. Just as I got to the bedroll, I stumbled and fell, but my hand was in the sack and I grabbed that old .41 six-gun.

Huntly threw the snake and it struck me on the shoulder and partly wrapped around my neck. I got on my feet with the gun pointed at him, and the rest of the crew said I was white as a ghost, and shaking like the top of a cottonwood tree in a windstorm. Well, Huntly came to a quick stop—in fact, Hank White said he tore up the stubble where he skidded. He threw down the pitchfork, held up both hands and started begging. The crew started giving me advice—what to do, what not to do. Old Hank said, "Shoot the so and so!"

Remember, I was only about eleven years old, and it's a wonder I *didn't* pull the trigger, as the gun was cocked. Others said, "Make him eat it," and I remember one man telling me to make him get down on his knees and beg. Huntly's face was white and green, and he was pretty badly scared. I began to feel pretty brave by that time; that .41 Colts sure equalized things for me. I made Huntly pick up the snake on his pitchfork and carry it to the fence about 300 yards away and throw it down. I walked right behind him, over and back, and he was begging me not to shoot all the while.

Our boss, Mr. McNulty, wasn't there during these happenings, but he came back just as I was marching Huntly back to the machine. He said afterward that it was the prettiest sight he ever saw. He asked me to give him the gun but I refused; I told him I was still afraid of Huntly without it. The dinner gong sounded, but I still wouldn't go to the chuckwagon to eat, so the boss fired Huntly and he left without his dinner.

I stayed till the harvest was over, and the crew gave me all kinds of monikers, such as the "Gun Slingin' Kid," "Cisco Kid," and so on. I didn't want my folks to hear about this till I got back home, but news like that travels fast, and when I did get there, late that fall, my father gave me his .41 Colts. He said that I had used *good* judgment—that the old gun would be in good hands.

"I asked you not to spill any!"

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THE MAN WHO THOUGHT LIKE A PANTHER

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Norman G. Woolsey

Ben Lilly, "last of the mountain men," with some of his hounds.

Ben Lilly was no ordinary man and no ordinary hunter. Civilization was like a burr in his hide . . .

IT WAS thirty-five years ago that El Paso began being for me the best story town in the world. I was stopping there a few days on my way into Mexico to look for the Lost Tayopa Mine—or the story of it, which is probably better than the mine itself. It happened that the American National Livestock Association was in convention there. Vic Culberson of the GOS range had brought Ben Lilly down to make a talk on predatory animals. Only three or four other story characters I have met in my life burned themselves into my imagination as Lilly did.

He was then over seventy years old—stumpily built, firm-stepping, clear-eyed, and with a complexion that glowed like that assigned to Santa Claus. He talked for an hour on bears and panthers and enjoyed himself immensely, although this was the first public speech of any consequence he had ever made.

After it was over I got with him and persuaded him to keep going for two or three hours longer. He was as full of philosophy as an egg is of meat, and every once in a while I would remark that Emerson or Henry David Thoreau or some other thinker had recorded an idea similar to one he had just expressed. These were all foreign names to him, but as they agreed with him, he thought they were mighty smart men, and he thought I was mighty smart, too, for being able to quote them.

The old man kept telling about the bears he had killed in the Mississippi Valley, of the grizzlies he had killed in New Mexico and Arizona, of the big bears he had killed in Mexico and of his experiences all over the country with panthers. Teddy Roosevelt, as a young man, had hunted with him and written something about him that he treasured with great pride. Finally I asked him how many bears he had killed.

"That's a secret I am keeping for my book," he said.

At this time, *Trader Horn* was one of the most popular books in America, and when I told Mr. Lilly that his experiences and philosophy would make as good a book as the one about Trader Horn, he was delighted, though he had not heard of Horn before this. I meant what I said. Then I let him know that I was a writer. He seemed to become more interested in me and said that he had something he would show me, and suggested that we go over to the old Shelton Hotel, where he had a room.

I was staying there also. The Shelton was wonderfully made, with about half a dozen levels to each floor, and with halls as full of turns as a trail down one of the Sierra Madre mountainsides. When we got into the lobby, he walked over to the desk and said something to the clerk. The clerk worked the combination on the lock of the door to a steel vault just back of the desk, opened the door, and handed out a flour sack about half full of something.

MR. LILLY took the flour sack, indicated that I was to follow him, and led the way upstairs, along various lanes, or halls, over the up-and-down levels and stopped finally at the door to his room. We went inside and he locked the door. Then he opened the flour sack and pulled out a manuscript of perhaps forty typewritten pages. "You can read it," he said, handing it to me. He had had a country schoolteacher typewrite it. It was entitled, "What I Know About Bears."

It proved to be one of the most fascinating pieces of natural history and outdoors lore that I have ever read. It was full of concrete, first-hand observations. It was not written in a style that any publisher would approve of, but I soon learned that Mr. Lilly did not intend for anybody to change a syllable of it. He complained that the schoolteacher, in copying his handwriting, had made several changes in punctuation.

By the time I had finished reading "What I Know About Bears," it was good dark. Mr. Lilly said that if I would come back next evening I could read the second chapter. I asked him to eat supper with me. He declined. He did not want so much as a cup of coffee. He never drank coffee or tea, much less any kind of spiritous liquor. I got the impression that instead of sleeping on the hotel bed he was spreading a blanket on the floor and sleeping there.

The next afternoon we got together again, got the flour sack out of the vault, got on the right trail to his room, and were locked inside it once more. The title of the second chapter was "What I know About Panthers." I had in the pocket of my coat a copy of the *El Paso Herald* and a *Saturday Evening Post.*

While I was taking a preliminary glance at the manuscript, but before I had entered upon the joy of reading it, I thought of the newspaper and magazine, and, pulling them out, said, "Mr. Lilly, perhaps you would like to read something in these while I am reading what you have written."

"No, I thank you," he replied. "I find this very interesting."

I looked at him. He was deeply immersed in his own manuscript on "What I Know About Bears."

In addition to many natural history observations, the chapter on panthers contained several stories of attacks on human beings. I was regretful that there was not a third—or a thirtieth—chapter to read.

THAT MEETING in El Paso was the last, as it was the first, I had with Ben Lilly. For several years I kept hoping, yet hardly expecting, that his book would be printed and placed on the market. Then I learned that he had lost his mind and was being cared for by a rancher.

In 1938 I made a trip into New Mexico trailing—without success—those chap-

(Continued on page 60)

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A TRIP TO HELL AND HEAVEN

By JIM McINTIRE

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

A bad case of smallpox took a cowboy on what nearly was a one-way journey, but he made it back with some real tales to tell!

Editor's Note: In 1962 Jim McIntire's book *Early Days in Texas, a Trip to Hell and Heaven* (McIntire Publishing Company, Kansas City Missouri, Copyright 1902) was selling for $100.00. Its value is even greater today. Jim was a cowboy, Indian fighter and gambler who was right in his element on the frontier. The life he lived was violent and the book he wrote is most certainly not for the squeamish. When the author was on the verge of death from smallpox, he had an experience which changed his whole life and that is the part of the book we are reprinting. We are making every effort to bring you some of the old and scarce literature of the West in every issue. In the case of "A Trip to Hell and Heaven"—please remember that we are giving you Jim McIntire's opinion, not our own!

THE ORDINARY smallpox was a common disease among the Indians, and no one in Oklahoma Territory paid any attention to it. I had been in Mountain View just twelve days when one of the boys was stricken down with black smallpox. I was also seized with the dreadful disease and before its spread could be checked, there were thirty-five of us in the pest-house, which consisted of a mere "shack" and some tents just outside the town. The black smallpox was considered sure death, and the appearance of the disease created widespread consternation in Mountain View. Everyone who could get away left the town on short notice, and those who remained were in constant fear of contagion.

The territorial board of health provided us with nurses who had formerly had the ordinary smallpox, but there was nothing else that could be done as there is no treatment known to medical science that will cure the disease. The nurses cared for us as best they could and allowed the disease to run its course. Five days later one of the boys died, and in twelve days they were all dead except myself. I lingered for thirty days, my flesh slowly rotting and dropping off the bones, until I was a horrible sight to look upon. The flesh on my fingers, heels, and toes all dropped off, leaving the bones exposed, and my entire body was a raw mass of sores. Chunks of my flesh had rotted off in many places and my once stalwart form was now little more than a skeleton.

I did not suffer any pain, but was very weak. On the thirtieth day my heart ceased to beat and I lost consciousness. I was pronounced dead, but did not know it, and arrangements began for my burial.

My life had been one of adventures and thrilling scenes, but it was my fate to now behold the unseen world in all its resplendent glory on one hand, and all its indescribable hideousness and terror on the other. The soul of man does live—though it be not in the body—and there is a hereafter where it goes after death in this world.

When I died, I felt a hand on each of my shoulders, which picked me up and took me flying through space. I offered no resistance to the unseen hands, and experienced no fear in my flight, though it seemed that I was moving a hundred times faster than anything on earth. Finally I could see a great light of peculiar brilliancy in the distance, which I surmised to be Heaven. The effect was beautiful and filled me with wonder. I was traveling straight toward it, but when I was still a long way off, I felt my speed suddenly slacking, and in a short time I alighted on the ground before two large fiery pits, each one of which seemed about 150 yards long, 50 yards wide, and 50 feet deep, with a stone walk 6 feet wide between them and surrounding them on each side.

The bottoms of the pits were covered with fire, which blazed up 10 or 15 feet high, and resembled burning oil. There were a number of planks fastened together, which led up to this walk from the ground a few feet below, and on each side of the chute two dragon-like angels of the Devil were stationed. There were people coming almost all the time. They marched up in squads and singly, while these hideous monsters, reaching out and catching them in their long claws, would throw them into the fire. The women were thrown into one pit and the men into the other.

An unseen hand again took hold of me and ushered me out on the arch between the two pits, three or four steps from the end. When we stopped, I asked who it was with me, and the answer came in a hoarse, discordant, but plain voice, "The Devil; be not afraid." Just then I was seen by one of those dragon-like reptiles, and it came after me but the voice ordered it back. There were five of them in each pit, and they were the most hideous-looking things I ever saw. They were all different in color, and their heads were shaped differently. All were of the same size, except one who seemed to be the leader of the pit. They were about thirty feet long, and would weigh about a ton, while the leader, a big gray one, was twice as large. They resembled dragons in shape and appearance, and their heads and forequarters were large. They had large

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mouths with long teeth, and great claws on each foot. They stayed in the fire except when they saw anyone they would rise up just like a fish in water, without any exertion, and grab the unfortunates, throwing them into the fire.

As I walked along this walk they came after me several times, but the voice ordered them back; then they would dive into the fire, stirring it up so it would boil and blaze higher. The pit I was looking into was filled with men, and every time one would venture toward the edge, hoping to escape, a blow from one of their long tails would knock him back into the fire. It puzzled me to know what became of all the people who were thrown in, as they were all in a row up and down the center of the pit. The number in the fire did not increase, no matter how fast the new arrivals came in, and I began to look around for dead bodies, but I could not find any.

IT WAS an awful spectacle to look upon. Men were groaning with pain and their contortions were pitiful. I could look down into their faces and see the terrible look of agony each one expressed. The fire did not consume their bodies; it only tortured. It was not hot where I was, though I was standing on the walk between the two pits which were only six feet apart. I noticed there were no children in the pit with the men, so I turned around and looked into the women's pit. There were no children in the women's pit, and neither were there any dead bodies. The scene here was more heartrending, if possible, than the men's pit, and I stopped a minute to watch them burn.

The women were scrambling and climbing over each other, all the time piercing the air with their screams and shrieks for help. Oh, the sufferings I witnessed there! Words cannot be made to adequately picture the scene. No earthly torture could begin to compare with it, and the thought that these poor souls would spend eternity there sickened me. The fire boiled up every few seconds, and the flames shot up just the same as they had on the men's pit. Either the draft or the force of the flames was so strong that the women could not keep their hair down, and it stood straight up, waving back and forth in the flames; but it was not even singed.

I walked on toward the other end of the pits, watching the seething, boiling mass of flames as I walked and wondering how people could live and suffer in that fire without being burned. I kept looking to see if I could discover any dead bodies of little children but when I got far enough along to see every part of both pits, I made up my mind that there were no children in Hell, and that life there was everlasting torture. It relieved my mind greatly to know there were no children suffering the punishment of that terrible place, and I reasoned that if there were none there already, none would go in the future. Parents whose children, so dear to their hearts, have departed from this world, need have no fear as to the future for these dear ones, as eternity for them will not be spent in a hell of fire. I saw with my own eyes, and know that I am not mistaken.

A few feet from the end of the pits I stopped and looked back, and the big gray guard of the pit saw me for the first time and came after me. He opened his mouth and rolled his eyes at me, as if he was sure of his prey. He looked far worse than all the rest, and when he rose up close to me, I felt that my time had come; but the hands again touched me on the shoulders, and I felt myself rising in the air as if by the wind.

Hell soon disappeared from view, and I was glad that I had escaped its horror. The course I was traveling seemed a little to the left from the direction I had first taken and though no words were spoken, I could feel the hands on my shoulders, and I knew someone was with me. After traveling for some time, I found myself on the ground in front of immense stone gates. These were the gates of Heaven, and I stood for a few seconds admiring them. The gates were set in a massive stone wall, which was so perfect that it could only be Nature's work. It did not resemble a stone wall on earth, and it seemed solid, without cracks or mortar seams.

As I was looking at this wonderful piece of masonry a loud, clear voice sounded right near me, although I could see no one, and asked, "Who are you?"

"My name is James McIntire," I replied.

"What do you want?" said the voice.

"I am very thirsty," was my reply; and then I asked, "Who is it I am talking to?"

The answer came back in a soft, melodious voice, "This is God."

"God, where are You?" I asked, as the voice seemed right by my side. God did not answer my question, but asked where I was from.

I answered, saying, "God, I have died on earth from the black smallpox and was then taken to Hell. After being shown that place, I was brought here."

The voice then said, "What did you do on earth?" *(Continued on page 64)*

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MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation—a constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home.

In men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is often accompanied by despondency, emotional upset and other mental and nervous reactions. Neglect of such inflammation may cause men to lose their vigor, grow old prematurely and often leads to incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken in time, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments used at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of discoveries in recent years of new techniques and drugs plus over 20 years research by scientific technologists and Doctors.

Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 communities have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. They found soothing and comforting relief and better health.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

When you arrive at the clinic, our doctors — who have years of experience in this field — make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained and then you decide if you will take the treatments needed. Our treatments are so mild, hospitalization is not needed.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA
Is also amenable to a mild Non-Surgical treatment available here.

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Lost Golden Fleece Mine

(Continued from page 11)

the party out, taking the sick Mexican with them. It was another long, hard, exhausting journey, longer this time because of the sick man. When the party reached Sabinal, Captain King had well over a hundred straight days in the saddle. He turned the sick bullion maker over to the physician, with instructions to spare no expense. He knew that Palefox was his ticket to the Golden Fleece.

Although the surgeon performed a successful operation, which gave temporary relief, he warned A. J. that the poison had permeated the Mexican's entire body and that the strange growth would return from time to time. The bullion producer's days were numbered; now King was working against time.

But while waiting for Palefox to recuperate sufficiently to travel, Captain King received word that President Ramsay of the Big Four system and other eastern capitalists, all directors in the Sabinal Company, were on their way to Sabinal on an inspection tour. During their stay the old bullion maker recovered and returned to his wife and ranch. It was six weeks before King was able to cross the mountains to Sonora. To his chagrin, Palefox was sick in bed, too ill to travel even on a two-hour ride.

Captain King tried to prevail upon the Mexican to give him directions to the mine, offering substantial sums of money. Palefox refused. He still remembered how shabbily he had been treated on the Cinco de Mayo deal. He did promise, however, he would take King to the location just as soon as he was well, provided he would agree to the same conditions imposed upon Vitello—going blindfolded and at night. There was nothing to do but wait. In the meantime Vitello conducted a "still hunt" for the property, without success.

When a party brought in samples and tales of the Cinco de Mayo Mine, King's hopes plummeted. Maybe they had discovered his Golden Fleece. Just one glance at the ore, though, and he knew he was safe. Still the sample excited him.

He went north and contacted Colonel Francisco Garcia, who owned the thirty pertenencias which included the mine. Pancho Garcia had purchased the property from one Derota, the fellow who had forgotten to share his profits with Palefox. King succeeded in obtaining a lease and set about putting the mine in shape to work. Mormon contractors and Mexican freighters started mule trains for the smelter in El Paso.

ACCORDING to *The Mining World*, Captain King made his second fortune with the Cinco de Mayo, shipping $640,000 worth of ore to the smelter in just ten months despite local highgrading, rampaging Indians, and prowling bandits. Some shipments ran as high as 12,000 ounces of silver to the ton.

His first fortune was made in the Black Hills, where he had migrated from the Rocky Mountains. In the early '70s he went to New York with $5,000,000, a tidy sum in those days. They saw him coming. He was tapped as the "angel" to finance a patent rotary engine and he traveled throughout the States and abroad, arranging for agencies to handle the wonder which "would revolutionize the world." After three years he learned that the patent was an infringement, and that he was broke. He moved southwest, settling finally in Douglas, Arizona, but most of his time was spent below the border.

During the first year at Cinco de Mayo, Captain King did not get back to Palefox, but he continued to sponsor Vitello in the search. Palefox, however, feeling that the end was near, sent his wife to the mine to ask King to come to the ranch. King sent a reply that he would come as soon as he could get away, but a few days later he received word that the famous Indian fighter and producer of bullion had died.

That shook King up. He felt bad. Things were going good for him but what he really wanted was that Golden Fleece. Now, with Palefox dead, the mine became relegated to a "lost" status. Still, maybe the widow knew something. Maybe her husband had given her directions before he died. Worth a try, he thought. So he went to the Palefox ranch and talked to the widow. She had never seen the mine, she said, but gathered from her husband's conversations that it was approximately eight miles north of the ranch. Oh, yes, her husband had left one other clue—a short distance from the mine an old iron ram-

(Continued on page 40)

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THE HORSE THAT WENT TO THE GOLD RUSH

By ELIZABETH WRIGHT EVANS

The heart-warming story of Dandy—who didn't want to leave home and was determined to get back!

LAST YEAR, W. H. Loerpabel of Tucson wrote to the Seattle Public Library about the cost of searching its old newspaper files for an article on a horse that came back from the Yukon. He thought it might have appeared in November, 1897, in a Seattle newspaper.

The story, the engineer indicated, was similar to one written by his own father concerning his experiences in the gold rush to the Klondike. Loerpabel wanted to write his father's story for private circulation among members of the family.

Two weeks later, Mrs. Hazel H. Boeswetter, assistant librarian in the library history department, sent a copy of Page 8 of *The Seattle Daily Times* for November 13, 1897. The newspaper account of Dandy agreed in all fundamental respects with the story as told by Loerpabel's father.

Journalism of sixty-five years ago demanded several headlines for important stories. Dandy's return headlines looked like this:

PONY BACK FROM SKAGUAY
Worked Four Months
on the White Pass Trail
OWNER COULD NOT KILL HIM
So He Was Sent Back from Lake Bennett to his Old Home in Seattle, Arriving on the Steamer Farallon.

The story of the horse that came back began when William Loerpabel left Seattle with a party of seven for the Klondike in the summer of 1897. The party purchased several pack horses, among them a small stocky horse bought from a woman. *The Times* called her Mrs. McGuigan—no first name given—mother-in-law of Detective Mike Powers.

Sometime after Mrs. McGuigan had sold the horse, she tried to buy him back saying she had not known he was going to the Klondike. But the party refused and proceeded north to Skagway, spelled "Skaguay" in those days.

From Skagway, supplies and equipment were carried inland by pack horse over White Pass and on to Lake Bennett at the headwaters of the Yukon River about fifty miles by trail. After reaching Lake Bennett the horses were used no more because boats were constructed for floating men and outfits down the Yukon to Dawson.

The elder Loerpabel's account describes the White Pass trail as narrow and steep, obstructed with boulders and deep in mud. Horses died on this trail by the thousands—the most cruel and tragic part of the gold rush to the Klondike. The narrow valley leading to the summit is still called Dead Horse Canyon and a monument stands there.

ALL OF Loerpabel's horses died on the trail except Mrs. McGuigan's roan pony which the men called Dandy. "It never tore a pack off and never pulled a shoe," he wrote. *The Times* noted that of 3,000 horses taken that year to the Klondike not more than four or five were still alive at the time Dandy got home to Seattle.

The small Seattle horse was always getting into trouble before Mrs. McGuigan sold him. He would take down bars, open gates and climb stairs—so the owner sold him for $30. But when sailing time came she went to the pier and cried as though losing a dear friend.

Dandy was well broken and, according to *The Times* article, "took everything as it came. He worked hard on the trail, refused to lose his footing or become frightened as other animals did when passing narrow places on the trail. He only got stuck in the mud once but he went in deep and it looked as though the mud puddle would be his grave."

Two men were hired to dig the horse out because Dandy was such a good worker. When the party reached Lake Bennett, the owner didn't have the heart to kill Dandy, the only horse he had left. He had three choices—to shoot the horse, turn him loose to starve, or send him back to Seattle.

Remembering the tears of the former owner, the head of the Loerpabel party found a man to take the animal back to Skagway. Loerpabel says the man was a carpenter who wished to return to Seattle and that his father told him he could have the horse if he would pay the transportation costs to Seattle. Dandy lived on biscuits during the trip back because there was no feed.

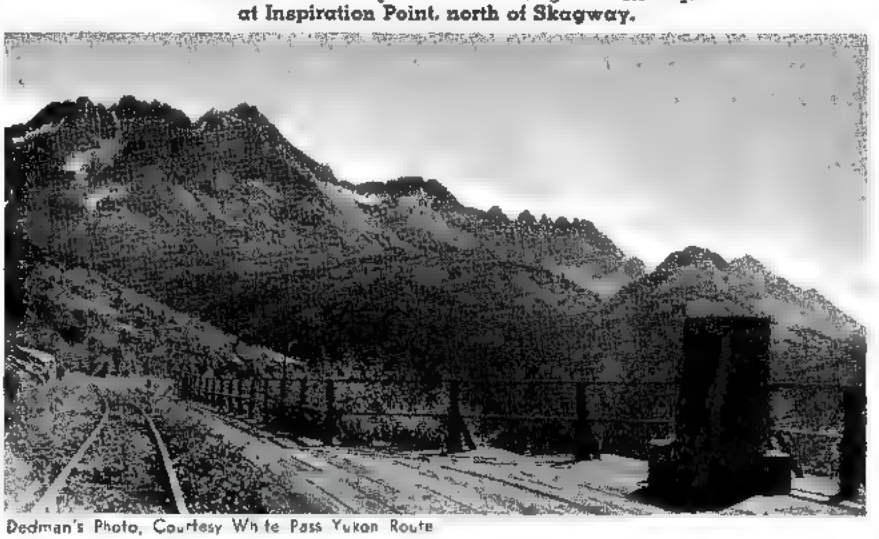
Part of the bargain required the carpenter to place an advertisement seeking the woman who first owned Dandy. Later the elder Loerpabel wrote: "We received a copy of a Seattle newspaper which carried a column giving a full account of the horse and the condition he was in after making the trip over the Skagway trail. It was a boost for the trail because it was the only horse that ever came back."

The Times, describing Dandy's return, said: "There was great rejoicing in Detective Powers' family when Dandy was led into the family lot. Dandy shows that he has seen some very hard work. His hoofs and legs are cut to the bone in many places and very much swelled up. He looks as though he has not been curried since he left, for the hair of his once-smooth coat is standing in seven directions.

"Mike Powers' little boy is engaged today in making a tent out of potato sacks and Dandy is going to be the principal attraction of a Beacon Hill 'circus.'"

The monument which was placed along the old Klondike Trail pays humble tribute to the gallant horses. "The Dead are speaking: In memory of 3,000 pack animals that laid our bones on these awful hills during the Gold Rush of 1897-1898. We now thank those listening souls that heard our groans across this stretch of years. We waited but not in vain."–Reprinted from the *Seattle Times*.

A monument to the pack animals of gold rush days at Inspiration Point, north of Skagway.



Dedman's Photo, Courtesy White Pass Yukon Route

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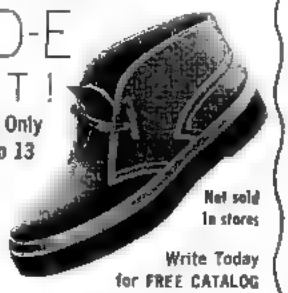

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Lost Golden Fleece Mine

(Continued from page 38)

rod had been pounded into the ground so that it slanted in the direction of the mine.

Again, King sent for the dependable Vitello to join him at the ranch, but a Mexican messenger on a burro brought the news of the old Italian prospector's death. Now the only two men who had ever looked at the twin veins of silver-gold were gone. King decided to return to the Cinco de Mayo to arrange matters so that he could take a few days' leave to locate the iron ramrod. On his return he discovered that he had been crowded out of his lease on a technicality.

Free of any responsibility A. J. trekked south to initiate the search for the one remaining clue of consequence. He intended to use a little wayside resort, not far from the widow's ranch, run by a gringo named Brooks, as his headquarters during the hunt.

He greeted Brooks and joined him in a cup of coffee. "Brooks, have any prospectors been coming in with anything that looks good?" he asked.

Brooks welcomed the opportunity to chat.

"Only one man has come in during the past week; he arrived yesterday, and left in the evening to go south. He said that he had been up north a little ways and that though he had seen evidences of good ore, he had found nothing worth stopping for. He thought he had run across a location when he saw an old iron ramrod sticking in the ground, but when he climbed up onto the knoll where it was standing he couldn't see any indication of ore to warrant a location and came to the conclusion that the ramrod had been stuck there as a landmark for the reunion of a divided hunting party. Here's the ramrod."

Brooks dragged a rusty iron ramrod off a shelf, and King felt like he had been hit in the stomach with a shovel. In his hands he held the last remaining clue, unless he could find the hole it was pulled out of or the pile of rocks which held it up. Brooks hadn't learned the American's name and King never learned his identity.

For several years King was active in and around the Tigre district. Trouble with rampaging Yaqui Indians and the general lethargy of the mining business caused the withdrawal of all prospectors and miners from the northern Sierra Madre of Sonora from 1908 to 1910. Early in 1910 King secured an option on the Cinco de Mayo and 200 to 300 additional pertenencias surrounding it, for himself and two New Yorkers, H. Hermann and W. L. Rynerson. They finally purchased the property for $500,000, but in 1913 the property was confiscated because Colonel Francisco was a Huertista.

Seemingly undisturbed by his loss, King moved south to the Lucky Tiger mine where he amassed a third fortune. But he never located the vein of dual silver-gold seams, whose ore carried values in excess of $10,000 a ton, even in those days.

Even as a silver-haired old man, in 1910, he still thought about the elusive treasure for he told A. Coll, a reporter for *The Mining World*: "The real bonanza of my dreams is that lost Golden Fleece down there in the undisturbed hills of Sonora."

Rest in peace, Captain King. It's still there.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

mounting! But after living in the Superstitions, I am qualified to face almost anything — alive.

With your kind permission, allow me to defend the boastful remarks of the Dutchman first. I don't believe he cared one hoot whether anyone followed him into the mountains or not. He could easily have eluded them in any event.

Anyone familiar with the Superstition Wilderness Area is aware that most of the canyons are in a north-south direction. The old military trail from Ft. McDowell to Picket Post traversed some twenty miles through some mighty rough country—actually, from Government Well on the north to Whitlow Ranch on the south, Weaver's Needle is visible most of the way. Pinpointing a small mine in this vast jumble of rock is like trying to find a needle in a haystack. Following any man into the Superstitions without being seen is ridiculous—it can't be done. Even the prospector's burro was a watchdog. Abe Reid told me that his burros could detect a man coming up-canyon a mile away, so he was always ready for company if he wanted to be found.

I will now answer various criticisms I have received one by one. First, I admit I am not a qualified mining engineer nor an expert in the field of mineralogy. Nor am I acquainted with all of the various rock formations listed under the three major categories of Igneous, Sedimentary and Metamorphic. I do, however, recognize gold, silver and copper when I see it, and a few other formations of rock and mineral. I may be elementary but I am honest.

The two interconnecting tunnels show thousands of pick marks. In a letter to WESTERN PUBLICATIONS dated May 9, 1962, I made this notation: "No dynamite or blasting powder was used in either tunnel. Evidence substantiates use of hand methods only. Marks of miners' hand-picks clearly visible and unmistakable." I believe that a close inspection of the published photographs distinctly reveals these pick marks.

The waste or gangue (official mineralogy term for valueless rock) was probably thrown for concealment into the nearby arroyo which is densely thicketed. It is logical to assume that most of these rock chips have been washed down-canyon during the ensuing years. At least I found no evidence of a dump anywhere in the area, including the arroyo. It is my personal belief that the mine was an enormously rich pocket formation accounting for the "vein of solid gold" as defined by the Dutchman himself.

The rock within the mine consists mainly of light reddish quartz, showing stains of iron oxide. The lower tunnel shows traces of white quartz and a small streak of conglomerate. Due to no overburden, the mine could have been a weathered outcropping resulting in its discovery. Who knows?

The entire Superstition area is contrasting rock running the gamut from black basalt to the green of copper oxidation and including gravel and black sand. Southeast of the mine, and yet on a slope of the same mountain, is a gravel formation that yielded thousands of dollars worth of gold nuggets as late as 1941. This was the old Spanish mine worked by the Linesba group and which had managed to evade detection for at

(Continued on page 54)

Lame Johnny

By G. H. LaTELLE

Cornelius Donahue was a Philadelphia college boy who went west and went bad. He swung on a tree limb a long way from home — and a creek nearby still bears his name . . .

Photos Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

The Deadwood Stage (top photo) and Deadwood, S.D., in the 1800s.

MEANDERING between pine-clad slopes in the southern Black Hills and wending its way southeasterly toward the Cheyenne River is a small stream-bed that bears the name, Lame Johnny Creek. It isn't everyone who has a creek named after him, but most men would be adverse to doing an air-jig on the end of a lariat to gain that dubious distinction.

Cornelius Donahue was born in Philadelphia about 1850. During his boyhood he was a better than average student, and his education culminated with his graduation from Stephan Girard College in Philadelphia. Following graduation he was bitten by the wanderlust bug, so he headed for the fabled West to realize a lifelong dream of becoming a cowboy. The trek of young Donahue ended in Texas, where he landed a job on a ranch.

Donahue's first ranch training was in the art of recovering stolen horses from the Indians, or in stealing Indian horses as replacements. He was an apt student and because he didn't always confine his activities to Indian horses, he eventually found it expedient to shake the dust of Texas from his boots.

A "Wanted" poster went out on the ranchhand. Somewhere between Texas and the Black Hills, he did some soul searching, and a new Cornelius Donahue was born. When he arrived at Deadwood in 1876 his name was "John A. Hurley." Deadwood was a typical gold rush camp, with new businesses, housed in ramshackle wooden shells or tents, springing up between dark and daylight. The camp swarmed with prospectors, saloon keepers, gamblers, shills, crooks, dance hall girls, tramps, bums and outlaws, all lured by the scent of easy money.

John Hurley had a deformed foot, whether by accident or so born is not revealed by available records. It was inevitable that Hurley became "Lame Johnny" to those who came in daily contact with him. Lame Johnny was a friendly, hard-working young man, and was quickly adopted as one of the regulars of Deadwood. If he did any prospecting for gold it was but of a diversionary nature, for he was regularly employed in businesses within the camp.

Extremely well liked around Deadwood, in 1877 he was appointed deputy sheriff, which office he filled in a satisfactory manner. That he gained the enmity of some of the rougher element was to be expected, for he did his duty as he saw it. In early 1878 Johnny went to work for the Homestake Mining Company as a bookkeeper. Lame Johnny might have eventually become an executive in the company except for one of those quirks of fate. There arrived in Deadwood a Texas acquaintance of Cornelius Donahue, who recognized Lame Johnny and proceeded to spill all that he knew. Word of Donahue's proficiency at stealing horses soon got around. Now, a horse thief wasn't any higher on the social scale in Deadwood than he was in Texas, so life for Johnny soon became something less than enjoyable. He disappeared from the immediate vicinity of the gold camp, and the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation soon began to lose horses in quantity. Johnny was back at his old vocation, and didn't confine all of his activities to horses belonging to Indians.

THREE MEN were caught at Rapid City, on the road between Deadwood and Pine Ridge. They had in their possession a number of horses for which they were unable to produce a bill of sale. All were duly lodged in the local bastille. Sometime after dark, during an unexplained absence of the sheriff, the three men had visitors who led them to a mountain ridge just west of town, and left them hanging on a gnarled pine tree. The ridge is still called Hangman's Hill.

Lame Johnny was not one of the three hanged, and horses continued to disappear. In early October of 1878 Captain Frank Smith, a Cheyenne livestock detective, was sent over into Dakota Territory to arrest Johnny for horse theft. While the livestock detective was scouring the Pine Ridge-White River area, a group of highwaymen held up a stagecoach of the Gilmer and Salsbury Line near Buffalo Gap Station, some fifty miles south of Rapid City.

During the holdup one of the robbers was shot, but made his getaway with the others. Ed Cook, a division superintendent of the stage line, was a passenger on the stage and was relieved of his valuables along with the rest of the passengers. Cook, who knew Lame Johnny well, recognized him as one of the stage robbers, and word was passed on to all employees of Gilmer and Salsbury to be on the lookout for Johnny and his three companions.

On the day of the stage robbery George C. Boland, manager of the Buffalo Gap and Horsehead Stations, arrived at Horsehead to find the wrangler too ill to perform his duties. Horsehead Station was located near the present site of the Hot Springs Airport, some fifteen miles south of the Buffalo Gap Station. Boland sent a request by the northbound stage to Buffalo Gap for a replacement for the ill hostler, and agreed to tend station until the replacement arrived.

During the excitement following the stage robbery, Boland's request for a replacement was temporarily forgotten. Two days later a wagon pulled up at Horsehead Station. On the wagon seat were two extremely tough looking characters, and in the wagon box was a man suffering from a severe gunshot wound. The two men asked for food and shelter for their wounded companion who, they said, had been shot in a fight with a Sioux war party. The men ate, and drove off leaving their wounded friend behind. The wounded man died about four in the afternoon, and as the day

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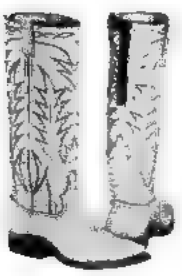

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was quite warm for that time of year, Boland lost no time in burying him. At midnight of that day Lame Johnny rode up to Horsehead Station singing. He was given a bed for the remainder of the night, and the next morning after breakfast he rode off in the direction of Pine Ridge.

About a week later Captain Frank Smith spotted Johnny on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and arrested him for stealing horses. The next northbound stage to arrive at Buffalo Gap was Old Ironsides, a reinforced bullion coach, heading back to Deadwood for another load of gold. Riding shotgun was Jesse Brown. Inside the coach was Lame Johnny, manacled. Across from Johnny sat the wife and daughters of Jesse Brown. Alongside the coach rode Captain Smith and Boone May, who was reputed to be a trigger-happy killer and no friend of ex-deputy sheriff Lame Johnny. As Johnny's irons were removed so he could eat a meal, he told the Buffalo Gap agent that he didn't expect to reach Deadwood alive. Johnny must have read the handwriting on the wall.

AS OLD IRONSIDES and its passengers resumed the trip northward toward Deadwood, Boone May rode off to the left to parallel the stage road. He kicked his horse into a gallop and was soon out of sight. Captain Smith rode beside the coach. About four miles north of Buffalo Gap the stage road started to drop down off a ridge toward a small timber-lined creek. At this point Jesse Brown decided to get down and walk awhile, to stretch his cramped legs. When the stage approached the elm trees bordering the creek, Brown was conveniently out of sight along the trail to the rear.

Suddenly a masked rider appeared out of a pine thicket to the left of the trail, threw down on the stage driver and ordered him to halt the stage. The driver raised his hands high, there was a brief flurry of shots, and Johnny was hit. The masked rider grabbed Johnny and packed him off into the timber on the left of the road. Mrs. Brown and the girls ran screaming down the road toward Buffalo Gap to tell Jesse Brown what had happened. There seems to be no evidence of what Frank Smith was doing during the fracas. Of Boone May there was no sign. Jesse Brown climbed back on the high seat beside the driver, his family resumed their seats within the coach, and Old Ironsides resumed its trip to Deadwood, where the abduction of Lame Johnny was reported.

The freight wagon road roughly paralleled the stage road northward from Buffalo Gap. At the creek crossing where Lame Johnny was removed from the stage the freight road lay a short distance to the west and passed through the dense pines from which the masked rider had appeared. On the day following the abduction of Johnny a bull train in charge of Pete Oslund approached the freight wagon crossing on the same creek, and found Lame Johnny hanging from a tree. Pete Oslund cut Johnny down and buried him; he also set a marker on the grave of the man he knew well. When the bull train eventually arrived in Deadwood, the hanging of Lame Johnny was reported.

There must have been some kind of hearing concerning the stage holdup and abduction of Johnny, for records show that Jesse Brown reported that he was convinced the abduction and lynching involved a group of men. How Brown came to that conclusion is not clear, as the abduction occurred when Brown was some distance back along the trail, on foot, and he saw none of the action.

Presumably he knew nothing of the lynching of Johnny until Pete Oslund's bull train arrived in Deadwood. Presumably no one other than the party with the stage, and the agent and hostler at Buffalo Gap station knew that Johnny was a prisoner on the stage. So it would seem improbable that an organized party was responsible for the hanging. Boone May claimed that he was away out ahead scouting for Indians, but it was generally believed that he knew a lot more about the lynching than he admitted. No one was ever indicted.

A party of men was sent out from Deadwood to dig up the body of Lame Johnny and ascertain whether he died from shooting or hanging. That was rather a waste of time; even though the gunshot wound was not fatal, the lynching most certainly was, for Johnny was still in that grave.

In late 1878 a little stream-bed in the southern Black Hills became Lame Johnny Creek. Cornelius Donahue, alias John A. Hurley, alias Lame Johnny, erstwhile college graduate, ex-deputy sheriff, ex-bookkeeper, suspected stage robber, and horse thief of accomplishment, died on the end of a dangling lariat that a creek might have a name. It was indeed a dubious distinction, but creeks and landmarks must have names, and who is to judge how those names should be acquired?

"Halt! Who went there?"

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The reservoir built by a Salt Lake City mining company at the time of the Gold Creek Boom.

Sidewalk to Nowhere

(Continued from page 26)

my brothers and I would hike all the way across the hills to attend the Chinese New Year celebration," Uncle Hugh continued. Our Chinese couldn't afford lots of fancy fireworks like they had at Chinese doings in Elko, but there were plenty of loud firecrackers, and lots of queer cookies and candies. Lem would give us all of them we could eat, and sacksful to carry home.

"SEE THAT rounded hill, yonder? The Chinese had their own cemetery on top of that hill. As none of the graves was marked except maybe by a circle of stones, I never knew how many were buried there; but it was a considerable number. One I remember, was China Joe. Joe was very fond of ducks. One cold day, when he was out hunting, he shot a mallard on the Gold Creek reservoir, and since he had no retriever, he simply pulled off his clothes and swam out in the cold water to get the bird. Just as he grasped it around the neck, he was seized by cramps and drowned, and when they found his body he was still holding the duck by its neck.

"It is a Chinese custom to put food and drink on the graves of departed loved ones and old Lem Li always saw to it that Joe had plenty to eat. One day, however, when I called at his store, Lem was terribly upset.

"'Joe not eat anys'ing,' he wailed. 'Dlink, dlink, dlink, allatime; no eat nossing—jus' dlink, dlink, dlink!'

"Lem Li's trouble, of course, stemmed from the fact that local cowboys wouldn't eat the Chinese food left on the grave because they were afraid of what it might contain—but they were perfectly willing to take a chance on the Chinese liquor!

"Another who was buried in the Chinese cemetery was Joe's brother, Suey," continued Uncle Hugh. "One day, in the dead of winter, he mushed into Gold Creek on snowshoes and, after doing considerable celebrating, started home with a quart of whiskey in his pocket and two live chickens slung over one shoulder, their feet tied together with a cord. Suey's home was about ten miles from Gold Creek, and, as he walked, he took occasional snorts from the bottle he was carrying. The farther he walked, the more fagged he became and the oftener he sampled the bottle. Finally he got so tired and sleepy he hung the chickens in an aspen tree, took a final snort, sat down on the ground, leaned back against the trunk of the tree, and fell asleep.

"Some men from Gold Creek found him three days later—still hunkered down against the tree and frozen to death. One of the chickens was frozen stiff, but the other was still alive."

From Chinatown, we drove up Hammond Canyon, past old mine tunnels and dumps, a few tumbled-down cabins, and the shell of a little gold mill. The higher we traveled, the more narrow and rutted the old freight road became, and the sage towered above the car. Near the head of the canyon, just under 7,000 feet elevation, we halted for lunch beside a seeping spring in a small grove of aspen.

"There used to be quite a mining camp in these trees," said Ellen Womack. "A big boarding house sat on that rise of ground at the upper edge of the grove. I remember prowling through it when I was a girl, more than fifty years ago. Even then, the place had been deserted a long while."

After lunch, we crossed the range through a low saddle, pausing near the summit while Uncle Hugh pointed out landmarks in the tumbled world that spread before us—Mustang Draw, the Diamond A and J-P Deserts, Indian Johnnie Creek, Tennessee Gulch, Rattlesnake Canyon, and Big Coffeepot Spring—all of them places Ungle Hugh knew as he did the pockets in his own jeans.

The road that carried us down from the summit led through a flower garden hundreds of acres in extent, where bright golden daisies and cream-colored bush lupines were massed as densely as they could stand. In the midst of this cream-and-golden world lay Sunflower Reservoir—the three-billion-gallon reservoir built nearly sixty years before to impound the waters of Penrod Creek. Under the control of massive headgates, these waters were to have been channeled to a point below the town of Gold Creek, to be used in hydraulic mining.

"But after the company had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars building

PROHIBITE

the dam and eight miles of ditch, their money ran out when the ditch was still three miles short of completion, so that water from the reservoir never reached the placer ground," said Uncle Hugh. "That was what killed the town. Until the ditch was completed, the ground couldn't be mined—and there was no money to complete the ditch.

"Incidentally," chuckled Uncle Hugh, "the 'ditch' was more in the nature of a canal. The company superintendent said he wanted it deep and wide enough that it would float a boat. Maybe he was an old seafaring man with a hankering for the briny deep, or maybe he wanted to take his girl for a boat ride—I don't know. In any case, the ditch actually was large enough to accommodate a boat, and ditch tenders for years cruised up and down it in a little craft named *The Kazoo*. It was quite a novelty because there was no other boat around for miles!"

PETE BASTIDA and I walked around the reservoir to the big iron headgates, more than twice the height of a man, which looked as if they still might be raised and lowered, but the ditches leading to and away from them were caved and silted, and their bottoms choked with sagebrush and small trees.

Returning to the car, we detoured across a rough hillside to the Gold Creek Cemetery where the only marker remaining was a sandstone slab that identified one "S. Dunlap", allegedly departed from this world on August 23, 1897.

"He was killed in a mine shaft," said Hugh Martin. "The first man we buried here," he continued, "was Mart Hirt. He froze to death one winter while carrying a message from Mountain City to Gold Creek. Second one we planted was old 'Allegheny' Mardis, a one-eyed teamster, who was murdered by a Tuscarora Chinaman for $250 in gold. The Chink was lynched.

"Next funeral was that of Charlie Miller. He was another teamster. One day he came in from a hot trip and swilled down a lot of cold water. Next day he became sick and two days later he was dead And that grave—" he motioned to the fifth mound— "is the wife of 'Sourdough Jack' Chipman."

This last pronouncement brought forth a violent protest from Ellen Womack who declared that Mrs. Chipman was not buried at Gold Creek, but on her own homestead, west of Sunflower Flat.

"It was in 1907," said Ellen, with positiveness. "We were getting ready for our Fourth of July celebration at Gold Creek when Jack Chipman came in from the ranch on the morning of the Fourth and said his wife was ailing and he was on his way to get Dr. Callaghan. When the doctor came back the next day and said Mrs. Chipman had died, Mother and I, and Mrs. Hardman, the storekeeper's wife, drove over to the Chipman homestead to lay her out. We were the only women there.

"Several years earlier, a Mr. Johnson, who had worked for the Chipmans, died at their place and was buried there; and because they didn't have any boards with which to make a coffin, they laid him on one mattress and covered him with another, and buried him that way. And I definitely remember," declared Ellen, "we buried poor Mrs. Chipman right beside Mr. Johnson!"

But despite this eye-witness testimony, Uncle Hugh was not convinced, and he and his niece continued to argue the matter, off and on and good-naturedly, throughout the remainder of that afternoon.

From the old graveyard we floundered over the sagebrush to the former townsite of Gold Creek and had no trouble finding the cement sidewalk which first had awakened my interest in the town's history. It lay close beside the main road —still wide and thick, but with edges crumbled by sage.

A few relics, a few old cellars, one old scraper, and the length of cement sidewalk—only these remained of the town that had bet its last dollar on an inside straight, and failed to fill.

"Gold Creek's farewell fling was in 1928 when 1,500 persons gathered to celebrate the Fourth of July," Uncle Hugh recalled. "Everyone brought a big picnic lunch and we had a fine program of races, music, and patriotic speeches. And that was the end of the town! Later, the buildings were sold and torn down. Aunt Maggie Baker, who lives out on the Deep Creek Road, can tell you about it. She was living here at the time."

"Uncle Hugh" Martin samples a pan of gold-bearing gravel from Dora Creek, near the Penrod placer ground.

THE NEXT morning I drove out from Mountain City and called on Aunt Maggie Baker, who gave me the finale in this boom camp drama.

"I came to Gold Creek in 1903, as a girl of fourteen," said Aunt Maggie. "The boom had fizzled out about five years earlier, but the big store was still being run by the Hardmans, and I started to work for them. In time, I married, and my husband and I went to live on a ranch nearby. Maybe you noticed some white buildings at the foot of the hill, about half a mile east of the cement sidewalk? That was where we lived. It's a summer camp, now, for one of the big cattle companies.

"After our big Fourth of July celebration in 1928, the Gold Creek townsite and all its remaining buildings were purchased by the Moffatt Cattle Company, and Jim Penrod—a son of old Manny Penrod, who had died about 1914—was

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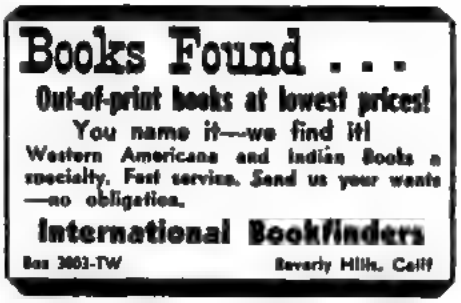
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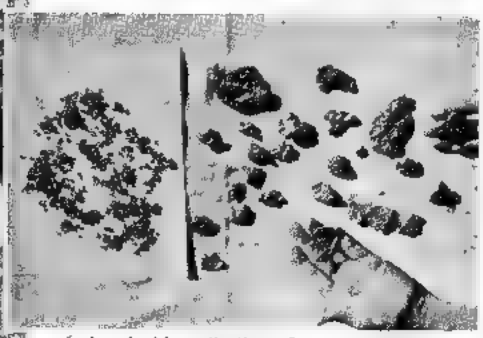

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employed to tear the buildings down. As Jim was a man in his middle sixties, and most of the buildings were large, two-story affairs, it was quite an undertaking for him to dismantle them, but with one man for a helper, he went to work.

"After Jim and his helper had removed most of the siding of the big store, leaving only the studding and rafters, Jim was working on the roof one day when a high wind was blowing. Suddenly, the man helping him saw that the building was swaying. He called to Jim to come down—that the building was going to collapse. 'Nonsense!' said Jim. 'I know this store! It's built solid as a rock! It won't fall!'

"'But, Jim!' shouted the helper, "It's swaying already!' Again, Jim Penrod denied that the building would fall . . . and about that time, it came down with a crash!

"I didn't know about any of this, of course, until later. First I knew there was trouble was when I heard Jim screaming for help! I was at the ranch, half a mile away, but I could hear him clearly. We owned a Model T Ford truck, but I had never learned to drive, and since there weren't any horses around, I grabbed my baby boy and started across the hill to Gold Creek, fast as I could run!

"When I arrived at the building, Jim was pinned under the timbers and screaming like a madman, and his helper was trying frantically to start his car. I supposed he intended going for help, and I told him to wait—that maybe the two of us could lift the side of the building that was pinning Jim to the ground. But I soon learned that the man was almost hysterical.

"'I can't stand it, Mrs. Baker!' he cried. 'Don't go near him! Don't *look* at him! It's *horrible*! I've got to get away from here! *Don't look at him!*'

"I said, 'You so-and-so, you come straight back here and help me! I can't lift those timbers by myself—you've *got* to help!' I finally got him by the collar and jerked him out of the car and marched him back. I didn't want the baby to crawl off and get in trouble, so I grabbed some big rocks and piled them on the hem of his little dress, and left him 'parked' where he could squall his lungs out if he wanted to, but couldn't get away. Then, the helper and I went to work.

"What had scared the man so bad was that one of Jim's eyes had been gouged out when he fell as the building collapsed, and the eyeball was lying out on his cheek and you could look right into the empty, bloody socket! Besides this, his right arm was mashed in a dozen pieces, and was lying all 'skewed' around, and there was no knowing how bad he was hurt internally. After we got him free of the building, I ripped off my petticoat and tore it in strips and bound his broken arm to his side.

"About this time, a man came riding by from one of the other ranches. I told him to go and get our car, and when he returned with it, we loaded Jim into the back and took him to Elko, about seventy miles away to a doctor. Jim was in the hospital two months. Even after he got out, he was never himself again. He didn't have much use of the injured arm, and the accident had affected him in other ways, as well.

"The Moffatt Company hired someone else to finish dismantling the buildings, and that," said Maggie Baker, "was the last of Gold Creek."

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Horses Were Legal Tender

(Continued from page 23)

volving the Council House Fight in San Antonio, the Comanches pillaged, killed and burned, but this was merely sideplay.

In 1866 the Mullins family lived on Jim Ned Creek in Brown County and Mr. Mullins owned a fine saddle-horse carrying the brand "IC." Indians raided the place in the absence of the men of the family and made off with the horse, which was then four years old. Ten years later John Townsend of Brown County visited the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition and while viewing the horse show was amazed to see an animal bearing the IC brand. Close inspection proved it to be the same fine saddle-horse that had been stolen from the Mullins place ten years before.

It was almost the turn of the present century before the Southwestern Indians gradually switched from the pony to the money standard. As late as 1874, for example, a party of Comanches and Kiowas attacked the Wichita Indian Agency at Anadarko, Indian Territory. After a brief fight with troops, the Indians pillaged Shirley's Store, broke china and glassware, and took whatever caught their fancy. They found a roll of money. They lit cigarettes with some of it and left the rest on the floor when they rode away with strips of bright calico tied to their horses' tails.

Another time, in 1867, Sam Gholson of Coleman County, Eugene McCrohan and Kim Ketchum of Fort Concho, and several other ranchers drove a herd to New Mexico and sold it to the government for beef. Three of the ranchers headed back home were attacked and killed by Navajos. When the rest of the party caught up to the scene, they found thousands of dollars in paper, which had been taken from the men, torn into fragments and scattered in the brush. When Indians came into possession of gold in their raids on settlers, they turned it over to smart white traders for gaudy trinkets of little value.

If it weren't a horse, nothing held much value in the estimation of the Indian. With horses, he could buy anything from a plug of tobacco to a wife.

'Looks to me like that old boy is gonna have to quit watchin' them late television shows, or else git into some other kind of work."

There Was No Christmas

(Continued from page 21)

night, late enough to cause them considerable uneasiness, without offering a word of explanation. Day after day she did the same until her sons finally hoisted the white flag. Whatever the risks of the haying job, they reasoned, at least they knew where she was and what she was doing. The next day she was back on her rake where she has been every summer morning since.

Three times major accidents have resulted in broken bones. The first involved a runaway with a rake team. Fighting flies, one of the team slipped its bridle, and that started a wild, fear-crazed run across the meadow. When the rake hit the first ditch Mrs. Mannix was thrown off backward out of the way of the teeth. She came out of it better than the rake which wound up in a hundred pieces scattered along the route of the run.

The next misadventure happened a few years later when a log she was skidding rolled and pinned her down with a broken ankle. That happened in November; by March, still limping, she was back in the meadow helping feed cattle.

At age seventy-five, while bringing in the milk cows early one spring morning, she fractured several ribs when the saddle rolled as her pony made a quick turn. Again she was thrown clear but landed on a rock. After the initial shock of the spill, she resaddled and brought in the cows.

Mrs. Mannix went through the day, doing her usual work, without saying anything. But by evening the pain had become unbearable and she reluctantly told of the mishap. When he heard of it, the hired man looked at her mischievously and drawled, "I thought you was kinda slow bringing in those cows this morning!"

Among the highlights of recent years was a party given by her family to celebrate her eighty-fifth birthday. It was held in the Helmville Community Building a few months early because January weather can be unpredictable. The attendance far exceeded that of the dances given in her barn half a century earlier. Arriving under the impression that the party was being given in honor of an old friend, she thoroughly enjoyed the surprise, especially the unusual birthday cake which, in keeping with her interests, was decorated with a ranch scene—a miniature rider chasing cattle and horses into a corral.

Like all who have spent long days riding, Mrs. Mannix has the ability to sleep in the saddle. Recently a neighbor met her jogging down the road, obviously dozing.

"Hey, Nettie!" he shouted, "Where are you going?"

"I'm taking these cows home."

"What cows?"

By then she was awake again. There were no cows. Backtracking she found them grazing placidly by the roadside. When she fell asleep her pony sensed it and cut right through the bunch and headed for home, leaving the cattle standing in the road.

On the whole, the years of "no Christmas" have been surprisingly few. In fact preparing for Christmas now is considerably more of a chore than it was in the early days. Almost two dozen grandchildren and more than three dozen great grandchildren tend to keep it that way!

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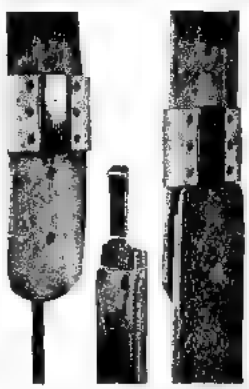

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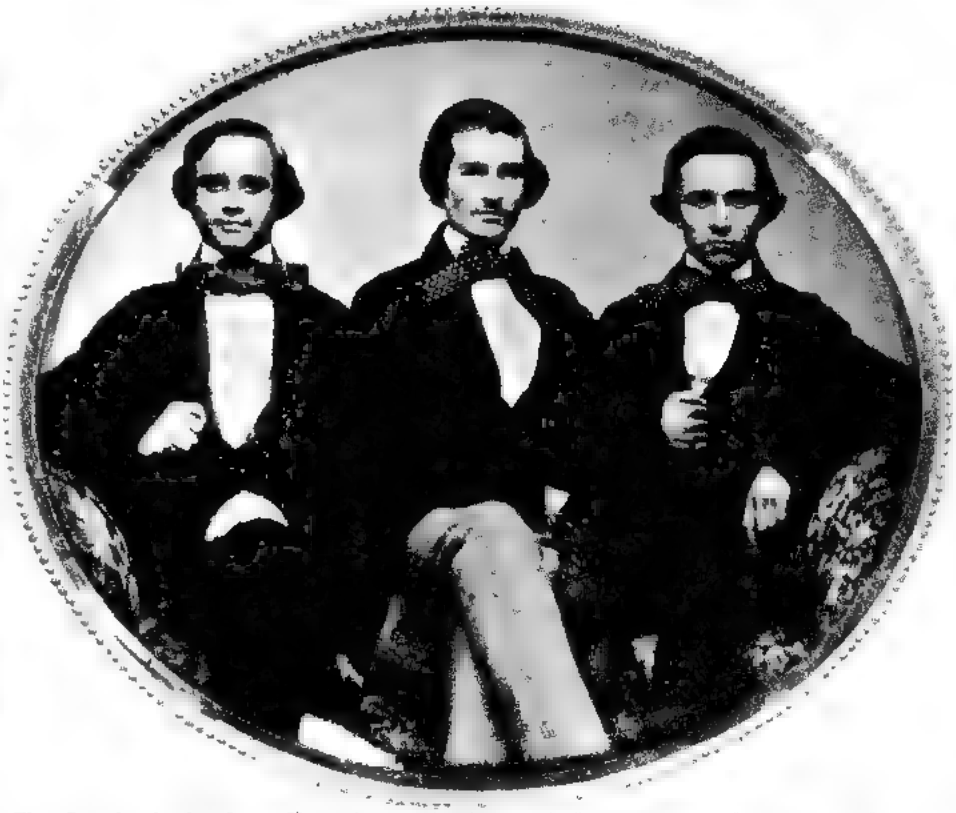

The Sepulveda brothers, Ygnacio on the left and Andronicio on the right, with their friend Antonio Yorba, in 1850.

The Sheriff Who Cleaned Up

(Continued from page 14)

tial sums to the families of the victims of Los Angeles' night of terror.

In those days Americans on the frontier were not usually held accountable for assaults against the unpopular Chinese. Burns, however, went to Judge Sepulveda and obtained 150 warrants against known mob members. One by one he dug them out of brothels and bars of Sonoratown. A Grand Jury promptly returned indictments. Hundreds of outlaws, toughs, and prostitutes left town, finally convinced that Los Angeles was no longer a privileged sanctuary.

Burns used the Chinese Massacre to finally clean out the Sonoratown tenderloin. When he gave up his badge the next year, the rowdy pueblo was quiet. It stayed that way. The courageous little schoolteacher had taught the wild California frontier a lesson it never forgot.

Judge Robert Widney

The Treasure Chest

(Continued from page 34)

available sources. Are these maps to actual treasures, and are they accurate?

Answer: Such maps may be bought but they usually give only the GENERAL area where a rumored treasure MAY be located.

Question: What is the customary division of treasure?

Answer: All the treasure hunters we have talked to say that they divide equally with all members of the party. If only you and the property owner are involved, it would be 50-50.

Question: What is considered "trespassing" and what is the penalty?

Answer: Any time you cross a fence onto private property, you are usually classed as trespassing, whether there is a "Posted" sign or not. As to penalty, you are actually only liable for damages you have done, BUT the owner may use force to remove you if he so desires.

Question: What comprises treasure trove?

Answer: Treasure trove is loosely defined as follows, "Treasure trove is any gold or silver, in coin, plate, or bullion found concealed, hidden or buried in a house, or in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown."

Question: Does the U.S. Government have any claim on any of the treasure found?

Answer: There are laws pertaining to the possession of gold and you are limited on the amount. It is wise to get this information directly from the Treasury Department. Also you are liable for regular income tax on any gold or coins sold.

White "Man-Devil"

(Continued from page 29)

ness and for the next two years toured the country with his own Buckskin Joe's Wild West Show. Again, in 1893, he raced for a home in the Cherokee Strip opening, obtaining 160 acres along the Salt Fork River, and tried his hand at stock-raising and bee culture until seized with the gold fever by the rush to the Klondike.

His last big adventure was into the jungles of Honduras in 1901. His partner on this expedition was the noted Indian fighter and Civil War veteran, William Palmer, known as "Rocky Mountain Bill." For nearly four years they worked an old Spanish mine, then became involved in a revolution and had to flee the country, badly wounded and leaving behind several gold discoveries from which others profited.

By this time, Joe had had it. In 1909, he settled down to a quiet life in California and became, as he put it, "something of a hard-headed, one-horse philosopher." One day he and Palmer compared notes on the number of occupations they had engaged in successfully. Palmer could list only twenty-two, while Joe enumerated sixty-five.

In his unpublished biography, compiled just before his death at Los Angeles, April 20, 1918, he wrote:

"Part of my versatility came from a natural daring to try all manner of experiments from which others would shrink, and part from a strong feeling and confidence of physical strength and endurance to stand by me in whatever I undertook. . . ."

His grandson, Dr. Vance Hoyt, of Topanga, California, writer-naturalist and widely known for his books on nature and wild animal biographies, explains his grandfather best:

"Some animals may be successfully tamed or domesticated— some may not. This is not predicated upon intelligence or its lack; rather it is simply and literally the *nature* of the beast.

"So it is with human beings. Most are congenitally domesticable, conventionally subservient to authority either actual or implied. Only in rare instances do we find a man or woman who is, *by nature*, untamable or basically unconventional. I do not mean they are fractious or willful, as a spoiled child. They are not intent upon having their own way for the reasons that motivate the brat, who is merely manifesting selfishness. These rare individuals are basically super-men and women in that they have a little more than average of certain human characteristics while at the same time lack certain inhibitions and deterrent factors common to the herd.

"Gramp was an example of the essentially untamed. With a keen mind, plenty of curiosity, and a tremendous desire for life and its various manifestations, he was always searching for distant scenes and never reckoning in space or hardship what lay between that which he visualized and its accomplishment. Knowing nothing of fear, he could conceive of no reason why he should not have what he wanted. He did not compensate for his small stature with bluff and bluster—he *showed 'em* by surpassing his fellow.

"Gramp was, in fact, a superman, because he was not only untamable but because he had the raw strength to dare to be unpredictable."

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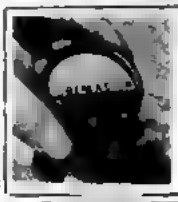

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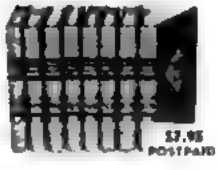

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No time for second-guessing. Cap Guleke mans the front sweep with George Smith on the rear sweep during a trip down the Salmon River.

River Rat Pioneer

(Continued from page 31)

begun, Cap took his place at the front sweep, and his first mate, George Sandiland, took the rear.

Cap was fairly familiar with the first stretches of water, having hauled mining equipment through them on his barges. That was a good thing because it gave him a chance to test and get the feel of his boat. To his great satisfaction and much to the surprise of his passengers, the ungainly scow proved very maneuverable, responding quickly to each command of the master's hand.

When the party reached the beginning of rough water that was strange to him, Cap headed for the bank and tied the boat securely. He and Sandiland picked their way down the rocky shore, studying the current to learn the secrets of the rapids.

Back in the boat again, their faces set and bodies tense, Cap laid to the front sweep and set the course he had decided was best. Like the lull before the storm, his passengers felt the quickening water grip the boat silently, hurrying it on, yet if there really was a channel in the white-flecked crest of water ahead, their inexperienced eyes certainly couldn't detect it.

The roaring grew louder and louder. Then suddenly the rush of water had claimed the craft and it lurched wildly ahead. At one moment a great boulder blocked their path; then it was behind them as the boat plummeted headlong down the river. Cap's sense of timing was perfect; his many years of experience made his reactions almost automatic; his brute strength refused to yield to the power of the river. The party was suddenly and miraculously through the perilous rapid.

Each new white-water danger of the journey was dealt with in the same cool-headed manner, as if the last obstacle were a stepping stone for the new one. And so, through sections of churning foam and patches of calm, polished water, the first expedition ever to make it down the River of No Return arrived at Lewiston across the state from Salmon City.

Cap was the hero of the hour, and that frontier town turned out en masse to greet the party. The praise and adulation of the crowd was rewarding, but greater by far was the deep, quiet sense of personal pride Cap felt in knowing that he had at last conquered the mighty Salmon —even though he never did claim to tame it—and that his first boat was so skillfully designed that it would always remain a pattern for future scows.

Thus began Captain Harry Guleke's career of "duding" through the Salmon River canyon. He still hauled some freight, but it became secondary to the excursions he advertised as "The Wildest Boat Ride in America." National magazines did countless articles about him, spreading his River Rat fame throughout the country. Word-of-mouth brought a lot of business also, and sportsmen vied for the trip because of the superlative fishing and the deer, elk, goat and bighorn sheep that ranged through the secluded region.

IF IT were true then as it is now that names make news, Cap's passenger lists alone would have made him famous. Among the people on one of his trips were Fred Runkle, who is now retired after a long, busy career with a mining company that sent him all over the world; Carol Lockhart, who later wrote *The Man from the Bitterroot* and *The River of No Return*, and two young doctors who later established a world famous clinic—Will and Charles Mayo.

When this particular excursion was completed, the citizens of Lewiston, their brass bands, and their Chamber of Commerce turned out to greet the hardy voyagers. After wining and dining with the welcoming party, the crew took in a movie of the silent type with the sound track rather uncertainly provided by a wind-up gramaphone. But Cap went to sleep and began snoring so loudly they had to wake him up and leave.

Possibly one of the most accurate and descriptive first-hand accounts now available concerning one of these early-day trips, is contained in a letter written recently by an old-timer, W. K. Harmon, of North Bend, Oregon. Harmon, who died recently at eighty, wrote with poignant longing when he recalled the unforgettable journey made in his early youth.

"Cap Guleke," wrote Harmon, "I knew very well. Always a twinkle in his conversation, quiet and unassuming. A half

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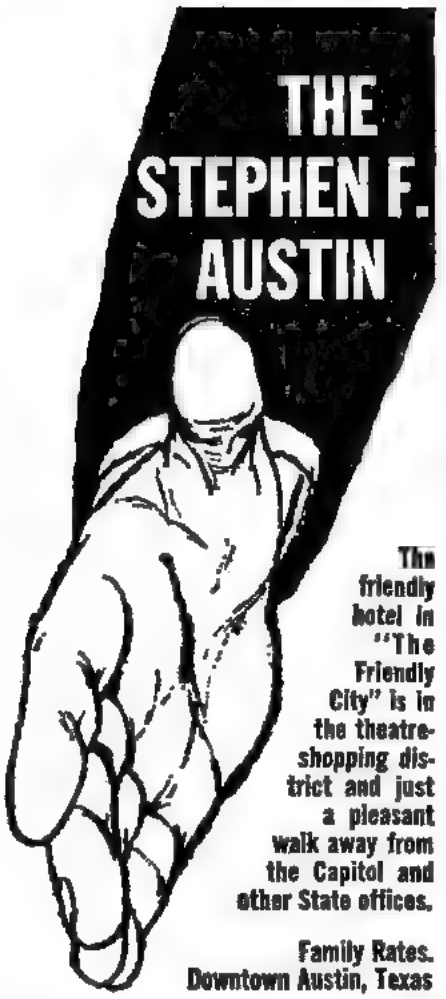
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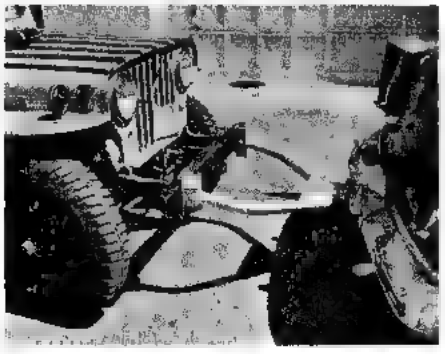

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century of years have faded my pictures but never my memories of him.

"I forget the exact number that was on our memorable trip down the river that October, but vaguely count six, plus Harry on the front sweep and Sandiland on the rear sweep—or nautically speaking, the stern—but river rats have their own language. Ray Irvin was our official photographer but, as from time to time old St. Pete turned the pages and beckoned, he is gone now with the rest of our party.

"But memories are wonderful, for on our journey there were times when the waters were so quiet that one could hear the song of birds ashore. You would look to the canyon walls about you and to the high ridges above and think what a small part of nature you are. Seemingly hours would go by without ever a word said.

"At one place we came close to a small sand bar as we made a short turn in the river, and standing there was a mother cougar with two cubs. We were fortunate to be looking, as they weren't there long. Into the shore brush they went. Thirteen days we were on the river and never a dull moment. Slept ashore on sand bars and again on our way in the morning.

"One day we camped at the mouth of Middle Fork to dry out our tarps and do a little fishing. Since we had shot a dozen ducks the previous day, I mentioned to Cap that this would be a good time for a sample of that great Dutch-oven cooking he had been telling us about. The next thing I noticed was that he had dug a deep hole in the sand and had it full of dry burning wood, which was gradually being reduced to ash.

"The oven by then was filled—and listen, for he told me—a layer of crackers, a layer of potatoes, then sliced onions and on top of this six ducks. This was salted and peppered and repeated again, filling the big cast-iron cooker. With the lid on, he buried it in the bed of coals and covered it with the sand, where he left it for six hours. At supper time when he placed it on the table (made of the sagging door to an old cabin) and removed the lid—the aroma! Don't ask me, I couldn't begin to tell you."

Harmon was a good representation of Cap's parties; a satisfied customer with almost reverent emotions from his contact with nature as yet untouched by man.

IN ALL Cap's years of running the river, it was ironic that the only life ever to be lost was that of his first mate, Sandiland, who had made the voyage with him safely many times. Both men considered the river a part of their very being, knowing it to be both friend and foe. Yet in a fraction of an unguarded second, it caught Sandiland's sweep and bashed him in the chest with it, hurling him into the current and claiming his life.

Cap continued to make his living on the river, but by 1930, although he was still strong as an ox, he realized he had to have help. He didn't need just a dependable first mate to hold up one end of the hard work, he needed a man capable of shouldering responsibility—a man with strength not only in body but in heart, and equipped with a first-hand knowledge of nature in the raw.

He found such a man in Elmer Keith, a barrel-chested young fellow with craggy eyebrows shadowing piercing blue eyes. Keith, who proved himself a worthy partner, is today one of the foremost gun and ballistic experts in the nation, is well known for his lectures all over the United States, has travelled widely on hunting expeditions, is gun editor for a leading national publication, and has written several books, including *Big Game of North America.*

Keith entered the dude game at a peculiarly interesting period in the history of the river. The great Depression filled every bend in the stream with a full complement of gold miners, some grubbing for gold enough to keep body and soul together, and others making far more money than they ever had before.

As was true in former days, Cap's boats were these people's only contact with the outside world. He and Keith would stop to pick up the miners' gold and get a list of their needs. On the next trip through the canyon, supplies were delivered and the exact change from their gold was handed out.

But there was one man who was never eager to see the boatmen. His name was Earl Parrot, and he was known as the "Hermit of the Salmon River." Parrot had been a telegraph operator for the railroad, but the life of dots and dashes got so distasteful that he quit his job and came to Salmon with only one thought in mind—to get completely and forever away from people.

With a pack string of fourteen burros, he went deep into the Salmon River Canyon where he found a sheltered cove and built a small cabin, deliberately making it large enough for only himself. The climate was very mild because of the low altitude and he was able to grow all of his own needs—even tobacco. Game and fish were plentiful; he canned or dried the vegetables he raised, and ground cornmeal for his bread. Many of his food stores were cached in hollow logs at places widely separated in case of a forest fire.

Parrot got his meat during the winter by hunting on homemade snowshoes, and kept warm in buckskin clothes he tanned and sewed himself. He coldly refused all friendship and would talk to no one at all with the exception of a few prospectors. It is said that Parrot came into his cabin one evening to find a large bear in it, so he remained outside that night. He later built another cabin high on a ledge and accessible only by a series of ladders leading up the bluff. He just plain didn't want company of any kind.

For many years Parrot lived in his self-made exile, but in 1943 he got sick and was brought to town by foresters. For a few weeks he remained placid, but one night he walked to Cap Guleke's house and shot through the window, breaking the lamp but missing Cap. At the subsequent hearing, he gave no reason for the shooting, but it was presumed that he had been brooding because Cap had brought strangers into the canyon. The court decided that the hermit was sane, but there was no punishment. He died soon after the incident.

ONE OF the most famous of the river people whom Cap and Keith served was Polly Bemis, whom Keith remembers as a gentle, friendly woman whose home was always open to everyone. Legend told that Polly was a Chinese slave girl who had been brought from China to be the bride of a wealthy Chinese gambler, but had been won by Charley Bemis when he held four aces in a poker game.

The less romantic truth was that Bemis was wounded in a fight with a half-breed Indian during a poker game,

John Cunningham working on the scow used by the National Geographic Society in its exploration of Salmon River Canyon. Cap Guleke supervised construction of the boat, which was built to the exact specifications of his first "dude boat."

and thinking Bemis dead, the Indian kicked him off the street into the doorway of the Chinese girl. After she dragged him into her house and nursed him back to health, the two were married.

Later, Polly heard it rumored that the half-breed was gunning for her husband, so she talked Bemis into moving with her to an isolated section of the canyon about a hundred miles west of Salmon City. There they found some paying placer dirt, cleared ground, and built their home. Bemis preceded her in death, and Polly lived for seventy years in the canyon.

Keith recalls that the last time he and Cap talked to her, she thanked them for their many kindnesses during the years and added, "I don't think I be here when you come again." The story of her devotion will never be forgotten because a stream, Polly Creek, was named for her, and a mountain, Bemis Mountain, was named for her husband.

Although his partnership with Cap lasted for ten years, Keith cannot remember two trips that were alike, or any that had even one dull moment.

Even the nights were sometimes very eventful because the boat was "home" during the journey, and sleeping aboard could be as hazardous as daytime traveling. Keith states, "There were times when 'spending a quiet night at home' was enough to turn a man's hair white —like the night a beaver cut us loose at Big Mallard Rapids. We were awakened by the pitch and bounce of our beds, and in the inky darkness it was no small chore to effect a new landing. Even after the crisis was over and the boat was securely tied up again, I couldn't seem to orient myself. The river didn't run in the right direction until daylight came."

The boats were broken up and sold for the lumber they contained at the end of each journey, just as the old freight barges were in days gone by. Keith maintains that half the outhouses at Riggans were built from the scows he and Cap landed there. One boat was built of pitch pine and weighed a staggering five tons, although it brought only about $6.00 at Riggans.

Cap's river runs became so famous that the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Geological Survey sponsored an expedition for scientific exploration of the Salmon River and its canyon during the fall of 1935. Dr. Philip Shenon, a native of Salmon City, and Dr. John C. Reed headed the party which was top-heavy with names that were VIP at that time.

The barge they used was built by Cap to the exact specifications of his original design, and he was urged to go as pilot. Declining the offer, he said, "My legs aren't what they used to be, and a man has to have strong legs to stand there straddled out, hour after hour, fighting the rapids." However, he did go part way as honorary captain.

After the successful expedition was completed, the scow was presented to the State of Idaho and today rests on the campus of the State Normal School in Lewiston, a specimen of the strange craft that first conquered the Salmon.

Cap was indeed failing, and when the last trip under the ten-year partnership of Keith and Cap was made, Cap remained behind—but under protest. He stoutly declared that if he died on the journey he would be perfectly happy to be buried along the bank of his beloved river. Keith states the trip was rather lonely because he greatly missed Cap's jovial presence and his hearty voice singing his favorite song, *Old Man River*.

At Cap's death in March, 1944, newspaper headlines read, "Captain Guleke, Master of 'River of No Return', Passes at Salmon," and the stories said, "Death has ended the career of the man who originated the 'Wildest Boat Ride in America' and has closed a chapter in navigation history in Idaho."

Cap was buried at the west end of the Salmon cemetery, overlooking the river. His tombstone reads simply,

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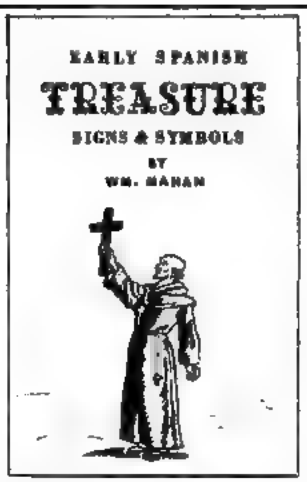

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 40)

least a century. It is located about a mile and a half southeast of Weaver's Needle. The old wooden floors of the camp are still there including the cookstove. The old forge and drill-steel remain untouched high on the hillside near the seventy-foot deep shaft. This area is only about four miles from the Linesba Ranch and Peralta Camp. The trail has seen better days, but can easily be followed. Signs point the way, now that the Forest Service is more active in that locality.

Normally, I am as oblivious to barbs as a jackass in a briar-patch, but a few readers rubbed salt into the wounds by insinuating that my mine is just another hole in the ground—of which there are thousands. Before I coil like a rattler I would like to remind them that my story definitely states "no other mine in the entire Superstition area even remotely resembles this particular working!"

Since one of my critics is a stickler for true and factual information, I might point out that Adolph Ruth, father of Dr. Ruth, met death in the Superstitions in 1931 and not about a year prior to 1937! This, incidentally, brings up another interesting subject. Although Mr. Ruth's map, allegedly reported to decipher the secrets of a fabulously rich gold mine located in the Superstitions, was not found on his body, copies said to be genuine are still floating around the Phoenix area.

Generally speaking, copies of this nature should be given a wide berth, but the replica I viewed in 1962 not only showed the location of a mine, it detailed with accuracy the exact mine I discovered. It depicted Weaver's Needle, the mine, the funneled-canyon, and in precisely that order. The owner, however, was unable to interpret the narrow gorge, nor could he correlate its relationship to any specific area in the Superstitions with which he was familiar. (The map had to be laid out in its proper perspective to be correctly read and there was no directional identification).

It is not inconceivable that Adolph Ruth actually found his mine—devoid of gold. His notebook contained the notation written in Latin, "I came, I saw, I conquered!"

Herman Petrasch, brother of Rhinehart Petrasch who was a personal friend and at the bedside of Jacob Walzer (Dutchman) when he died, probably knew as much about the lost mine as any man. Although he never admitted to locating the mine, it is a known fact that he gave up his search in the 1920s and thereafter confined his activities, when possible, to the area between Miner's Needle and Queen Creek where he had a cabin.

He told Jesse Mullins he was no longer interested in the mine, but only in the large gold cache which he believed had been hidden by Walzer. He was also of the opinion that Waggoner had found this cache, but had died before he could remove all of the gold. It was thought to be somewhere between Miner's Needle and the Whitlow Ranch on Queen Creek.

My story would not be complete without narrating a detail which to me authenticated the mine I discovered as actually being the "Lost Dutchman." Petrasch told Mullins that one day while Walzer was leaving the mine, due to a cloudburst, he slipped and fell, injuring his shoulder on a jagged rock. It was

(Continued on page 71)

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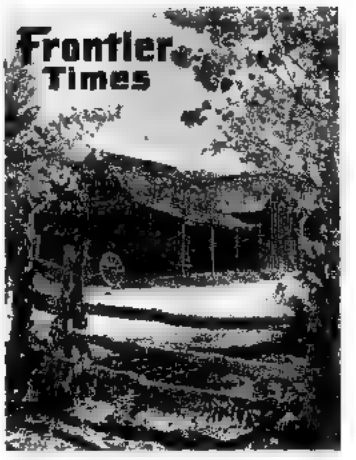

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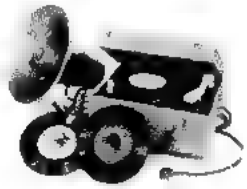

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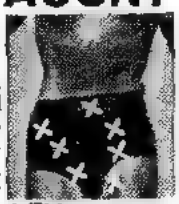

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The Remington

(Continued from page 15)

The number of animals killed is not so remarkable as the distance at which the shots were executed. The average distance at which the 41 antelope were killed was 250 yards. . . . I rarely obtained a shot at an antelope under 150 yards, while the range extended from that distance up to 630 yards. . . .

I am more than ever impressed by the many superior qualities possessed by the system of arms manufactured by your firm. . . .

I am truly yours,
G. A. Custer,
Brevet Major General U.S. Army

So impressed indeed was Custer with the Remington that he carried it into his last battle against the Sioux on June 25, 1876. Sgt. John Ryan, of Company M, who supervised the burial detail three days after the battle, stated that "under the General's body were four or five brass cartridge shells which I picked up; they were what he used in his Remington Rifle."

Among professional hunters using the famed .44-90-400 Remington Buffalo Rifle, Brazos Bob McRae was probably the best marksman. The wiry Texan regarded his pet Remington as the top gun on the frontier. McRae equipped his .44-90 with a Malcolm telescopic sight and proceeded to establish a record string of fifty-four one-shot buffalo kills.

Hunting alone along the Brazos, McRae spotted a small herd of buffaloes grazing the lush river bottomlands. Approaching under cover of the low hills, Bob rode to within 300 yards of the herd and there made his stand. Setting up a rest of crossed sticks secured with a rawhide knot, McRae dropped the buffs one by one with a single well-placed bullet apiece. Each shot struck the neck or heart, the only target areas of the buffalo in which a hit resulted in a clean kill—fifty-four shots, fifty-four dead "buffler."

McRae's perfect record was never quite equalled by Colonel Frank Mayer, his sometime hunting partner and great exponent of the Sharps, a fact which precipitated a lot of good-natured ribbing by lanky Bob. Mayer's best string of one-shot kills was fifty-nine out of sixty-two. Still, Frank never conceded that the Remington was more accurate than the Sharps, stubbornly insisting that "it was the man behind the gun that made the difference." To which compliment, McRae snorted: "Hell, Frank, don't you go to braggin' on me! Ol' Doc Remington here did the job. All I did was hold steady and send Doc's pills to the right spot."

The Remington Rolling Block Rifle continued to do a superlative job even after the advent of the celebrated Winchester '73 .44-40 repeating rifle. Outranging the Winchester by fully fifty per cent and packing a far deadlier wallop, the Remington reigned supreme as the expert marksman's favorite rifle until the vast buffalo herds had been destroyed and the hostile Indians rounded up on reservations.

One Dull Day

(Continued from page 9)

He hit the ground, rolling, and came to his feet just in time to duck a high-flying spring seat that threatened to knock his brains out. "Whoa!" he hollered at the calf.

A WIDE-EYED Charley came running up and hollered "Whoa!" too. Then both of them darted through the fence and took off down the road after the calf, hollering "Whoa!" at every breath, but it didn't seem to help a lot. The calf was in the clear and headed toward town with his tail in the air.

Chances are he would have made it into town, too, if it hadn't been for a neighbor man named Irving Green, who was just rounding a bend in the road, driving a span of spooky mares to a wagon. The mares took one look at that wall-eyed calf and the cart coming toward them, and one look was all they wanted. They both snorted and wheeled to one side so fast they all but yanked the tongue out of the wagon. The team left the road and took out up a long slant in a hoof-popping run that had the wagon bouncing off one boulder onto another.

Green was standing up in the wagon and sawing the bits through the mares' mouths, trying to stop them, hollering "Whoa!" just as loud as he could. But, of course, the mares didn't pay any more atention to him than the calf had to the boys.

All of this commotion added some to the calf's scare, so he left the road, too, and headed off across a sagebrush flat through which wound a cut-bank arroyo.

The arroyo was deep but narrow, and the calf could have jumped it easily enough if he hadn't been dragging that cart behind him. As it was, the cart cut his leap short, so that he and the cart

GOOD NEWS!

You folks have asked for a magazine monthly for ten years. Well, we *finally* have effected it! Now, in the form of one subscription, you can get 6 issues of FRONTIER TIMES and 6 issues of TRUE WEST—12 issues in all—for the same old price of $4.00! This is a one year subscription—FRONTIER TIMES one month, TRUE WEST the next. We are sending cards slowly to subscribers (so as not to be swamped) and the reaction is terrific!

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So, if you haven't received your card yet, and if you subscribe to only one magazine and want both, just tell us which one to add. In short, if you have 12 issues of FRONTIER TIMES coming, we'll change it to 6 issues of FRONTIER TIMES and 6 of TRUE WEST—you'll still get your 12 issues BUT ONE A MONTH instead of a magazine every two months. You've asked for it for ten years—now folks, we're ready for you to back our draw. Write to:

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both sank out of sight into the landscape.

The calf was still lying at the bottom of the watercourse, grunting and groaning a little, when the McKay boys came panting up to peer down at him. The cart, with both shafts splintered, lay on top, holding him down.

Getting the calf out from under the wreck and leading him back to the corral wasn't such a big job; he was mighty subdued and willing to submit to handling. What broke the sweat out on Roy and Charley was having to take that cart apart, piece by scrap, and strain and grunt and heave, lifting the parts up to level ground, where they then had to re-assemble them before hauling the cart back to the corral.

They had just barely got it hidden behind the granary when their mother drove in and called on them to unharness her buggy horse and feed him. And then here came Papa McKay, who immediately went out to see if the boys had watered his penned-up calf, like he'd told them. Roy and Charley both swore they had and then came close to having heart failure when the elder McKay went out to the corral to make certain they were telling the truth. They just knew that Papa McKay would notice that the cart was missing from its usual place, but he didn't, so they were left to wait in suffering silence for what they felt must be the inevitable.

The wait lasted four days, with the boys dying a little bit every time their father visited the corral. Then, finally, Irving Green came over and put an end to their suffering. He drove up and told Papa McKay that if he didn't do something about them confounded boys of his, somebody was liable to wind up with a broken neck. Then he went ahead and spilled the beans, and McKay went out and found the broken cart. Roy and Charley had their tail-ends worked over with his razorstrop.

That relieved the boys of the terrible dread that had worried them for so long, leaving their minds free to think up other ways to amuse themselves any time they became bored with life.

WESTERN QUIZ

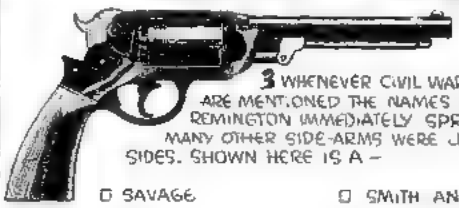
BY TOM HUNTER

1 THIS INSECT-EATING INHABITANT OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN CANYONS IS QUITE COMMON AND IS KNOWN AS THE—

- ☐ CHUCKWALLA
- ☐ WHIPTAIL LIZARD
- ☐ BANDED GECKO
- ☐ COLLARED LIZARD

2 ROBERT LEROY PARKER WAS A WELL KNOWN MEMBER OF THE INFAMOUS "WILD BUNCH." HE WAS EVEN BETTER KNOWN AS—

- ☐ KID CURRY
- ☐ THE TALL TEXAN
- ☐ BUTCH CASSIDY
- ☐ THE SUNDANCE KID



3 WHENEVER CIVIL WAR SIDE-ARMS ARE MENTIONED THE NAMES COLT AND REMINGTON IMMEDIATELY SPRING TO MIND. MANY OTHER SIDE-ARMS WERE USED BY BOTH SIDES. SHOWN HERE IS A—

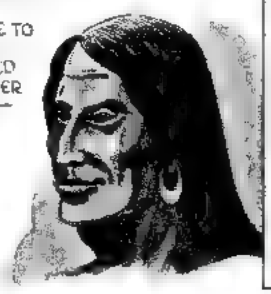
- ☐ SAVAGE
- ☐ SMITH AND WESSON
- ☐ STARR
- ☐ PETTINGILL

4 THE FRUIT OF THE GIANT SAGUARO CACTUS IS MUCH SOUGHT AFTER BY CERTAIN INDIAN TRIBES. THE BIG CACTUS IS FOUND IN ONLY ONE OF OUR STATES,—

- ☐ ARIZONA
- ☐ NEW MEXICO
- ☐ COLORADO
- ☐ NEVADA

5 WHEN THE WHITE MAN FIRST CAME TO WHAT IS NOW KNOWN AS THE UNITED STATES, INDIANS WERE ENCOUNTERED ALMOST EVERYWHERE. THEIR NUMBER AT THAT TIME WAS APPROXIMATELY—

- ☐ EIGHT MILLION
- ☐ THIRTY-TWO MILLION
- ☐ FOURTEEN MILLION
- ☐ ONE MILLION



6 BLACK BART ALWAYS WORE A FLOUR SACK OVER HIS HEAD DURING HIS STAGE COACH ROBBERIES AND OFTEN LEFT A POEM IN THE EMPTY CASH BOX. HIS REAL NAME WAS—

- ☐ WALLACE A. ROWLAND
- ☐ WENDELL J. KIRK
- ☐ CHARLES C. BOLTON
- ☐ WILLIAM T. ROGERS

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

FIDDLEFOOTED HORSEMAN

Don't Fence Me In (Carlton Press, $3.50) is a highly entertaining collection of short sketches of events and men in the life of Spike Spackman. Spike was cowboy, rodeo rider, army packer, movie extra, double and stunt rider, ranch foreman and rodeo director. His close association with horses comes through strong and clear. Some of the best stories in his book are about horses. The publisher labels this book "an autobiography"—it is hardly that as Spike tells much more about the characters he met than he does about himself. He knew the Hollywood cowboy stars—Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson—but he knew the cowboy extras and stunt riders even better. Bing Crosby, Zane Grey, Gary Cooper and many others get a nod from Spike, who covered the West from Hollywood to Sun Valley and from the Big Bend in Texas to Pendleton. You can start your reading on any page—it is that kind of book, but read it all—it also is that kind.

RANGE LIFE

Punching cows in the old days was hard, grinding work with little glamour and few rewards, but Phil S. Long makes life on his dad's 76 Ranch in Canada read as dramatically as a novel.

The Great Canadian Range (The Ryerson Press, $4.50) by Phil S. Long covers the Long family's ranching experiences on the Canada-Montana border before railroaders imported farmers to plow the sod and put an end to ranching on the extensive arable lands of southern Canada.

Phil Long recalls when the family's 76 Ranch spread over nearly 80,000 acres of leased grassland and it was there that he and his older brother learned to punch cows and to break broncs for saddle mounts. The author has a knack for scoring dead-center hits on the important details about roundups, branding, finding your way in a blizzard, or wrangling horses.

When the Longs lost their lease, grain farmers hustled in to break the sod that buffalo had grazed for thousands of years. The story ends with the greatest horse roundup that we've ever heard of. Forty-five cowboys hazed in 3,500 head of wild range horses to the 76 Ranch headquarters for disposal. You want to shed tears for the Longs when they were forced to ride off and leave their handsome ranch to the ravenous plows imported by dozens of grangers. This is a choice item.

ANSWERS TO WESTERN QUIZ

by Tom Hunter

1. Collared Lizard
2. Butch Cassidy
3. Starr
4. Arizona
5. One Million
6. Charles C. Bolton

GUNMEN AND OUTLAWS

The life of little known Johnny Ringo, Tombstone, Arizona, outlaw, is the challenging subject which Ray Hogan has tackled in his interesting story, *The Life and Death of Johnny Ringo* (Signet Books, 40c). Close-mouthed, the fiery-tempered gunman and gambler told little of his past that is helpful to biographers. Hogan's story of Ringo, therefore, is based on facts that are available and is narrated in fictional form to make its presentation more appealing.

The author sides with the Earp—Holliday clique against the Clantons, Curly Bill Brocius and Johnny, whose robbing, killing and carousing terrorized people around Tombstone for a number of years.

Harold Preece's *The Dalton Gang* (Hastings House, $5.95) has the appropriate sub-title, "End of an Outlaw Era." Much has been written about the Daltons including *When the Daltons Rode* (1937) by Emmett Dalton with the assistance of a newspaperman, Jack Jungmeyer. The book was largely undocumented and was essentially what Emmett Dalton, then a rather well-to-do California builder, remembered of the wild old days. Preece used those parts of Emmett's narrative that could be verified. The research for this book was first rate and Preece writes well. The notes, bibliography, and index enhance the volume.

MEXICAN HERO

Morelos of Mexico (Texas Western College Press, $5) by Wilbert H. Timmons is the first full-length study in English of the great Mexican revolutionary leader. This reviewer first became interested in Morelos in following the dim records of the strange career of Peter Ellis Bean. Bean was a member of Philip Nolan's expedition into Texas and was captured by the Spanish. He spent some years in and out of prison in Mexico and finally escaped to join Morelos in the fight for Mexican independence. Bean knew how to manufacture gunpowder and became an important figure in the revolutionary force. Later Morelos sent Bean to the United States to seek help for his poorly equipped troops.

Dr. Timmons spent fifteen years in research on Morelos and his account is something more than a biography of the Mexican patriot. The book was designed by Carl Hertzog, edited by Samuel D. Myres, and illustrated by José Cisneros. There is an excellent bibliographical essay plus a list of references at the end of each chapter and a good index. For the dedicated Hertzog collectors there is a special Peso Edition ($8.00) with a shiny Mexican peso which bears the portrait of Morelos inlaid in the front cover. It is signed by Timmons and Hertzog and really worth the difference in price.

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THE RANGE

The economic significance of American forage plants generally is known but it took Phillips Petroleum Company (476 Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, Oklahoma) artists to exploit the intrinsic beauty of pasture and range plants when in flower. The company's new clothbound book, *Pasture and Range Plants*, contains 176 pages featuring 178 full color illustrations. It is offered at printing and binding cost of $5.95 postpaid and may be obtained from the company.

It combines in book form the contents of six handsome booklets published during the last fifteen years. We know of no other documents on pasture and range plants so widely distributed and appreciated as these. The elegant art work in natural color is some of the finest ever applied to plant life. Everyone interested in natural science should have a copy of this book.

NEVADA GHOST TOWNS

Don Ashbaugh died before the galley proofs were struck for his book, *Nevada's Turbulent Yesterday—A Study in Ghost Towns*, (Westernlore Press, $7.50). Long a newspaperman, Don ferreted the secrets from Nevada's ghost towns and converted their variegated histories into a valuable bit of regional Americana.

Tough whiskery miners searched out the rich lodes buried in the harsh arid land. They risked their necks in a rigorous climate that killed many of them.

Rough and tumble towns that sprang up around the mines drew human flotsam and jetsam from all points of the compass. Ashbaugh has told a straight honest story in brilliantly clear prose that carries the reader in easy cadences. The numerous old-time half-tones help to make this an unusual book.

BUFFALO RUNNING

After the Civil War, young Frank Mayer joined a lot of other foot-loose soldiers intent on making a fortune hunting buffalo on the Great Plains. Born in Louisiana in 1850, Mayer became a meat and hide man in 1870, a time when the U.S. Army was trying to crowd the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes onto reservations. The old hunter died at Fairplay, Colorado, when he was 104. He had killed buffaloes for men in the early Colorado mining trade and slaughtered thousands for their hides and tongues. When the herds were killed off, Mayer organized a crew and made several thousand dollars picking up buffalo bones for fertilizer manufacturers.

Charles B. Roth of the Denver Posse of THE WESTERNERS rescued the old man's story and it has been published by Sage Books under the title of *Buffalo Harvest* ($1.35).

Mayer proudly refers to his trade as buffalo running, a job professional hunters actually did standing. Buffalo runners despised being called hide men, low-brow jargonese for buffalo hunters. The book gives straight facts about buffalo guns, the art of hunting, transporting and disposing of meat, hides, tongues and bones. There are several excellent half-tone illustrations. Highly recommended.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Texas Book Prices was compiled and published by W. M. Morrison (Box 3277, Waco, Texas) and sells for $10. The prices of the 4,000 items listed in it were those actually used by Bill in the series of catalogues he issued from 1952 to 1962. It should be helpful to dealers and collectors alike. The prices of many Texas items went up materially during the ten-year period and this is shown by listing the actual price he asked each time he catalogued an item. While this is a must for Texiana collectors, it deserves to have a sale far beyond the boundaries of the Lone Star State. For example, any collector of books on the range, cowboys and cattle will find the going prices of hundreds of items in his field. Do not expect bibliographic help —this book indicates values. Herbert Fletcher, veteran Texas bookman, formerly of Houston and now of historic Salado, contributed the introduction.

THE PASSING SIOUX

The Last Days of the Sioux Nation (Yale University Press, $7.95) is a gem of a book by Robert M. Utley, charter member of the Potomac Corral of Westerners and a brilliant Western historian.

With the passing of the frontier, Indians were forced onto reservations where whites had inadequately prepared for their needs. Utley, Regional Historian for the National Park Service at Santa Fe, tells what the Sioux were like when transferred from nomadic life and he explains why the inept treatment by whites was responsible for their acceptance of Wewoka's Ghost Dance religion. Bob probes deeply into the policies and tensions responsible for the horrible massacre at Wounded Knee after Big Foot's frenzied band jumped the reservation. The book comes with an introductory quote on Indians by artist Charles M. Russell; it is well documented; there is a thorough bibliography and it is illustrated with numerous sharp photographs.

Ten Years—It *Couldn't* Be!

(Continued from page 3)

of every type on the Old West as well as the New, by golly, it shouldn't be long before we have a magazine here that is tops in all the world for its true portrayal of the most fabulous era any country has ever seen—our so-called "Winning of the West."

ANY time you think I'm getting windy, cut trail on some of the real stuff in this issue and leave this drivel be. I've hit the most important points in the stuff you've just read, and from now on I'll be talking just to hear my hocks rattle.

However, there are several points on which I want to touch. Many of you have asked what caused us to come out with the only true western magazine in the world. Maybe it's because I've always resented the picture a person forms in his mind of a low grade fiction publication when the term "western magazine" is mentioned. That's the kind of literature we've had, for the most part, to cover the most romantic era in our history.

I was discussing western stories with the president of a large bank some years ago. "Why doesn't someone publish a western magazine a man can leave on his desk?" he asked. He reached inside a drawer and brought out a "blood and thunder."

"I even read these," he confessed, slamming it on the desk in front of me, "but I have to keep them hid!"

That scene stuck in my mind. I wondered how many thousands of people all over the country would like to see a "grown up" magazine published on the West—one that is well-written, fast-moving, profusely illustrated, an *all fact* magazine on old western badmen, gold

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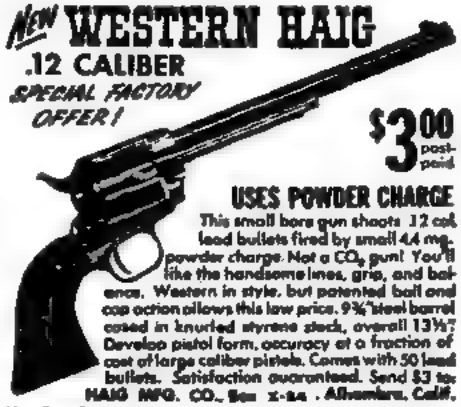

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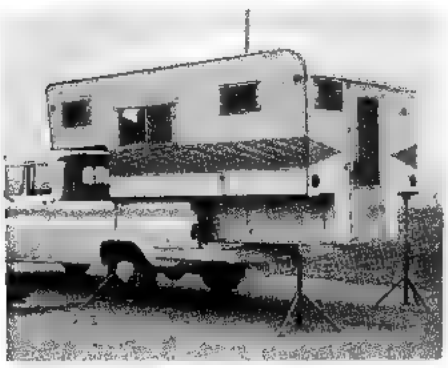

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rush days, cattle drives, Indian fights, ghost towns, cowboy experiences, outlaws, range wars, frontier life—the whole scene. I began to believe there were quite a few people who would read it if the thing was really done up first class.

So we hope TRUE WEST will be a magazine you can keep on your desk . . .

One more little tirade and I'll get off this particular point. We're going to try and give you the authenticity of the historical journals, the plotting and fast movement of the pulps—a sort of in-between dry fact and impossible blood and thunder. In short, let's have fact, but let's keep it moving! And why shouldn't fact be fast and interesting? Why do 99 western stories out of every 100 you see in print today have to be fiction? We contend that if an old-time badman walks into a bar, gets into an argument with another badman and they shoot it out—we believe an accurate account can be just as spine-tingling as a fictionized version. And it should have added appeal in the reader's knowing that this thing *actually happened*!

As unlikely as it might seem by now, I am about to wind up this thing some people call an editorial. We don's call them editorials here at TRUE WEST. We just get to talking and quit when we run out of anything to say. Trouble is, takes us so long to run out of anything to say! For two years it's been "on ice"—two years we couldn't talk about it because someone might wake up, plumb accidental like, of course, and find himself riding our hoss. So once we could open up, we have sort of laid it on!

I have taken you behind the scenes. I'm going to do that from now on. I think a magazine ought to be as honest and open with its subscribers as it expects them to be in return. So you'll learn about the trials, heartaches, hopes, dreams, high moments, and "growing pains" (we hope) of our magazine if you enjoy punishment to the extent of reading this column regularly. One good thing—next time it'll be shorter!-Joe

THAT was the first editorial. As you might guess, the second wasn't a whole lot shorter! They are still not getting much shorter so I'll try and hit a few high spots at random. Our first surprise was that the magazine did have universal interest—our big job was (and still is!) getting the word around. Our second surprise was to what extreme extent people wanted the facts to be absolutely unquestionable! If we got a hanging date one hour off, for instance, a great-grandson would write in and correct us! Dr. Walter Prescott Webb wrote in from Missoula, Montana, "Joe, the leading newsstand up here sells a stack of TRUE WEST so high it shocks me. The owner told me that people around these parts consider TRUE WEST their Bible—those are his words not mine." So then we got into a job that isn't easy—trying to make every fact absolutely correct on stories and events that happened 100 years ago, more or less. It even gets so involved that facts have personalities—they are absolute facts from one faction and damned lies from another—it was all according to how you looked, believed, liked or knew about a certain man, gang of outlaws, or some situation as a whole!

I suppose one of the most satisfying moments during the past ten years was when Dr. Webb walked into my office a little more than a year ago and said, "Joe, you've made it! I saw a copy of TRUE WEST on a bank president's desk!"

He helped us a lot, that man—he didn't have the narrow vision of "one little mistake ruins a whole issue" but a much broader interpretation (as most great men have) that our overall obsession for the *truth* was what really counted.

That's what we started doing in the beginning, that's what we are doing now, and that's what we shall be doing as long as I hold the reins that guide Western Publications. S'long for now.—Joe

The Man Who Thought Like a Panther

(Continued from page 35)

ters on "What I Know About Bears" and "What I Know About Panthers." I finally found them but that is another story.

Ben Lilly himself will long remain a story. He was so religious that if his dogs treed a panther on Saturday night, he and they would keep it in the tree until Monday morning before he would shoot it. Once he lost track of the days, however, and upon bringing a panther hide to town was much chagrined to learn that he had killed and skinned the animal on the Holy Sabbath.

The one book that he read—and he knew it well—was the Bible. He would leave camp to be gone a week or a month with his dogs, taking nothing but a sack of corn meal, some salt and a frying pan. He could find water to mix with the meal to make bread, and there was no danger of his running short of game meat for himself and his pack. Even in cold weather he would sleep with nothing but leaves and pine needles, and the dogs huddled close to him to keep him warm.

He had a little money in each of two or three banks. If he had occasion to write a check, he would not write in on a printed blank but on a piece of bark, a piece of brown wrapping paper, or something like that. He hated forms and restrictions. All restrictions were constrictions to him. At the GOS headquarters he would not eat in the dining room. "I just can't do it," he'd say. He would take his food out on a bench or to a log so as to escape being shut up inside at a formal table.

Once when a tooth got so bad that he was persuaded to go to town to have it pulled, he got the dentist to take his dentist chair outside the office, onto an open gallery. Sitting down in such a contraption was bad enough anywhere, but to sit in it inside a stuffy office was unthinkable.

He had one of the cleanest, mildest pair of eyes I ever looked into. He carved hunting horns and made hunting knives. Jim Bowie never made a better.

Ben Lilly, the hunter, lived to be almost eighty years old. He died December 17, 1936 and his last words were, "I'll be better off." A decade later out in the Gila National Forest, the dearest hunting range of his long life, a bronze plaque was erected to his memory. In bas-relief his head is flanked on one side by the head of a bear and, on the other, by the head of a mountain lion.

He was born too late to share the "perfection of primitiveness" with Kit Carson, Jim Bridger and other mountain men, but he was in their tradition. He was not less in stature for having been the latest.

Some questions about him will remain questions. He was open; he was also closed. Above all, Ben was an individual—he "came from a solitary race."

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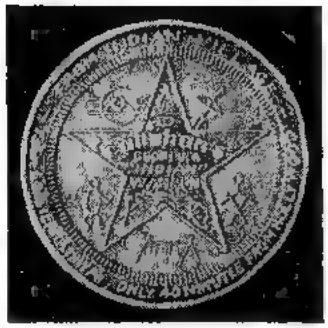

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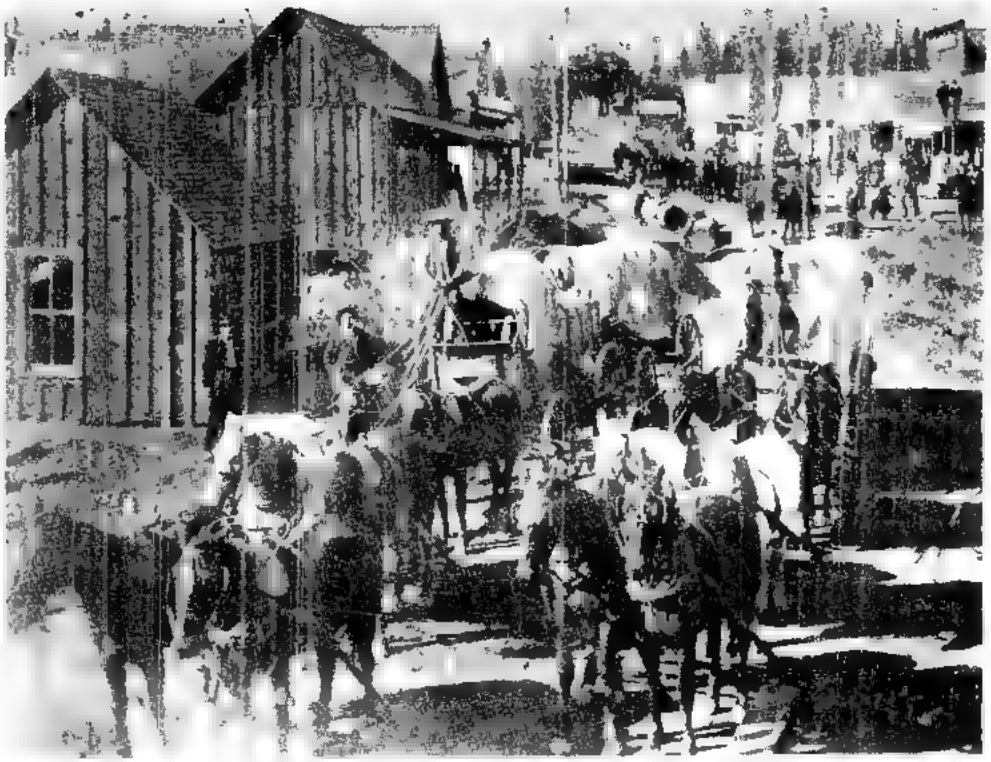
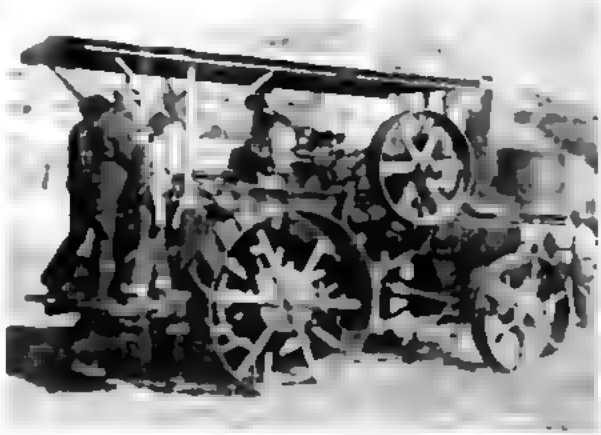
Sometimes we receive wonderful old pictures that have no stories to go with them—except the ones they tell themselves. It just doesn't seem fair for you readers not to get to enjoy them, so here's a little bonus —assorted scenes of the West when it was young.



Freighters in Centerville, Idaho, in the process of moving a quartz mill from Placerville to a new location in 1898. On the left is Jud Moore and on the right Johnny Carpenter, two old-time freighters and stage drivers. Photo sent in by Delphine Hewitt of Idaho City.

Horses try to pull a sled through deep snow between Rocky Bar and Atlanta, Idaho, in 1897. This sled carried the mail and seven barrels of whiskey, and was driven by Bob Nordike. Photo from O. H. Schultz, Pendleton, Ore. Below, a group of California cowboys in camp in 1898, from the Title Insurance and Trust Company collection in Los Angeles.

Photo of a pioneer picnic, from Ben Fish, Iowa Park, Texas. No other details known. Below, left, a portion of the Santa Fe Trail just north of U.S. Highway 85, near Watrous, New Mexico. Ruts left by heavily laden wagons a hundred years ago are still visible. Photo from the New Mexico Department of Development.



Above, an old "Buffalo Pitts" steam tractor photographed by Walt Thayer on the Evan Jones ranch in Pine Creek Valley, Washington. Below, also from Walt Thayer, a photo of a "home rodeo" or round-up on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation in Montana during the early 1930s.

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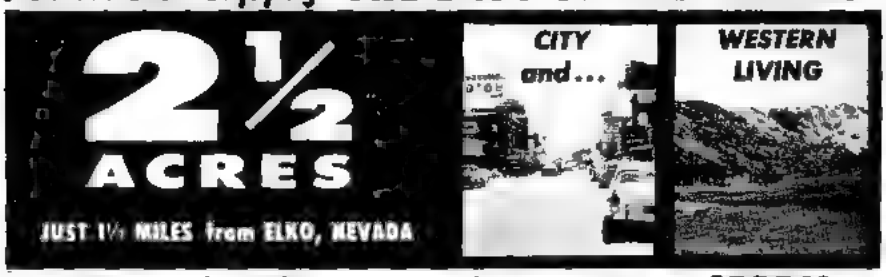

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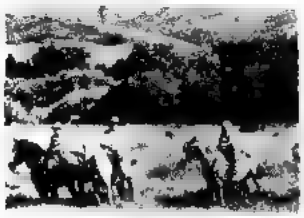

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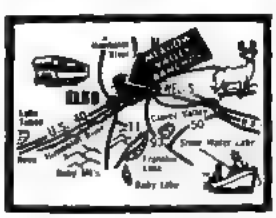

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A Trip to Hell & Heaven

(Continued from page 37)

"I have done almost everything imaginable, both good and bad," I replied. "I have been accused of almost every offense on earth, but I have been good to everybody, refusing nothing I had. I have been selling whiskey and gambling of late —"

Here He interrupted me, saying, "There is no harm in either of them."

I then asked what day of the week it was, and God replied that He knew nothing of such things. "God, the only Bible that You have given us teaches that there are certain days in the week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, which is the Sabbath and a day of rest," said I.

He again replied that there was no such thing. I next told Him that we had thirty days in a month, and twelve months in a year. "There is no such," He said. "There is only light and dark, and when tired from toil, rest."

The only question I asked Him which He did not answer was, "How long do those people who are in Hell have to be tortured in that awful fire?" I waited for some time, hoping God would answer, but as He did not, and thinking He had not heard, I asked the question over again. All remained still, however, and I thought He had gone. As I was very thirsty, I spoke again, saying I was thirsty.

Almost immediately the immense gate swung open and I was again directed by unseen hands which I could feel on my shoulders. I was ushered through the gates of Heaven, and there my eyes rested upon a scene of beauty, happiness, love, and peace, which will never grow dim in my memory. It is beyond the power of words to describe such beauty and no artist could portray it as I saw it. The grandeur of the scene, the richness of the colors, and the rare beauty of the flowers and trees made me feel happier than I ever had been on earth. Goodness and content permeated the air and there was joy and gladness on every hand. No one could see Heaven and ever doubt the existence of God, the Supreme Being Who rules the universe. It made an impression on me which will be with me always, and I know I shall see it again.

THERE WERE two beautiful walks, one of gold and one of stone, leading from the gate to the finest fountain I ever saw, about 500 yards from the gate. The golden walk was as straight as a straight-edge, while the stone walk made a slight detour and met the golden walk at the fountain. There was a slight incline from the gates, which I ascended, and from there I had a full view. The grounds were laid out like a park, but no landscape-gardener on earth could secure such a beautiful effect.

Between the two walks, which were about ten feet apart, was a row of large rosebushes all in full bloom. The roses were larger and prettier than I ever saw on earth, and were all of different colors. Such radiant floral beauty could not exist anywhere except in Heaven. On all sides were orange trees, beautiful shrubs, plants and flowers of the prettiest varieties.

On the golden walk, beside the beautiful roses, hundreds of angel babies were playing, laughing, chattering, hugging and kissing each other, and altogether expressing a degree of happiness I had never witnessed before. They were

all clothed alike, having wings of a cloud-gray color. They were like so many happy birds, and when I approached, would chatter and fly away, lighting a little farther down the golden walk.

I was interested in the little ones, and the fact that I found them all in Heaven, while there were none in Hell, touched the tenderest chord in my heart. I kept on trying to get close to them, and they finally arose and flew over me to a long row of orange trees, a short distance to the right of the stone walk, where they alighted in the tops of the trees. The trees were loaded with large luscious looking oranges, and presented a most beautiful appearance with all these baby angels perched on their branches. As soon as they settled down, they all began singing and playing.

After allowing my eyes to feast on the scene for a few moments, I felt thirsty again, and as I saw an orange fall occasionally, I thought I would walk over under the trees and pick up one to quench my thirst. When I stepped on the grass, I noticed that it was not only a more beautiful green in color, but softer and more like velvet than any grass on earth. The lawn was also so much smoother than any earthly lawn, and was absolutely perfect. Not a wilted blade of grass or an uneven spot ever so small could I find.

I was walking very slowly, intensely interested in everything I saw when, looking up, the air was filled with millions of people robed in that beautiful cloud-gray, the same as the little ones, and with wings of the same color. I stopped and watched them. Some were flying around leisurely, while others were in groups, standing still, and apparently engaged in conversation. One never got in another's way, and so graceful were their movements that, no matter how many were in the air, they would fly around with ease and never clash.

There were men and women of all sizes, the same as they had been on earth, and all were clustered around a central figure. There were many baby angels mingled with the larger ones, and they were the picture of happiness. They were flying around, laughing, talking, and lighting on the larger angels' backs. The central figure was that of a man about thirty feet in height, with larger wings in proportion. He was robed the same as the others, and floated slowly through the air, while all the others hovered around him.

I was looking at the true and living God in His heavenly home, and was so pleased that I could hardly take my eyes from the scene. My thirst again reminded me that I must relieve it, and I walked on toward the orange trees where the baby angels were sweetly singing, still watching the scene above me. When I neared the trees I turned my attention to the little ones, thinking to get up close and speak to them, but when I would get within a certain limit, they would all rise and fly away. I walked up to the trees they had just left, and the ground was covered with the finest and largest oranges I ever saw. I was so thirsty I couldn't resist the temptation, so I reached down and picked one up. I was holding it in my hand, about to peel it, when I looked up and God and His angels were slowly descending. As they were coming directly toward me, I momentarily forgot my thirst in watching their movements. They were settling down all around me, and

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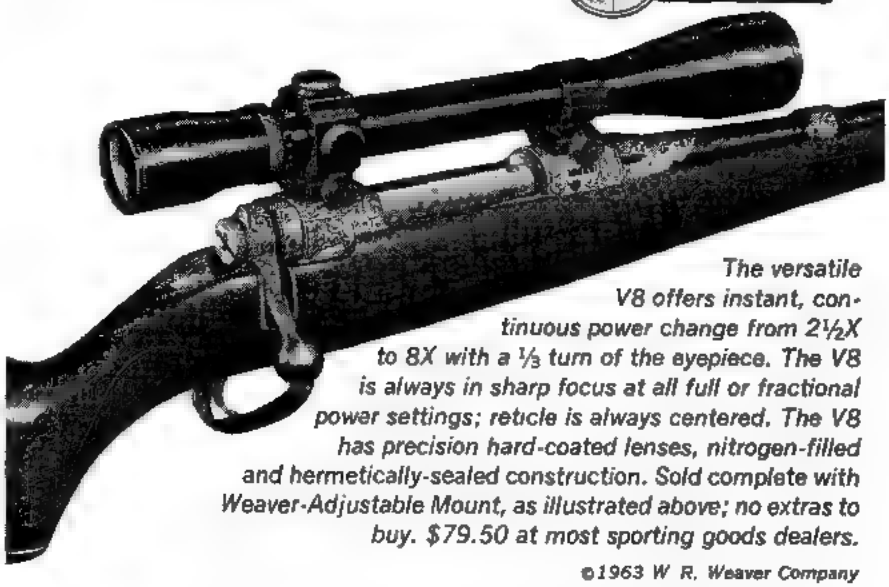

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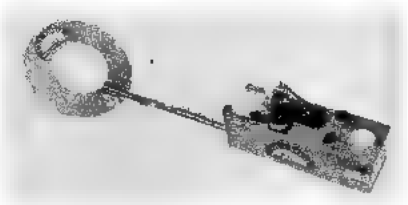

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I stood still, holding the orange, until they should come close enough for me to speak to them.

In another second they were quite close and I called to them but they seemed to be enjoying themselves so much that they paid no attention to me. I wanted a drink of water, and, as I could not make the angels listen to me, I thought I would eat the orange to quench my thirst. I started to press my thumb into it to burst it open, when the orange disappeared. I was surprised, and stooped down to pick up another. Just as I touched it, they all disappeared.

I looked up and the angels were floating around over my head as low as the treetops. I could see them very plainly and distinguish their features, just the same as I could a lot of people around me on earth. The babies did not pay any attention to me, but were continually prattling and fluttering over the older ones' backs. The grown-up angels, however, looked at me pleasantly as if they knew me, and some of their faces seemed familiar. There was a gulf between us, however, and I could not talk with them. The air was completely filled with them as far as I could see. Some were old and some young.

FINALLY I could stand it no longer, and I said in a loud voice, "I am thirsty." The words had barely passed my lips when I felt the unseen hands once more grasp my shoulders, and I was marched over to the stone walk, and on to the fountain. All the angels followed me to the fountain and hovered over it by the millions. The fountain was built of solid stone. I estimated it to be seventy-five feet high and fifty feet in diameter. About every four feet around the fountain there were holes where the water poured out into the basin, and at each one of these there was a golden cup attached to a silver chain, which was fastened to the stone walls of the fountain.

When I took up one of these cups to drink, the angels all around began to chant what was the sweetest music I ever heard. I could not understand the words, but their sweet, melodious voices harmonized so perfectly, and the air was so entrancing, that I enjoyed it as I never enjoyed music before. What could be more fascinating than angels singing heavenly music amid such beautiful surroundings? One did not have to be a music lover to appreciate such singing.

I drank copiously of the water in the fountain, and it, like everything else I had seen in Heaven, was so much superior to the best water on earth that I couldn't compare it. I can only say that it was so sparkling and refreshing, so good and pure, that I could hardly get enough of it. After drinking three large cupfuls, I set the cup down. The singing ceased and a voice asked if I had drunk enough. I replied that I had plenty. The voice must have come from the one whose hands rested on my shoulders, as it spoke right into my ear, though I could not see anyone except the angels who filled the air.

I was then ushered back along the stone walk over which I came. The golden walk was again filled with the little children, playing as I had first seen them when I entered Heaven, and it seemed to be their playground exclusively. As I started back, the angels who were floating about in the air struck another chant and followed me, all the while chanting even sweeter than before. They hovered close around me, many not

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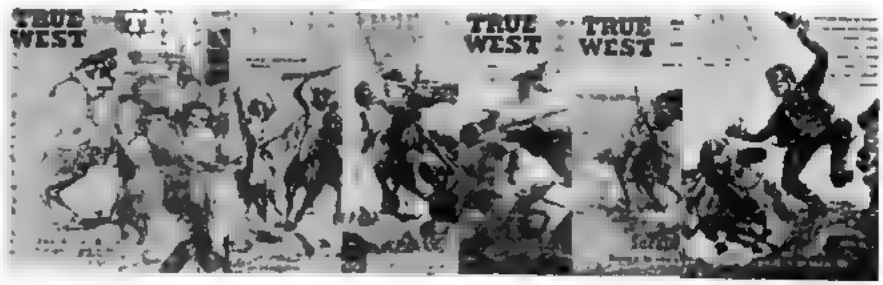

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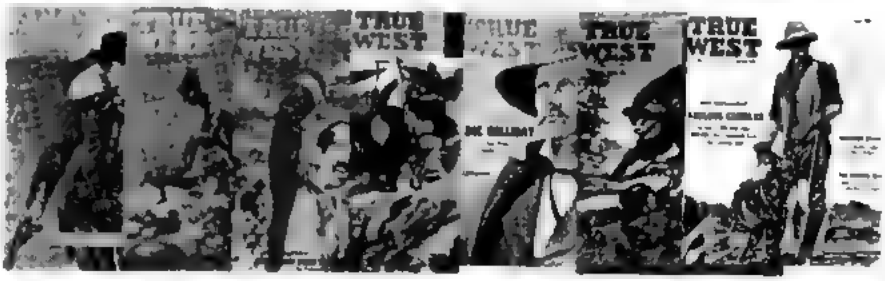

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over thirty feet from the walk.

I walked slowly down the stone walk toward the gates, the hands still resting on my shoulders and guiding my footsteps. When I reached the top of the incline leading down to the gates fifty feet farther, the music ceased. I was stopped and another pair of hands were placed on my head, pressing very hard for an instant, then dropping to my shoulders. I can shut my eyes and feel the sensation of the hands pressing my head just as plain even today as I did there in Heaven, so great was the impression it made upon me.

Another voice, presumably the one which belonged to the hands now resting on my shoulders, then asked, "Do you want to stay here or go back to earth?"

I was confused and did not know what to say, as I did not want to leave such a beautiful place, such joy and happiness, and such ease and comfort, to return to a world where everything is work, worry and strife. While I hesitated something told me to go back to earth, and I replied, "I would like to return to the world I came from."

The voice then told me to be good on earth and I would come back again. The angels again chanted sweetly, and I turned and took another look at the innocent angel babes playing gleefully along the golden walk by the roses. Suddenly I felt myself lifted up by hands on my shoulders and we went over the stone wall, flying through space. The return trip to earth was all in darkness, and I knew nothing until I awoke and found Dr. Aburnett, one of Oklahoma's leading physicians, working over me.

Although I was practically dead for but ten minutes, my spirit seemed to travel for hours. I surprised the doctor by coming back to life, and even then he did not expect me to live. For a long time my life hung by a thread, and the doctor had no hope of my recovery; but Providence had ordered that I come back to earth and live to relate what I saw, and I eventually recovered.

After thirty days, I was strong enough to be moved, and could walk a few steps at a time, with the aid of a cane and a crutch. At this writing, more than a year later, I have not fully recovered my strength, but am enjoying good health, and weigh almost as much as I did prior to my sickness.

IN CONCLUDING the story of my life, I deem it proper to make a statement for the benefit of readers. I have told this story as completely as my memory served me, and given the details just as they happened.

The first thing I want to impress firmly on your mind is that there is a hereafter. Those who are privileged to visit the unseen world and return again are few, and I must have been chosen for this vision on account of my wickedness, as I believe I was the hardest-hearted sinner on earth. I have done everything that was good, also everything that was bad.

On one side, I have been charitable to everybody, and never saw anyone suffer if I could help them. I have often discommoded myself to help others, and would share my last crust, while on the other hand, I have stolen and robbed. I was sold for murder in New Mexico, and brought a good price, but was exonerated. I have killed Kiowa and Comanche Indians by the score, and skinned them to make quirts (whips) out of their hides, and I once killed and skinned a squaw and made a purse of her breast, which I carried for nine years. I slept in a cemetery, using a grave for a pillow, and when it rained I slept in the vaults. That was when I was a wolf and the hounds were hunting me. I have had a very busy life from boyhood, and there are few men who have gone through what I have.

Now, I must believe what God told me in regard to the day of the week, not censuring the Bible as a book, for there are many good things in it; but from what I saw and heard, it is not all true, and there are many passages which are merely man's individual opinion, purporting to be the words of God. The Bible says, "God created all people alike." If that is true, why did He treat the first settlers of our land differently? The Indians were the happiest people on earth, and, just as God said, they knew nothing of the days of the week nor the Bible. They knew only daylight and dark, the sun, moon, and stars. Although the Bible performs a mission on this earth, I cannot believe all there is in it, after seeing for myself, and conversing with God.

Before I was privileged to view Heaven and Hell, I was as thorough a non-believer in the existence of a God as Ingersoll. All the sledge hammers in the world could not have beaten into my head the fact that there is a life after death. I was taken and shown both places, and I am now convinced. I also want every reader of these words, who has lost little ones by death to know, when you lie down at night and think of them, that they are safe and happy in Heaven. I saw myriads of them in Heaven, of all sizes and ages, and all enjoying happier hours than they ever did on earth. There are no children in Hell.

God told me at the gates of Heaven, that there was no harm in drinking or gambling, and I expect to enjoy those sports as long as I live. There is no harm in anything, unless you make harm out of it. I believe that God knows how I am talking to you, and feel that He sent my spirit back to this earth on this mission.

"Let's surround them!"

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Medio Dia Massacre

(Continued from page 8)

train of the redheaded one had joined forces with any larger group.

The rest of the Indians Juan encouraged to build a fire and hold a dance, to whip their flagging spirits to the fever pitch of battle. Being an Indian himself, he appreciated these things. A parfleche from one of the saddles made an impromptu drum, which one Apache beat with the shaft of a bow; the others shook their bows and muskets and began to shout. Red and yellow paint was taken from pouches to decorate their faces and upper bodies.

Around the fire behind the ridge at Medio Dia, many a strange coup was described as the men worked themselves into a frenzied crescendo by shouting and dancing. There were Jicarillas there who had killed longknife soldiers and had the brass buttons to prove it. There were others who had met the Comanches in battle and lived to tell of the encounter. There was even one who had killed a white woman within sight of the stockade of Fort Bent, and who retold with many flourishes the story of how he had taken her scalp and escaped across the Arkansas River that same night.

DURING this dancing and coup counting, Juan de Dios stood silently by himself, leaning on the muzzle of the rifle he had traded from a beaver trapper just out from Missouri. It may have been that Juan had little to tell of, although this was doubtful. Perhaps he had been long enough with the New Mexican Spaniards to think that killing and death were subjects best not spoken of. Or it might have been that this silent Navajo with his wide spaced eyes and quiet manner was thinking of strategy and of the coming battle.

Juan de Dios seemed almost relieved when Apache Charlie pounded up on a lathered and snorting horse. "Nine wagons are coming," Charlie reported, holding up his fingers to indicate the number. "And the redheaded one rides at their front as before."

Juan inquired quickly if any other wagontrain was in sight behind it, but the answer was drowned in a shout from the others as they shook their weapons and yelled death to the white man.

Juan de Dios himself kicked dirt over the fire. The smoke from the blaze still hung in the hollow, where there was little wind. Juan thought that the wagontrain might be warned by this; but then, white men seldom noticed such signs. Sharply he cautioned the others to silence. Although the train was still perhaps two miles away, there must be no hint of danger.

Two of the younger men held the animals picketed well behind the ridge in a place where they could neither smell nor see the teams that drew the wagons. A whinnying horse had ruined more than one ambuscade. The other men Juan placed along the crest of the ridge. El Rubio, the Mexican, lay by himself at one end of the scattered line, concealed behind a clump of brown rock. Others picked their own places along the crest, those with rifles or muskets placing them so that they could fire across the top. The bowmen needed more room and crouched on their knees, bending low so that they could rise up and fire.

It was a long wait. Juan raised his head cautiously from time to time, even before he heard the rumble of the wagons in the distance. He noticed, too, that several colored feathers showed above the rock on the crest of the ridge and two or three musket barrels protruded from among the stones. Any fool would see these signs and swing away before the trap was sprung. But it was too late now to make any changes.

In a break in the rock before him there grew a small salt bush. Through this, Juan de Dios watched the movement at the upper end of the Medio Dia swale. There came the redheaded man on his long-legged roan gelding, carrying a rifle across the saddle. He looked from side to side as though something had frightened him, but still he came on, his horse jogging in the manner of a trail-wise animal.

Some distance behind came the first wagon, with two men on the wagon seat. The teamsters were silent; perhaps their drunkenness of the night before had made them so. None of the other men looked to the right or left, but all urged their teams on with occasional motions of the long reins. Once the redheaded man turned in the saddle and beckoned on the lead wagon, as though he would get them through this little valley before some disaster overtook them. Now he was opposite the place where Juan de Dios lay. The curious blotched patches on the man's face were clearly visible at that distance.

A RIFLE BARREL scraped on a rock as one of the Apaches shifted his position. The ears of the roan gelding cocked at the sound, but the redheaded man did not seem to notice. No shot was fired.

Now the first wagon was almost opposite the Indians. The others were close behind. Back of the rock Juan de Dios raised his hand to give the signal, but the hand never dropped in the pre-arranged sign for the start of the massacre. Some Apache along the line, made too eager by the dancing and the shouting of the morning, touched off his musket. In another second a ragged volley ripped out along the crest of the ridge. Arrows leaped from taut bowstrings over and downward toward the white-topped wagons. The redheaded man turned, startled, in his saddle. Horses started to run, whips cracked.

Perhaps half the guns of the Apaches had been turned toward the red-haired leader on the roan horse, but the whistling balls had miraculously passed him by. One shot tore off the brim of his hat close to his face; his roan horse went down beneath him with a broken hind leg. The man stepped off easily, taking his rifle with him, and stood for a moment as though in surprise. Two or three arrows thudded around him and another buried itself in the body of the quivering horse. Certainly the man was no coward. Lifting his rifle, he fired quickly at the head of one of the attackers along the stone-crested ridge. The bullet hit the sandstone, flattened, and ricocheted with an angry whine. Only then did the redheaded man kneel behind his dead horse to reload.

As the next wagon came opposite the place where the wagonmaster fired across the horse, another scattered volley of shots ripped through the canvas of the wagon's top and plowed up furrows of white wood on the side of the wagon box. The white canvas cover fluttered slack and blew away. There sat the blue-eyed woman still clinging to the end of the wagon seat, looking as neat and well-dressed as she had when Juan de

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Dios had seen her at Raton Pass. She still stared straight ahead, showing no excitement. It was as though she had expected this massacre.

At the sight of the woman, El Rubio, the blond-haired renegade, stood up and waved his musket. "A los caballos, amigos!" he shouted.

Few of the Apaches understood any Spanish, nor did they seem to notice that this long-mustachioed, slack-mouthed white man had taken the lead from Juan de Dios. The bowmen especially had to get closer to get in their arrows. Other Apaches rushed forward on foot to circle the redheaded one.

The Indian horses were brought forward. Two mounts escaped in the confusion and ran out from behind the low ridge to gallop alongside the wagons. The other ponies reared and plunged as the Apaches ran among them. Some riders were up and away before the others could quiet their horses enough to mount.

JUAN DE DIOS tried to organize his band into some semblance of a line as they topped the low ridge. Two Utes, more eager than the rest, ran ahead. As they jumped their horses over the sandstone ledge, a blast of rifle fire came from the wagons on the far side. One of the Utes pitched forward, shot squarely through the chest. The other one fell sideways and rolled heavily on the rough rocks as his horse was shot from beneath him.

With the rest of the band in scattered groups, Juan galloped down on the wagons. A half-dozen of the Apaches, armed with bows, detached themselves to ride down on the redheaded man, who lay prone behind the body of the horse. As the Indians came close, he shot one clean through the chest. The other riders split and galloped around him on both sides. Leaning under the neck of his horse in the manner of the Kiowas, an Apache shot a steel-tipped arrow into the redheaded man's back. The shaft struck just below his belt, piercing his spine. The man gave a short cry and tried to move his legs but they trailed useless in the dirt behind him as he writhed. Even then he turned on one shoulder and reloaded his rifle with a brass cartridge. As he slammed down the breech of the weapon and raised it painfully to the side, the riders could see sweat on his face. His eyes were staring above his mottled cheeks and his wild red hair looked unreal.

An old Apache named Dark Eyes, who had counted many coups on the Plains, rode up with his bow ready. The redhaired man shot Dark Eyes through the middle of the face, even as another arrow pierced his own shoulder. The four remaining Apaches stood their horses above his prone body and poured shaft after shaft into his back as long as he moved. Then one of the Indians stepped off to count coup and rip the redhaired scalp from his head.

If the other wagoners had drawn their teams in a tight circle, they might yet have saved themselves. But without a leader each driver thought only of escape, believing he could gallop away while the Apaches engaged the other wagons. Above the scattered sound of firing, Juan shouted orders in guttural Apache, directing the warriors to head the wagons into the marshy ground where they could not maneuver. Indians with bows leaned from their horses to drive arrow after arrow into the sides of the plunging teams. As the horses dropped in the traces, the wagons slowed and stopped. Teamsters fired from their wagon beds or jumped out and tried to cover themselves behind the bodies of dead or dying horses.

A few of the wagoners had noticed the imposing figure of Juan de Dios on his white mare. Heavy caliber balls were whistling past him. Apache Charlie had been struck from his saddle at Juan's side during the first circle, but Juan himself seemed to bear a charmed life. Once or twice he glanced over his shoulder at a lone wagon that had escaped south along the dry ground at the edge of the spring. Only a single man raced in pursuit. Juan could see the long wild hair and blue coat of El Rubio.

THE REMAINING wagons of the doomed train had come to a stop. One overturned as a frantic team horse plunged in its harness. A dead man rolled out with arms and legs flopping limply as though there were no bones in his body. Another teamster stumbled from the wreck of the wagon, shot through one knee. Holding his gun in one hand, he pointed it quickly and fired as three Indians rode down on him with a wild yell. The man whirled under the heavy impact of a bullet in his throat. He turned and fell face downward, toppling across the body of his friend.

The puffs of powder smoke that came from the teamsters' rifles were scattered and slackening. The Apaches did not need Juan de Dios to tell them to ride in from all sides. If a teamster were covered from one angle, he lay open to a circling horseman from the rear. Some of the younger Indians, eager to count coup as their elders had done, jumped their horses over the dead team animals, firing into the wagons as they did so.

Two braves had dismounted and started a small fire. From this they lighted arrows, the heads of which were covered with cattail down, and burned like torches. These fire arrows they shot in long arcs against the canvas top of one of the wagons where two riflemen still fired steadily. When three arrows had been implanted there, the cover became a single yellow and red rainbow of flame. A young man jumped from the rear of the wagon, threw down his gun, and held his hands above his head as he ran forward. One of the Apaches, with a flaming arrow already on his bow, shot the boy in the side. He screamed and grasped the burning arrow in both hands as he fell forward.

His companion in the wagon fired steadily until the whole wagon box was afire and the last report from his Sharps rifle came from the middle of the flames. No Indian counted coup on his charred body.

Juan de Dios whirled his white mare to gallop after El Rubio, the Mexican renegade, and the wagon before him. Even in the distance, Juan could make out the red spot of color which was the white woman's dress. Beside her, standing up before the jolting wagon box, the teamster was whipping his horses frantically, his arm flailing. El Rubio yelled in exultation. Rising in his stirrups to level his motion, he extended his heavy musket forward along his arm. There was a spurt of smoke from its muzzle. The man ahead in the wagon arched forward as the ball struck him in the back, threw his hands up from the flying reins, and dropped the oxhide whip. Like a stalk broken in the middle by the wind, he twisted and fell from the wagon.

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Like any Jacarilla Apache, El Rubio gave the scalping yell, but he did not glance at the fallen body of the teamster. Instead he threw away his musket and leaned forward in the saddle to spur his horse after the fleeing wagon. Still the woman did not look backward, but clung to the wagon seat as before. Juan de Dios was still behind, but he could see clearly El Rubio's wide grin as he leaned toward the woman across the few feet of space that separated them.

Undoubtedly El Rubio said something which he considered appropriate. The woman in red turned to face him. It may be that she, too, said something, although her manner seemed as though she were replying curtly to some braggart who had accosted her in the park. The swarthy face of El Rubio grew even darker as he drew the heavy silver-mounted pistol from beneath his belt and leveled the clumsy thing at the woman. Perhaps he only meant to scare her, for he still laughed. The woman in the red dress raised one hand from the folds of her skirt. There was the glint of morning sunlight on a shiny bit of metal at her fingertips. She seemed to point an accusing finger straight at El Rubio. There was a flat report.

El Rubio still rode with his pistol extended; the woman still clung there on the wagon seat pointing with one hand at the evil man who rode so close behind her. Then the heavy pistol dropped from El Rubio's hand and was lost beneath the wagon wheels. The renegade raised his hand to his face and the red-rimmed hole there before his body went slack. He fell backward out of the saddle and struck the earth, heavily, to roll over and over while his horse galloped on for awhile beside the wagon, then swerved away. The woman in the red dress still rode on the wagon seat with her hand outstretched, pointing to the place where an evil face had been. Juan de Dios pulled up his horse and watched as the wagon and its lone passenger disappeared in a dust cloud to the south.

Later that same year, Juan de Dios heard the talk in the cantinas of Santa Fe that a woman dressed in red had driven a wagon into the plaza. The wagon, they say, was loaded with bags of gold to start a bank in New Mexico Territory.

It was during Christmas fiesta that Juan de Dios met the blue-eyed woman strolling beneath the portico of the Governor's Palace. She was on the arm of an American gentleman expensively clothed and wearing a beaver hat. The woman herself was dressed in red as before, but Juan de Dios would have known her had she worn any color. Their eyes met. She seemed to recognize Juan, but she said nothing. Nor did she cry out for the town constabulary, whose station was close by. That was the last time Juan de Dios saw the woman from the wagon-train. But in the cantinas on the back streets and around the herders' campfires they still talk of the massacre at Medio Dia.

Say it in "Southwestern"

(Continued from page 27)

thinks mistakenly that one English word has something to do with another, just because it happens to sound that way. In early Texas the bubonic plague was often the "bluebonnet plague." Sometimes the Texian would say, "I wouldn't know him from Adam's all fox" when what he meant was "Adam's off ox." Bigfoot Wallace called a centipede a *Santa Fe*. Often cowboys said, "Bob War (barbed wire) done played hell with Texas."

Though folk etymology is often cacophonous in effect, sometimes the opposite is true. Perhaps nothing is stranger than the story of Hadj Ali, the Arabian camel driver well known in the Southwest just prior to the Civil War. Jeff Davis at that time was the Secretary of War for the United States, but he foresaw the Civil War and knew which side he would be on. He conceived of a camel caravan to transport the rich California gold and finance the Confederacy. He experimented with Hadj Ali and his imported camels. They disembarked at old Indianola and proceeded across Texas and on toward California. Nobody called him Hadj Ali. Instead it was "Hi Jolly."

Indian words became Anglicized and today are good English. They designate many of our foods, plants, and animals.

Until somebody corrects me, I offer the above lists of words as illustrative of Southwestern folk etymology, which is another indication of who and what we are.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 54)

Walzer's habit to carry a Mexican goatskin water-bag and this broke his fall, but the bag was punctured and eventually discarded. In telling Rhinehart Petrasch this story, Walzer mentioned the fact he had finally hung the old water-bag on the arm of a cactus, near his mine. He was destined never to enter the mountains again. Old age and pneumonia finally brought death.

During their long search for the mine, the Petrasches were constantly on the alert for this cactus and water-bag, which offered a clue to the mine's location. Rhinehart finally gave up in disgust, but Herman continued the quest for many years.

The mine I discovered in June, 1956 did not particularly impress me. It looked like it might be an old Spanish mine completely worked out, but I photographed the tunnels and the surrounding landscape, and spent several hours at the site.

In descending the long, steep slope leading to the trail below I suddenly fell onto the base of a large saguaro cactus. I had the wind knocked out of me and my arm was bleeding from the cactus spines so I just rested awhile. I don't even remember when I saw it. I just kicked at something at my feet and it turned out to be a large piece of dried leather covered with dirt and hard as shale. Due to the peculiar design I carried it back to camp with me and showed it to Kirk Stymus who lived in a trailer at the Linesba Ranch. Since neither of us could figure out what it was meant to represent in its present condition, we submerged it in a tub of water to see if it would eventually soften, and talked of other things.

I saw Kirk almost every day and never even bothered to look into the tub. I guess almost a month passed before we discovered the identity of the strange object. I was not even present at the time, but Kirk showed it to one of Marie Celeste Jones' Mexican miners, who was enroute to their camp near Weaver's Needle. He said it was an old skin water-bag. When Kirk told me the nature of my "find," we both had a good laugh.

One day while talking to Mullins at his trailer parked near Whitlow Canyon I happened to mention this old water-bag

Miscellaneous

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(Continued on next page)

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The above quotation is from a portion of a letter sent to us from one of our readers in West Germany. *BRAVE WARRIORS* is being read all over the world! It's a single volume of authentic, fast-moving, highly readable accounts of seven important tribes of Western Indians—351 pages . . . . 38 illustrations—Published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd. Only $6.50 pp. If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on sheet of paper.

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TRUE WEST, and friends, in Paris.

and where I had found it. He nearly fell out of his chair. He then proceeded to relate the story as told to him by Herman Petrasch. Could it be the same water-bag? I'd soon find out.

Back at Linesba's Ranch, while Kirk was feeding the cats, I inspected the water-bag. Sure enough, there was the tear in the side-wall of the skin. It had been repaired with a leather thong, but in a manner that would reduce its capacity. I wouldn't have known what it was supposed to represent brand new.

It never did soften up.

To me this put Jacob Walzer and the goatskin water-bag within 500 feet of the mine. It was all the proof I needed. I had discovered the "Dutchman's Lost Mine!"

Only a few years ago one author, without consulting anyone, moved Weaver's Needle ten miles to the north. Now the "Dutchman" is to trade his lode-pick for a sluice-box through the generosity of a weekend hiker!—James E. Welch, 2328 East Earll Drive, Phoenix, Arizona.

Western Fever

Dear Sirs:

I am only fourteen years old but I have been reading your magazines, cover to cover, for the past two years. TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the greatest! Your magazines give much detail and have greater stories than any other magazine I have ever read!

I have always been interested in the West and I recommend these great magazines to everyone interested in true, authentic stories of the West. As long as you publish these great magazines, I will always read them.—Darrell Latch, Route 1, Windsor, Illinois.

Editor's Note: We like compliments from anybody of any age—but when a fourteen-year-old likes us and we get to thinking how long he might be a subscriber—WELL!!

International Relations

Dear Mister Small:

I send you a photo and I think that it will be good for your magazine. I am a subscriber of your TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and I am in France a writer-journalist and novelist about the old American West.

The photo that I send to you was taken when Ben Black Elk, a redskin from Dakota was in Paris for the showing of the picture, "How the West Was Won." One day we visited some French Westerners near Paris. The photo that you see was taken that day. I think that it is a good thing for TRUE WEST. It shows that the magazine is read not only in the States but in the old Europe where you can find real Westerners.

I have just finished writing a book about the real life of Buffalo Bill and another important one about the real story of the Far West. They will be ready next September.

In the picture you can see me showing TRUE WEST to Ben Black Elk and around me are: Robert Medgo (with the buckskin); Mme. Simone Desrumeaux; her husband, M. Maurice Desrumeaux, collector about Indians and guns (with the white hair); Gabriel Chen; Michel Mireman; Martine Desrumeaux and Serge Holtz, all enthusiasts of the Western life. Au revoir, cher ami (Sincerely yours).—George Fronval, 82, Rue La-Fontaine, Paris, France.

We're Too Young To Die!

Please, Podner, don't throw us into the magazines' graveyard on our tenth birthday! When you've finished with this copy, pass it along to somebody. If nothing else, wish it on your worst enemy—but keep us out of that dadgummed wastebasket—we're scairt of the dark!

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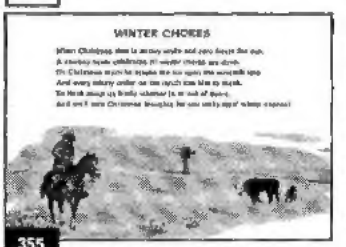

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